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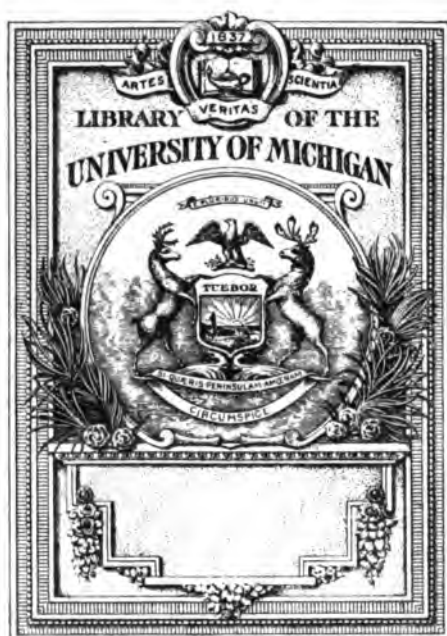
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FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.			
Bain's New Method of Propelling a Ship,	88	Philosophical Transactions abridged,	441
Blumenbach's Natural History,	264	School for Good Living,	263
Bourgeois Gallery,	440	Tennant's Mode of Procuring Potas-	
Butler's Life of L'Hopital,	88	sium,	175
Chevreul on Margarine,	86	on Distillation,	88
Dechamp's Experiment on Raising Tea,	87	Todd's Johnson's Dictionary,	263
Exhibitions of Pictures at Zurich and Amsterdam,	264	Vauquelin on Precipitating Copper,	86
French Theatre,	176		
Gay Lussac on Iodine,	86	THE NAVY.	
Hancock's Improvement in Carriages,	175	Review of the Proceedings of the Court	
Home's Paper on the Brain,	174	held on the Loss of the President,	351
Horseley's Psalms,	87	Court of Inquiry of Captain	
Korner's Lyre and Sword,	87	Elliott,	382
Kopp on Spontaneous Combustion,	350	OBITUARY NOTICES.	
Nathan's Hebrew Melodies,	67	Mrs. West,	524
		Dr. Muhlenberg,	524



*** The vignette, in the engraved title page prefixed to this volume, is from a design by Mr. Leslie, a young American artist of the highest promise, who is now studying in England. It is intended to represent the imperishable nature of poetry and literature, by a statue of Apollo, surrounded by massive ruins, while it alone remains unmutated by time. In the fore ground is seated a poet in the costume of the middle ages, contemplating it.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR JANUARY, 1815.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS.		DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Paris in 1802 and in 1814,	1	Account of Rachel Baker—Porter's	
Alison's Sermons,	18	Journal—Caines on the Law of Ex-	
Letters of Mademoiselle L'Espinasse,	31	change—Kendal's Sermons—Refer-	
Congreve on Naval Ordnance, &c. . . .	38	ence to the Life of Barlow,	84
ORIGINAL.		FOREIGN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC	
Review of the Universal Receipt Book,	42	INTELLIGENCE.	
An Essay on Honey-Dew,	54	Vauquelin on precipitating copper—	
SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.		Lussac on Iodine—M. Chevreul on	
Danger of confounding moral with per-		the formation of Soap—Nathan's He-	
sonal deformity,	60	brew Melodies—Körner's Poems—	
On Garrick, and Acting,	65	Deschamps on Tea—Tennant on dis-	
POETRY.		tillation—Butler's life of l'Hôpital—	
Lines on the River Sampit,	80	Bain's new mode of navigating	
— on General Pike,	83	Ships,	86

Paris in Eighteen Hundred and Two and in Eighteen Hundred and Fourteen. By the Rev. WILLIAM SHEPHERD. 8vo. pp. 280.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

MR. SHEPHERD, who is well known to the literary world as an accomplished scholar, and to the political as an inflexible lover of liberty and friend of the constitution, has, in our opinion, conferred a real obligation upon the common run of readers and travellers, by the publication of this little work. It is ushered into notice without any pretensions, either in the form of the edition, or in the author's tone. He plainly tells his reasons for printing, which, independently of external evidence, bear the stamp of truth. His journal, kept on his first tour to Paris in 1802, according to a practice always, it seems, adopted by him when travel-

ling, was in continual requisition among his friends for several years. When he returned from a recent excursion to the same place, it was natural that a still greater demand should be made upon his kindness; and he foresaw much trouble in superintending its circulation. Nothing could be more obvious than the suggestion of giving it at once to the public. "In my embarrassment," says he, "I recollected to have heard of an honest Quaker, who resided in the back settlements of America, and who, finding himself absolutely eaten up by transient passengers, set up the sign of the Dun Cow; after which, though he made no profit, he enjoyed the comforts of a quiet house. Upon this hint I have committed both my journals to the press. If any thing more than what accrued to the American accrues to me, '*Lucro apponam.*'" P. viii.

A work of this kind, putting forth no pretensions beyond those of a Diary actually kept for the traveller's own use, to point the accuracy of his observations, and record matters of information, or recall agreeable recollections, ought in fairness to be judged according to those professions. Is it a good journal—apparently the work of a sensible and accomplished man—such as no well educated man need be ashamed of, if it by accident were found in his repositories, and perused by a stranger—calculated to serve its primary purposes with respect to the author, and to render future travellers a reasonable share of assistance in their journeys and observations? This is the fit question to be put; and we are enabled confidently to answer it in the affirmative; with the addition, which is not required of such a work, that it contains everywhere the traces of a vigorous mind, at once shrewd and bold, and of feelings and principles equally candid and pure. Political discussions, indeed, seem to be rather avoided than courted; nothing approaching to violence can be discerned; we might even say that the writer's impartiality is carried far enough to make his political bias on the questions which incidentally come in his way a matter of uncertainty.

Mr. Shepherd's object, in first visiting the French capital, was wholly unconnected with party, or with political matters, except in so far as these must necessarily claim part of every man's observation. His principal object was the study of those wonderful monuments of ancient and modern genius which the conquests of France had enabled her to collect in one rich assemblage, such as never before existed within the same space. He was desirous of viewing the pictures and marbles, and of examining the manuscript treasures of the libraries, principally with a reference to the favourite study of his leisure hours—the revival of letters in Europe after the dark ages. Formerly it was necessary to climb the Alps, and wander over whole provinces, in order to

gratify this learned and dignified curiosity: The spoils of Italy are now brought together almost under the same roof, and there thrown open to the whole world. Justice may indeed complain; nor is it easy to repress a regret, not wholly romantic or sentimental, that the French did not rest satisfied with opening the road to the mine, and thus enabling each curious one to explore for himself the treasures, perhaps more precious while fixed in their native soil, and surrounded as it were with the delightful associations of the spot. But the prodigious gain, in point of ease and convenience, which has resulted from the pillage, not to the despoilers only, but to the transalpine world at large, cannot admit of a doubt, how little soever it may be received as an excuse for the deed. The question of restoration lately excited some attention. Granting, however, that such a wound could safely have been inflicted upon the national feelings of the French people, in circumstances eminently critical; enormous, we may say inextricable, difficulties would have presented themselves in the detail of such a measure. Nor can any reasonable doubt remain, that a portion of the treasures would have been destroyed unavoidably in the removal, while a portion was wilfully spoiled by the conquered party; and, perhaps, a portion would have found its way to other places than those they had been taken from. Probably their remaining in Paris was a matter of necessity, as the only tolerably certain means of preserving them, independently of the political obstacles to that restoration which justice prescribed.

The correct taste everywhere exhibited in this journal, makes us regret that Mr. Shepherd treats so sparingly of the details of the galleries. In his first journey, he dismisses the pictures with a single sentence, and does not enter at all into the particulars of his examination. He seems, indeed, to have experienced, as we believe every visiter of the Louvre does, a sort of distraction in his first visit, which does not allow a minute inspection; and a satiety from the immensity of the banquet served up all at once, so as to prevent the enjoyment of any of the individual luxuries. All persons who have frequented those rich collections, either in Italy or France, feel the desire strongly grow upon them, of singling out a few prime specimens of art, and poring over them separated from the rest. Every one who has travelled must have felt how much more exquisitely he relished a visit to some place, where a single first-rate picture was to be seen—some church, or convent, or chateau, remarkable only for this solitary jewel, than a surfeiting morning spent in devouring the richer wonders of a collection; in every compartment of which might be found pieces of transcendent merit—possibly as fine as the single ornament of the obscure altar, the distant refectory, or the

comfortless and half-ruined chateau. We the rather ascribe our author's slight notice of the paintings, in his first tour, to some such feelings; because, in his second, when from the novelty being past, he had leisure and self-command to pursue the plan of taking a *few* studies each time he visited the gallery, he enters somewhat more into detail. Still, however, we could have wished for a much fuller statement;—he might at least have told us what he felt—and his remarks on the masterpieces, if not those of an artist, or a professed connoisseur, would have borne the stamp of a vigorous, original mind, and a just taste. In his first visit, the statues seem to have struck him still more forcibly than the pictures.

“Here,” says he, “when I found myself surrounded by the works of Phidias, Praxitiles, and Xeuxis—works which, for so many centuries before the Christian era, had excited the enthusiastic admiration of enlightened Greece, and which the bold spirit of the Romans durst not aspire to emulate—I could hardly persuade myself of the reality of the scene which was exhibited to my view:—And when I gazed with minute attention on the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Mirmillo-moriens, and the other pieces of sculpture with which the engravings and casts that I had consulted in the course of my classical studies had made me familiar—I soon found that no copy was adequate to represent the spirit of the august originals. What a lesson does this collection give on the instability of human things! These breathing marbles were the splendid fruits of the victories gained by the armies of Rome over the degenerate Greeks. The Romans have degenerated in their turn; and the prize of valour has been wrested from their feeble hands, by the descendants of those Gauls whom they once compelled to submit to the yoke of slavery. Who can deem it an impossible supposition, that, in the course of revolving years, it may be transferred by the hand of victory from the Seine to the Neva—from Paris to Petersburg.” P. 50, 51.

The concluding sentence contains a singular anticipation, though certainly an accidental one, of an event, which, twelve years afterwards, was undoubtedly very near taking place. Before quitting the galleries, it is fair to remark with what praiseworthy liberality they are made accessible to the world. They are open, without any fee or reward, to strangers every day from ten to four, and to the Parisians three days in the week; a distinction which, however necessary, would not, in this country, be very well relished, nor, indeed, very patiently submitted to.

With the curiosity respecting such subjects natural to all travellers, but peculiarly appropriate in an ecclesiastic, our author visits attentively the places of worship wherein he goes, and informs himself respecting the state of his clerical brethren—which

is certainly far from brilliant, and their estimation among the people, which is, we are sorry to observe, somewhat in proportion to their worldly condition. In the following account of a Sunday, and the most awful solemnity of the Romish church, perhaps we are not at liberty to remark the difference between a protestant and catholic observer—between Mr. Eustace and the pastor of Gateacre: for, a Sunday in Paris in 1802, and high mass in Bonaparte's principal church, will probably not be allowed to present the real picture of a catholic sabbath and sacrament. Nevertheless, we suspect that had Mr. Eustace been at Paris, his emotions would have clothed the scene with somewhat more imposing colours; and of this we are pretty sure, that the reader will easily recognise, not merely the protestant, but the sturdy presbyterian, in some parts of our author's remarks. With these, it is unnecessary to observe, *we* are prepared to sympathize in an especial manner, in this land of the solemn league and covenant.

“ On Sunday morning the 27th, we went to hear high mass in the church at Notre-Dame. On our way to this venerable gothic edifice, we observed one half of the shops open, and the other half shut. If our observation was correct, it would of course ascertain the opinion of the bourgeois of Paris on the reverence due to the sabbath. I was amused with a sort of compromise which some shop-keepers seemed to make between religion and avarice, by shutting their windows, and exposing their goods at their doors. On the whole, there was little of the outward and visible signs of Sunday. One distinguishing symptom was wanting—the ringing of bells. I presume these noisy annunciations of prayers and curses, joy and sorrow, wedding and death—were all melted into coin during the revolution. When we arrived at the church, the procession of the host was moving up one of the side aisles. Penetrating the crowd which was assembled in the nave, we proceeded to the choir, and ascended into a gallery, where we had a full view of the whole extent of the church. Our attention was attracted by the procession, preceded by a number of boys, dressed in white vestments, and bearing tapers. These were followed by eight or ten priests, who moved on in slow and solemn state, singing as they walked;—then appeared the distributors of incense, who dispensed it from silver urns, suspended from their waists by a silver chain. The elegance and grace with which they managed these sacred vases, well entitle them to the appellation of clerical *Vestrises*. In the centre was the canopy which covered the host. This canopy was surrounded by ecclesiastics, and followed by pious votaries, who chanted the service as they went along. The chorus which they formed was rendered more solemn by the sound of an instrument like a bassoon;—the voices of the priests were in tune with this instrument:—and the harmony which they produced had a very fine effect. The procession was flanked by a party of soldiers; who, I presume, attended for the purpose of protecting the ceremony

from the insults of those who were dissatisfied with the catholic religion. At the elevation of the host, the military commanding officer gave the word in a tone of voice which echoed through the vaulted roof of the church. At this signal the drums beat, and the swell of the organ mingled with the war-note. The soldiers, on one knee, fixed the butt end of their muskets on the pavement, and continued in that attitude till, on the cessation of the sound of drum and organ, the word of command was given, and they rose. After the procession had made the circuit of the inside of the church, the chief priests advanced to the high altar and performed the mass—their voices being occasionally assisted by the organ. At various intervals voluntaries were played upon this instrument, some of which were absolutely jigs. On the whole, our visit to Notre-Dame presented to us a strange mixture of religious solemnity, military state, and levity. In the course of the service, two collections of money occurred;—the first for the benefit of the church, the second for the relief of the poor. Of the multitudes assembled to-day in this vast edifice, I do not believe that more than 200 repaired thither for religious purposes;—the rest were composed only of persons who were attracted by motives of curiosity.” P. 58—61.

There is nothing more striking in the observations suggested by Mr. Shepherd's first visit to Paris, than the disrepute into which republicanism, and every thing connected with it, had fallen, although it was long before Bonaparte's power was fully established, and he could have exerted his influence in putting down the democracy, upon the ruins of which he built his despotism. At the theatre, everywhere a good exponent of popular feelings, but in Paris by far the best, he found unlimited applause bestowed on all passages disparaging to popular institutions. There he saw, at the Comedie Française, the Cinna of Corneille, which abounds in sentiments of political tendency, and applicable to the circumstances of the day. “One solitary plebeian made a few attempts to excite applause of the democratic sentiments; but he was indignantly silenced by the rest of the audience. On the contrary, the following lines were received with a thunder of approbation.

‘Mais quand le peuple est maître on n’agit qu’en tumulte.
La voix de la raison jamais ne se consulte;
Les honneurs sont vendus aux plus ambitieux,
L’autorité livrée aux plus seditieux:
Ces petits souverains qu’il fait pour une année,
Voyant d’un temps si court leur puissance bornée,
Des plus heureux desseins font avorter le fruit
De peur de les laisser à celui qui les suit.
Comme ils ont peu de part au bien dont ils ordonnent,
Dans le champ du public largement ils moissonnent;

*Assurés que chacun leur pardonne aisément,
 Espérant à son tour un pareil traitement.
 Le pire des états c'est l'état populaire.' "* P. 81—82.

We are sorry to find that a similar experiment on popular feeling, which our author made in the same place this year, was very far from giving a result equally favourable to the existing government. The minority was far from insignificant—notwithstanding Bonaparte's recent downfall—the éclat of a new dynasty, or still more seductive restoration—the return of wished-for peace, and the presence of powerful armies. The two parties, on the contrary, seemed to be pretty nearly balanced:—but of this in its proper place. We anticipate it here in order to show that the theatre does not reflect merely the sentiments favoured by the ruling powers; and that, of consequence, the observation which our author there took in 1802 of the new government's popularity, and the discredit of republicanism, was the more to be relied on. His inference from it, as drawn and committed to paper at the time, may fairly be reckoned a just one, after the events that have confirmed it. The Parisians, he observes, seemed to be ripe for the elevation of an Augustus to the imperial throne. This was written about two years before Bonaparte declared himself emperor.

We have already spoken of what are commonly termed the galleries; or the collection of old pictures, marbles, books, and medals, so well known to every one, that we should only have dwelt on any thing new and singular in our author's remarks upon them. But there is one institution connected with this subject, of a very pleasing nature, and not at all known in this country, the Musée Nationale des Monumens Français. It owes its origin to the barbarous ravages committed upon the works of art and remains of antiquity in different parts of France during the revolution. M. Lenoir obtained permission from the convention to collect their fragments, and restore them as nearly as possible to their primitive state, depositing them in a large convent which was set apart for their reception. By his industry and ingenuity upwards of five hundred French monuments are there arranged in excellent order and preservation. They are classed according to their respective ages, and thus afford the best history of the progress of sculpture in different stages of the art. The more ancient stones are properly placed in the gloomy parts of the building; while the splendours of the modern workmanship is advantageously exhibited in the light halls; and the garden contains many tombstones, among others those of Abelard and Eloisa. The windows are enriched with the superb painted glass assembled from a thousand churches, and which could only thus be saved from the destroying fanaticism of the day.

The scientific reader will naturally desire to know the particulars of a sitting of the national institute; and our author has detailed them with great spirit—underrating, however, we must remark, the effects even of the mummery which he describes, inasmuch as it depends altogether on its adaptation to the persons concerned, whether it may not afford just as powerful a stimulant to exertion as a graver or more sober method of proceeding.

“The hall in which this society assembles is a noble apartment, the sides of which are ornamented with two beautiful pillars of the corinthian order; between the columns are marble statues of the celebrated French statesmen and warriors. In the middle of the hall an area is railed off for the accommodation of the members. Between this rail and the wall are several rows of benches, which, on our entrance, we found so much crowded with spectators, that we experienced no small difficulty in procuring seats. While waiting I had leisure to take a survey of the company; among whom, my attention was particularly directed to the famous Abdallah Menou, who sat near the president’s chair. In the fat stupidity of this warrior’s countenance, I thought I could discern a sufficient cause for the expulsion of the French from Egypt. Whilst meditating on the wonderful scenes which the army of Egypt had witnessed, the members of the institutes entered the hall. Their costume was very odd. It consisted of a dark green coat, richly embroidered with light green lace, a yellow waistcoat and green breeches. This attire gave them the appearance of a company of old English butlers. The president having opened the sitting by a short speech, the celebrated Lalande mounted the tribune, and read a memoir of astronomical observations, which, though I am morally certain not one of his auditors understood, was received with thundering plaudits. He was succeeded by other *Savans*, who read papers like so many school boys. So rapid and indistinct was their pronunciation, that I found myself incapable of following the thread of their discourses, and their enunciation so monotonous, that it lulled me into a gentle slumber, which was only interrupted by the applause that followed the termination of each memoir. In short, I found the proceedings of the national institute as tedious as those of the royal society of London; and I was heartily glad to escape from an assembly which, in my opinion, was chargeable with a profuse waste of time. For what benefit can be derived from the hearing of mathematical calculations, the detail of chemical experiments, and a long series of profound argumentation, the comprehension of which can only be the result of patient study in the retirement of the closet? The wight who can satisfactorily decide, whether it is more irksome to listen to an incomprehensible oration, or to harangue a listless and inattentive multitude, may solve the question, whether the orators or the auditors of the above-mentioned learned bodies, are doomed to the most disagreeable task?” P. 100—102.

No other passage in the first tour needs detain us, except the description of the exquisite English garden at the Petit Trianon, the favourite retreat of the late unfortunate queen. The sketch is very short, and we transcribe it willingly.

“The Jardin Anglois is laid out with exquisite taste. Here we passed through shady walks, which wind about gentle declivities, till we reached a grotto, from which a subterraneous passage conducted us to the top of an artificial mount. Descending from this, we pursued the course of a narrow streamlet, till we arrived at the Hameau, which consists of a farm-house, a mill, and a church, all constructed in the true style of elegant rusticity, enveloped in trees, and almost covered with ivy, vines, woodbines, and other species of parasitic plants. Before the Hameau is a pool of water, fringed with reeds and bulrushes. Beyond is a gentle sloping lawn; and the view is terminated by trees, which conceal the winding walks. What must have been the sensations of the late owner of this retreat, when she contrasted the voluptuous days which she had spent in its seductive seclusion, with the terrifying altitude of the temple, and the fetid dungeon of the Bicêtre? Evils are certainly heightened by contrast: and though a king is but a man, and a queen a woman, yet the woes of royalty must be attended with an anguish peculiar to themselves. The pleasure which I experienced in contemplating the delicious scenery of the Petit Trianon was intermixed with serious reflections. I left its shade, however, with reluctance.” P. 112, 113.

Mr. Shepherd's second visit to Paris was principally undertaken with the same views as the former; but one very prominent feature of interest, of course, consists in the change that had recently taken place; and, accordingly, the parts of the narrative which excite the greatest interest are those which record the traveller's remarks upon the dispositions of the people towards their new government, and their feelings with respect to the master whom they had so recently gotten rid of. The candour and impartiality of the author's observations upon this delicate topic are extremely satisfactory. The general result is certainly what might have been predicted;—that the majority of the people are decidedly against Bonaparte, and friendly, though not very zealously so, to the government which has put an end to his tyranny;—that the majority of the army have a leaning towards him, and a disinclination, mingled with much personal contempt, towards the restored dynasty;—that the marshals are unpopular with the soldiery on account of their conduct towards their favourite chief, and are thus likely to serve the present court faithfully. With respect to the question most important to foreign nations, and especially to ourselves, the disposition of France towards peaceable or hostile measures with her neighbours, the result of our author's observations rather disappoints the expectations which might fairly

have been indulged. He seems to think that the national pride has been too sorely wounded to let the people rest ; and that, notwithstanding all they have suffered, they would derive a consolation from any convulsion which might give them the opportunity of wiping away their late stains, and taking their revenge. To deny the fact, because of its inconsistency with our previous belief in the effects of the conscription and Russian campaign, would be rash and dogmatical. It might argue, too, an inattention to two very material points—the extraordinary love of national glory which predominates in the French character, and the perversion in their natures, wrought, to a certain degree at least, by the conscription itself ; for, perverted must so military a people as the French have become, before such a state of things as existed under Bonaparte could at all suit their habits and dispositions. Nevertheless, we would fain hope that the inference so unfortunate for the peace of the world, if it be well founded, rests rather upon a view of the Parisian society, in which the predominance of the military, and the lighter burdens of the conscription, must naturally diminish the horror of war. We hasten, however, to mention a few of the particulars related by Mr. Shepherd, with a reference to these most interesting topics.

He travelled from Dieppe to Paris, and on his way, at a village, he met a wounded soldier, who was wandering about in search of his billet. He had been a conscript, and severely wounded at the siege of Antwerp ; but he said, that if *his Emperor* were again set at liberty (*étargé*) he would serve him as faithfully as ever. At Dieppe, however, Mr. Shepherd had met four conscripts, interesting youths of eighteen or nineteen, recently taken from good families, and apparently well educated. They had served in the last campaign ; but confessed their repugnance to a military life, and desire to return home. Among their most intolerable sufferings, our author justly ranks the being compelled to associate with the common run of soldiery that fill the ranks, and barracks, and tents of an army. The following passage is lively and interesting :

“ From Souviers we went through a rich and highly cultivated country to Vernon. Here, while dinner was preparing, I lounged into the stables, where I found a number of cavalry horses. Being struck with the beauty of one of them, I was proceeding to examine it, when I was accosted by its owner, who happened to be a captain of the Imperial Guard. We discoursed some time upon cavalry equipments. Though he was not unwilling to do justice to the powers of British cavalry, he preferred, for the details of a campaign, the lightness and activity of the French. Turning from this topic, which I did not feel myself qualified to discuss, I touched him on the subject of the emperor. This I did very gently, by observing that Napoleou

was a man of extraordinary genius. On hearing his late master thus characterized, the soldier's eyes glistened with pleasure; and he requested I would do him the favour to drink a glass of his wine, which he had left to look after his horse. I told him I had not yet dined, but that if he would become my guest, I should be happy to see him. He accordingly accompanied me to our apartment. On his recurring to the subject of Bonaparte's character, I thought it my duty to qualify what I had said in commendation of his talents, by remarking, that his ambition was so unbounded, that while his power lasted it was impossible for his neighbours to rest in security. This drew from him a vehement philippic against Talleyrand and the Senate, who, he said, had instigated Napoleon to every mischievous act which he had committed; and, after involving him in difficulties, had basely deserted and betrayed him. "But the seizure of the sceptre of Spain?"—"that was the suggestion of Talleyrand;" "And the expedition to Russia?"—was suggested by Talleyrand; and, after all, it only failed in consequence of the premature setting in of the frost. In short, I found that Napoleon could do no wrong; and that, for every error into which he had fallen, and for every crime of which he had been guilty, his minister was made responsible. But, on the contrary, Louis XVIII. could do nothing right. He had falsified, said the plain-spoken soldier, every promise he had made on his accession to the throne. He had accepted a constitution, but had violated every article of it. He had solemnly engaged to continue the constituted authorities as he found them; but he had made the most capricious changes:—he had flattered the army with assurances that he had the most perfect reliance on their support, and yet he had sent the Imperial Guard away from Paris:—he had diminished their privileges and appointments, and intended to revive the old establishment of the *Garde Suisses*. To say all, in a word, he had given up himself to the guidance of "those rascally priests," whose evil counsel had brought his brother to the scaffold. He was also led into error by the returning *émigrés*, men who had deserted their country at a period when their services were most needful, and now had the audacity to lay claim to the most distinguished honours. With considerable humour, *M. le Capitaine* mimicked the air and manner of one of these characters, an old man of seventy, whom he had lately heard declare his intention of serving under the new régime in a military capacity, under the idea that he could make his marches and even his charges in a cabriolet. He then asked me, what we thought of Louis in England? To which I replied, that he had lived so much in retirement, that little or nothing had been said among us of his habits or proceedings, till the late events had summoned him from his retreat. "*Je vous comprends*," replied he, "*il a bien mangé et bien dormi—et voilà de grands préparatifs pour conduire les affaires d'un grand royaume*." In short, he was full of grief and bitterness of spirit; and on my suggesting to him the probability of his incurring peril in consequence of his freedom of speech, he said he had no fears on that head, for he spoke the sentiments of thousands, as I should find when I arrived at Paris: which city, he said, was very sad and

very discontented. This man had undergone the horrors of the campaigns of Moscow." P. 160. 184.

The popularity of Bonaparte in the army was admitted by different persons, as well civil as military, with whom our author conversed: although the opinion appeared to be, that the opposite sentiments of the nation at large would prevail. At the theatre, he made observations similar to his former ones, during the representation of Voltaire's *Merope*. At first the majority of the audience carried it decidedly, and had such airs played as denoted considerable enthusiasm for the royal line. Great applause followed the passage—

"Vous que tant de constance et quinze ans de misère,
Font encore plus auguste, et nous rendent plus cher."

And the application to Bonaparte was speedily made of the famous passage—

"La fièvre ambition, dont il est dévoré
Est inquiète, ardente, et n'a rien de sacré," &c. &c.

But, by degrees, as the piece proceeded, plain symptoms appeared that the feeling evidently belonging to the majority, was far indeed from unanimously that of the audience. The partisans of Bonaparte began to rally, and were strong enough to show themselves; which we believe is always a sure sign either that the preponderance or the vehemence of the majority is not very great. They made their first stand at the celebrated speech of Polignat.

"Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre
A gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.
Le premier qui fût roi, fût un soldat heureux."

There seems at one passage of the piece to have been a kind of compromise between the contending parties, indicative of the unpopularity of the chiefs who have changed their sides. "The most bitter sensation," says our author, "was manifested by many people in all quarters of the house on the repetition of a striking description of time-serving politicians."

"Non—la porte est livrée à leur troupe cruelle;
Il est environné de la foule infidèle
Des mêmes courtisans que j'ai vu autrefois
S'empresser à ma suite et ramper sous mes loix."

An English mercantile gentleman, who had peculiar opportunities of observation from the capacity in which he was residing at

Paris, (a deputy from a number of merchants who were desirous of making some commercial arrangements with the government,) confirmed all the author's conclusions respecting the disposition of the army. He had himself witnessed their sulkiness in repeating *Vive le Roi* after their officers at a review, and the enthusiasm of their cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" as soon as they had piled their arms. A similar incident was noticed by Mr. Shepherd himself at a review which he attended. When the general passed along the line, the officers cried "*Vive le Roi*." But this cry was echoed by very few of the men, of whom the great majority maintained a sulky silence.

It would be a very dangerous delusion for the restored government to discredit the statements of their dangerous rival's popularity among his ancient companions in arms; and almost equally so to rock themselves into a secure reliance upon their own favour with the people at large. The bulk of mankind, in France especially, are by no means remarkable for constancy in their political attachments; and a just regard for their real interests too frequently yields to some unwise prejudice or capricious feeling. The memory of the conscription will not very long survive its actual burdens; nor will the glories of Napoleon's reign, its foreign triumphs, its domestic magnificence, fail to strike the mind of an ambitious and vainglorious people, before whose eyes are constantly placed the trophies of the one and the monuments of the other. Nothing in politics is more true, than that a small present evil is often sufficiently irksome to make the multitude forget vast benefits which it has been the means of purchasing; and that any attempt to appease them by recounting negative advantages, or the past evils which they have escaped, seldom produces any thing but increase of irritation. The Bourbon princes must keep these lessons of experience in their view while they have to support their very delicate character, and regulate so ticklish a nation as the French. In some most material respects they have serious disadvantages to contend with. Their accession, or restoration, was effected by foreign troops; it followed the humiliation of the French arms, hitherto triumphant beyond example; it has been attended with a permanent diminution of territory and power to the country, not easily to be concealed. They are themselves by no means men of such dazzling talents, in war especially, as to have the smallest chance of making their mighty predecessor forgotten. The illustrious head of the house, in particular, little resembles that bold and active soldier of fortune. It is rather by contrasts that he will remind his people of that brilliant though pestilential meteor.*

* His Majesty squares as little with Mr. Burke's famous sketch of the *beau idéal* of a restored Bourbon prince: "Whoever claims a right by birth to govern there," says that most profound writer, "must find in his breast, or must conjure up in it, an

When discontents recall the past times to the people's vain recollection, it is to be feared that the trophies which have been won will only shine the brighter in the gloom that will now surround them. To despise such discontents would in any princes be the extreme of folly; but in those who are deficient in so many of the means of allaying them, it would be so very insane, that we may almost pronounce it impossible. Rather let us hope that a full use will be made of the means which they do possess—that they will govern equally and mildly—keeping faith with their subjects, and shunning wars, how loudly soever the public voice may call for victory, in the conviction that defeat being in their case most likely, will also prove most ruinous.

The English reader will naturally be desirous of knowing what kind of legislative assemblies the French have received as their compensation for all the sufferings of the revolution. The anecdotes of the two Chambers, contained in this volume, are interesting; and show, indeed, the wide difference between those bodies and the English houses of parliament. Something, no doubt, is to be set down to the account of the national character; prone to representation, pomp, and what we term theatrical effect. But more, we fear, is due to defects which time only can cure—the want of experience, the want of materials of which to form parliaments, and of a vigilant public to watch with interest, and yet with jealousy, the proceedings of the legislature.—From some things here related, we should rather think the lower house, or chamber of deputies, had been formed on the model of the French academy, or National Institute, than of that best exemplar (with all its defects) the English house of commons. The death of each member who happens to die is celebrated by a funeral oration, or *éloge*.—Such a ceremony must needs, in most cases, become bombastical and ridiculous;—in almost all it is trifling;—and in all it is destructive of its own object, by being indiscriminately performed. No such absurdity was committed during the revolutionary times. With all their faults, trifling and unmeaning mummery was not their failing;—they had far too much real business on their hands to preach funeral sermons at their sittings. Another absurdity, of the same stamp, is the receiving presents of works from authors and booksellers, and acknowledging them in the journals with formal votes of thanks.—“I have seen recorded,” says Mr.

energy not to be expected, perhaps not always to be wished for, in well-ordered states. The lawful prince must have, in every thing but crime, the character of an usurper. He is gone, if he imagines himself the quiet possessor of a throne. He is to contend for it as much after an apparent conquest, as before. His task is to win it; he must leave posterity to enjoy and to adorn it. No velvet cushions for him. He is to be always (I speak nearly to the letter) on horse-back. This opinion,” adds Mr Burke, “is the result of much patient thinking on the subject, which I conceive no event is likely to alter.”—*Remarks on the Policy of the Allies Works*, 8vo. vii. 187.—The whole passage is well worthy of attention in the present times.

Shepherd, "with all gravity, in the *procès-verbal* of the Corps Législatif, the presentation of "an *Ode on the Restoration of the Bourbons*." And the proceedings of August 9th were opened by—" *l'hommage d'une production destinée à l'instruction de la jeunesse, et intitulée l'Abeille Française, par M. l'Abbé Cordier*." We extracted the account of a visit to the Institute:—the following, to the house of deputies, is a fit pendant to it :

"On our entrance into the great gateway, we were stopped by a military guard; but on our announcing ourselves Englishmen, were permitted to proceed. We then made our way into an anteroom, when a doorkeeper told us we could not be admitted into the gallery without tickets. But on my observing to him, that my friend the baron had informed me that tickets were not necessary, he opened the door, and introduced us into the body of the hall. Here we found two or three members of the *Corps Législatif*, and about half a dozen ladies. The hall is a very handsome room, in the form of a half oval. It is ornamented with six statues, representing Lycurgus, Solon, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero. Under the president's chair are two figures in bas-relief of History and Renown. Immediately below are stools appointed for the *huissiers*. One or two benches, covered with blue leather, are appropriated to such of the king's ministers as may have occasion to attend the assembly. On the entrance of several members, clothed in their full costume, a blue coat ornamented with gold lace, we withdrew into the gallery, the first bench of which was reserved for the ladies. When the president had taken his chair, he gave notice of the commencement of business by ringing a bell. The *procès-verbal* of the last sitting was read, and the presentation of two or three pamphlets was announced. A member then rose, and walking across the room, ascended the tribune, and read a speech proposing a free import and export of commodities into France, which was received with murmurs of disapprobation. When the orator had finished by a motion, one or two members rose, and waddling across the floor, mounted the rostrum in succession, and said a very few words; after which the question was put, and almost unanimously agreed, that "there was no room to deliberate" upon the proposition which had just been made. The president then proceeded to read the result of several ballots for committees, after which he terminated the sitting. Though this day's proceedings were far from being interesting, there was such a disposition to tumults among the members, that the president was obliged two or three times to reduce them to order, by ringing his bell. The reading the speeches has a very flat effect, and the transit from the benches, and the tribune, must tend to damp a speaker's fire. Many years must elapse before the *Corps Législatif* of France will emulate the well-regulated activity and promptitude of our house of commons." P. 261-263.

We cannot better close this article than by the anecdote related of that stern and honest republican Carnot—a man whose sci-

entific attainments, and extraordinary talents, both in war and peace, all Europe has acknowledged;—whose errors have at least been consistent, and redeemed, as far as such errors can be redeemed, by long and various persecutions;—whose principles, how much soever we may differ from him, we must admit he has acted on, and suffered for, with the coolness of a philosopher, and the zeal of a martyr.

“Of all the men of abilities who had figured upon the stage of the revolution, Carnôt had been most steady in his opposition to Bonaparte. He had voted against his being appointed consul for life; and had declared his disapprobation of his assumption of the imperial dignity. His courage, however, had won the respect of Napoleon, who had suffered him to live in unmolested retirement. But when the allies had entered France, and Bonaparte was surrounded by difficulties, he addressed to him a letter, in which, after reminding him that, in the days of his splendour and prosperity, he had studiously kept aloof from him, he declared he was ready to render him his best services in the season of his distress. It is an instance of the decision of Bonaparte’s character, that, in consequence of this letter, he entrusted the man who had been so long his declared enemy, with the defence of the important city of Antwerp.” P. 242, 243.

Sermons, chiefly on Particular Occasions. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL. B. Prebendary of Sarum, Rector of Rodington, Vicar of High Ercal, and Senior Minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Congate, Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 466. Edinburgh. 1814.

[The great beauty of the extracts from Alison’s Sermons have induced us to republish this article, though we are far from agreeing with the reviewer in his opinion of the superior usefulness of that kind of preaching in which Mr. Alison excels. The first, though not the only duty of the preacher, is to teach the doctrines he professes; but the divines of that school, which has received the sanction of the Edinburgh Review, aim merely at exciting the imagination, and gratifying the taste of their hearers. The concluding sneer at the labours of Horsley is unworthy the reviewer, and insulting to the memory of a great man.]

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

THE style of these sermons is something new, we think, in the literature of this country. It is more uniformly elevated, more profusely figured—and, above all, more curiously modulated, and balanced upon a more exact and delicate rhythm, than any English composition in mere prose with which we are acquainted. In these, as well as in some more substantial characteristics, it reminds us more of the beautiful moral harangues that occur in the

Telemaque of Fenelon, or of the celebrated *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet, than of any thing of British growth and manufacture ;— Nor do we hesitate at all to set Mr. Alison fairly down by the side of the last named of those illustrious prelates. He is less lofty, perhaps ; but more tender and more varied—less splendid, but less theatrical—and, with fewer striking reflections on particular occurrences, has unquestionably more of the broad light of philosophy, and the milder glow of religion. In polish and dignity we do not think him at all inferior—though he has not the advantage of enhancing the simple majesty of Christianity by appeals to listening monarchs, and apostrophes to departed princes.

From the very suggestion of this parallel, it will be understood, that the strain of the discourses before us is never careless, or even familiar—perhaps not always quite natural—but uniformly graceful, engaging, and impressive ; and at least as far removed from the parade of a frigid rhetoric, as from the rude energy of tempestuous passion or untutored enthusiasm. If they do not abound in those bursts and flashes of eloquence which constitute the sublime of such compositions, they have all the richness, and warmth, and softness, which make up their beauty ; and are intimately felt to be the works of a mind at once delicate and ardent, guided by the purest taste and the most amiable feelings—and pleasing itself with bestowing a careful finish on its expressions, not more from an instinctive love of all that is beautiful and harmonious, than from an unfeigned affection and concern for the subjects on which it is employed.

We do not know, in fact, any sermons so pleasing—or so likely both to be popular, and to do good to those who are pleased with them. All the feelings are generous and gentle ; all the sentiments liberal, and all the general views just and ennobling. They are calculated to lead us on to piety, through the purification of our taste, and the culture of our social affections—to found the love of God on the love of Nature and of Man—and to purge the visual orb of the soul for the contemplation of the infinite majesty of the Creator, by teaching it to recognise the unspeakable beauty and grandeur which reigns in all the aspects of his physical and moral creation. They are not, however, sermons for profound scholars or learned divines. They contain no display of erudition, nor profess to settle any knotty points in theology. Such labours have their value no doubt, and are entitled to their praise ; nor is it a light praise to have consecrated the fruits of long study and scientific research to the illustration of what is dark, or the confirmation of what is doubtful, in the foundations of our faith : but we have always thought that discussions such as these could be embodied in no form less suitable to their substance than that of sermons in the vulgar tongue—or, in other words, dis-

courses orally delivered to a promiscuous audience, the greater part of which is necessarily incapable either of following or of appreciating the merits of the reasoning—and no part of which could presume to judge of it on a mere transient recitation of the positions and authorities. There are no subjects in fact that require so patient a collation of books, and so frequent a recurrence to the early steps of our argument, as the abstruse and weighty matters that form the topics of theological controversy—either with argumentative infidels, or the learned advocates of an erroneous faith. Such discussions, therefore, are most properly made the subject of books, or of academical instruction: but we conceive it to be nothing less than a perversion of the great purposes of ordinary preaching, to substitute them in the place of those weekly discourses by which the morals of a whole congregation are to be improved, or their devotion awakened.

It is not easy to overrate the importance of doing this effectually and well; and when we consider how great a proportion of readers are as careless—as impatient of long dissertations, and at the same time as vacant and open to all lively impressions as the mass of an ordinary congregation, it is not easy to calculate how much good may be effected, when a pastor, who has discovered the secret of doing this, is pleased to enlarge his audience by means of the press, and to extend the benefit of his exhortations to all who are enrolled in his flock by the mere act of becoming his readers. For one man whose understanding is perplexed by the false doctrines or false philosophy, which it is the object of a Stillingfleet, a Clarke, or a Horsley, to redargue and expose, we may be assured there are at least a thousand who stand in need of the excitement and suggestions which may be furnished by the volume before us—who want to be roused to a sense of the beauty and the good that exist in the universe around them—and who are only indifferent to the feelings of their fellow creatures, and negligent of the duties they impose, for want of some persuasive monitor to awake the dormant capacities of their nature, and to make them see and feel the delights which Providence has attached to their exercise. It is lamentable, indeed, to think how many pass through life, without tasting the highest gratification, or exerting the noblest functions of their being, from no other cause than the want of some such excitement: and how many of those who have been happily distinguished for both, are able to trace back the first dawns of that moral and intellectual existence to the accidental perusal of some work, far less fitted to produce that effect than the least of the discourses of Mr. Alison.

We are not acquainted, indeed, with any work so well fitted for the purpose, or calculated to make so beneficial an impression on the minds of those to whom such topics have not hitherto been

familiar. The beauty of the style and the imagery is almost sure to attract the attention in the first place; and the mind must be dull and sullen indeed, that offers a long resistance to the stronger charm of that indulgent philanthropy—of that warm sensibility to goodness and beauty—that amiable sympathy with youth, and innocence, and enjoyment—and that holy hope and cheerful confidence in the ultimate and universal happiness of a creation proceeding from omnipotent love—which form the grand characteristics of these eloquent discourses.

Their faults—since there must be faults in every thing that passes through our hands—are, in the first place, a little mannerism and monotony—arising from the too uniform melody of the composition, and from that emphatic tone which prevails too universally, not to become, on some occasions, both wearisome and ineffective. The necessity which the author seems to have imposed on himself, of always filling and satisfying the ear, sometimes leaves the mind unsatisfied; and an harmonious close now and then conducts us to a weak or ordinary meaning. Another, and something of a kindred fault, may perhaps be ascribed to the necessary brevity of a modern sermon. Large and comprehensive views are sometimes just opened, and then deserted, or dismissed with very slight consideration;—a sort of philosophical grandeur and majestic wisdom in the beginning of a discourse now and then holds out a promise, where there is no space left for the performance. We have scarcely admired the stateliness of the vestibule, when the door of the temple itself is closed against us:—and the lofty prelude has but just summoned us to attention, when the music is broken off, or passes to a differing measure. It is quite time, however, that we should permit our readers to judge of these defects and excellences for themselves.

The sermons are mostly of an occasional nature. There is one on each of the four seasons; one on the century; one on scarcity; and six or seven on the national fasts. There are four or five without any such appropriate application. Those who have the good fortune to be familiar with the beautiful Essays in which this author has unfolded the true theory of material beauty and sublimity, by resolving them into symbols of mental loveliness or grandeur, will naturally turn with eagerness to the sermons on the Seasons, for the farther elucidation of this interesting doctrine; and they will be fully gratified;—though we can afford to make but a few extracts from this portion of the volume. We begin with the sermon on Autumn, which was preached from the text of Isaac meditating at even-tide in the fields. After some introductory remarks, the preacher proceeds—

“There is an even-tide in the day—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of sober.

ness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom ;—it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

“ Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil—and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression, there is a second which naturally follows it ;—in the day we are living with men—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature ; we see the world withdrawn from us—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire ; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a farther scene it presents to us :—While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being ; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene ; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are “ yet greater things than these.”

“ There is, in the second place, an “ even-tide ” in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy ; and if, by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy ;—yet, it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

“ When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power ; the desert no more “ blossoms like the rose ; ” the song of joy is no more heard among the branches ; and the earth is strewn with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge “ of the wayfaring man in the wilderness,” and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such, also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay ;—and the pulse that

now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

"Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds, which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions;—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all:—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

"If there were no other effects, my brethren, of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable—they would teach us humility—and with it they would teach us charity." R. 323

—331.

The final application of this great moral of nature is as follows :

"There is an even-tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and, with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

"In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gathering. But you have seen, also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of revelation—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation: And, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those

"green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God." P. 338. 340.

In the discourse on Summer, there is more of practical admonition. After mentioning it as the season when the great and wealthy retire from the business and the dissipations of the town to their possessions in the country, he takes occasion to make some admirable observations on the peculiar advantages and duties of great landed proprietors in a country like ours.

"Other men," he observes, "must struggle with the world, before they can raise themselves into distinction and influence. He, on the contrary, is born a ruler of the people; and the same laws which convey to him the title to his lands, convey to him the welfare or the wretchedness of the men who inhabit them. His opinions, in many ways, become the model of theirs;—his example is able, either to strengthen or to shake their most important principles of morality:—and his power can make itself felt, even within the walls of the lowest cottage, either in disseminating joy, or diffusing sorrow. From the agitations of the great world, the obscurity of the poor renders them happily free: and, amid the calm occupations of sequestered industry, even the influence of legislature is but distinctly felt. But the influence of their landlord is felt in every day and in every occupation of their lives; and he alone, of all the various members of society, has the power of realizing the beautiful description of the Patriarch of old: "When I went out of the gate, the young men saw me, and hid themselves; and the aged arose, and stood up. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me: and when the eye saw me, it gave witness unto me. I delivered the poor and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." P. 200—202.

And a little after, he breaks out into the following touching and persuasive appeal:

"Seated in the midst of an obedient and humble people, how many are the blessings which even common kindness may diffuse! If it be the young who are wandering into error or folly, it is your advice which best can restrain, and most effectually warn them. If it be talents and genius which are struggling in obscurity, it is your hand which can raise them up, and lead them into the road of honour and independence. If it be misfortune which bows down the poor man's head, and makes him look to futurity with tears, it is your pity and forbearance which can give him more than wealth, and rekindle anew the spirit of industry, and the hope of better days. If it be the gray hairs of the decayed labourer which bend before you, it is you who can give them shelter, and, in some little corner of your land, let them fall to the grave in peace.

"How well, too, is this situation suited to the exercise of female humanity! and, in the scenes far from the turbulent pleasures of fashionable life, how well may female virtue exert its noblest powers! To be the patterns and the protectors of their sex—to cherish the purity of domestic virtue—to guide the mother's hand in the rearing of her children, and teach to them the important lessons of religious education and domestic economy—to awaken, by kind praise, the ambition of the young, and to sooth, with lenient hand, the sorrows of the old—these are the opportunities which such situations afford to female benevolence; the means by which they may exalt the character, and extend the virtues of their sex; and shed upon the lowly cottage of the peasant, blessings which can compensate for all its wants, and all its poverty.

"Nor think, my brethren, that, in this detail of beneficence, there is little use, or that these simple virtues perish with the day that gives them birth. It is they, in fact, which have given its character to our land—and which, knitting by insensible means the affections of the people to their masters, have maintained, in many an hour of danger, the rights and the liberties of all, and spread the riches of cultivation which distinguish our country. And even now the traveller, as he passes, can mark both on the face of nature and on the face of man, whether it is by wisdom or folly—by benevolence or by cruelty, that the district he surveys is governed;—and, while he sighs at the sterility which folly causes, and the misery which oppression has produced, he leaves his blessing on those fields which the wisdom of the landlord has made fertile, and on those men whom his beneficence has made happy." P. 208—210.

He afterwards points out the infinite importance of the promotion of general instruction, among the duties which are enjoined by such a situation; and replies, in the following impressive passage, to the tyrannical and degrading doctrines, over which we rejoice to think that reason and humanity seem at length to have established their triumph.

"There is, indeed, a doctrine of another kind—a doctrine which would teach us that the tranquillity of society is only to be maintained by the ignorance of the people—which, for the sake of the few, would consign all the rest of mankind to barbarity and gloom—and which would purchase the gross repose of rank and affluence by the sacrifice of all the qualities of immortal men. To such a doctrine I need not reply. It is replied to by the indignation of every heart that is akin to humanity. It is replied to, in deeper tones, by the history of the world, and by those terrific scenes which our sister island has lately presented to our view. It is in the annals of her late sanguinary story, that you will see what are the fruits of ignorance and barbarity—with what facility the demagogue and the hypocrite may act upon the minds of an untutored people—and to what lengths of savage cruelty they can go, when they barst the only fetters that restrain them. It is there, my

brethren, you will learn, that, by the eternal decree of heaven, the perfection of society is united with the perfection of the individual; that to improve the lower ranks of men, is to give stability to the higher; and that the peace of a nation can never be so securely trusted, as in the hands of those who share in its prosperity, and who are capable of knowing both their rights and their duties." P. 205, 206.

Contrasted with the engaging picture of a beloved and benevolent chief, the preacher has also sketched, though with a more rapid pencil, the portrait of rank degraded, and power abused. Mr. Alison is too gentle in his nature, and too earnest in his holy function, to interweave personalities with his pious admonitions; but it will be difficult, we believe, for his readers, not to make an application of the following odious representation.

"You have seen, even in this country, rank degraded, and power abused—riches dissipated amid every ignoble pleasure—influence devoted only to the dissemination of base or vicious manners—and all the fairest gifts of heaven converted, as by the spell of an enchanter, into the elements of more than mortal death. On such examples, it becomes you well to pause. There was a time, when the lost beings you now behold were innocent and pure—when life opened to them with all the prospects of usefulness and honour—and when the promises of youth afforded no presage of the baseness of their maturity, or the ignominy of their age; and it is for you well to consider, whether theirs be the career that you would wish to run, or theirs the death you would wish to die." P. 184, 185.

We turn now to what may be called the political discourses; and, disgusted as we have been with the hollow vaunting and hostile imprecations with which most of our pulpits have resounded for the last twenty years—we turn to them with a feeling of exultation and delight, which neither the recollection of our past misfortunes, or of our recent deliverance, can abate or repress. They are full of heroic patriotism, christian humility, and prophetic confidence:—no more eloquent or animating exhortations were ever addressed to men arming for their country;—no more upright and temperate sentiments ever expressed, on occasions of great public interest and dissension;—no more weighty and liberal truths ever urged upon the conscience of an intelligent people. Independent altogether of their merit as splendid pieces of eloquence, we know no compositions better calculated to fix, in all youthful and ingenuous minds, an ardent and exalted love of their country, and a knowledge of the reasons for which it should be loved. We begin with the fast sermon of 1801, immediately after the breaking of the peace of Amiens.

"When we look back," says the preacher, "upon the history of antiquity, the prospect is like that of the waves of the ocean; and nations are seen rising for the moment above their ordinary level, to fall back again into the mass from which they arose. If we search for the causes of their fall, we shall find them in their views and their policy. All of them, in their day, have had their own devices—some of them to enslave the people whom they govern—some to extend their power by the atrocities of conquest—others to monopolize the commerce of the world, and to become rich by the oppression of all around them. These mighty devices are now past. The sleep of many hundred years has buried their pride and their guilt in oblivion;—and when we trace the principles upon which they acted, we rejoice, even now, at their fall; and feel the justice of that law, by which 'the counsel of God alone' is destined to 'stand.'

"We live in times, my brethren, when these truths are not 'the hearing of the ear,' but when 'we see them with our eyes.' We live in times, 'when the judgments of the Lord are in the earth,' when nations are falling around us, and when scarcely a year passes without being marked by the dethronement of monarchs.—Do we look for the causes of these awful events? We shall find them in their national sins; in the corruption of their private manners; in the injustice or oppression of their internal governments; or in the ambition or avarice of their national policy. The period of the 'devices of man's heart' has arrived, and the counsel of the Lord arises to stand. The foot of guilt has long trod upon the earth, and legions of armed men are sprung up to avenge and to purify it.

"These also, with all their pride, and all their atrocity, will pass. The storm which is now raging over a suffering world will renovate, but not destroy. The empires which perish, will perish only to be renewed in nobler forms, and under more auspicious rule. The power itself, which the Almighty hath made the instrument of his justice, will last but for the time that is appointed; and, when the devices of ambition have passed, like the storms of winter, over a suffering world, 'the counsel of the Lord will stand,' and awaken a nobler spring." P. 80—83.

In the same strain of liberal and manly sentiment, he proceeds to consider the war upon which we were then entering.

"If the war we pursue be one which is neither founded in justice nor necessity; if it be a war undertaken to overturn the independence, or abridge the prosperity of any other people; if it be to add to our wealth by the spoils of the world, or to seek our glory by the tears of innocent, or the blood of unoffending, nations; if these be our secret objects in the war, let us not think, nor hope, nor pray for success. Victory may follow victory; achievement may succeed achievement: The pulse of national vanity may beat high; but 'the counsel of the Almighty' is against our devices. The secret vice which silently pursues its end, is undermining the fabric of all our prosperity; and the destroying angel, who comes from the throne of God to 'justify

his ways to man,' rejoices in the triumphs which his hand is so soon to wither; and in that attitude of presumptuous elevation, which must so soon be humbled in the dust.

"But, my brethren, on the other hand, if it be a war of a different description that our hearts tell us we are pursuing; if it be a war, necessary in its nature, and just in its end; if it be to maintain the rights, the freedom, and the independence of our country; if it be to protect that constitution which is the fountain of all our best enjoyments here, and that religion which is the source of all our hopes hereafter; if it be to continue to our children that freedom to which they were born, and that faith in which they were baptized; if these be our sole objects in the war in which we are engaged, then, in the name of the living God, let us fear not. Defeat may for a time succeed defeat; misfortune may follow misfortune, and the hearts of the weak and the timid may turn cold:—but the counsels of God are with us. Every known, and every unknown power of nature are leagued in our favour. Even under circumstances of deeper alarm than we have yet experienced, hope is never to be lost. It is not easy to conquer a united people:—it is not easy to wrest from a free land the liberty to which it was born:—it is not easy to tear from a great nation the honours which they have worn in the sight of mankind for so many hundred years, and the glories which, in every age, their fathers have transmitted to them." P. 85—88.

In the fast sermon for 1803, the same sentiments are followed out with the same eloquence and vigour.

"Whatever may be the evils or sufferings of war, they have yet this fortunate effect—that they rekindle that love of our country, which the safety of prosperity, and the habits of private pursuit, are so apt to relax or to impair. But, my brethren, if this appeal has its influence even over the savage and the slave—in no hour in the history of social life—in no nation which has ever risen among mankind—did that name ever summon before man, so many dread obligations as it now does before us, in this hour, and in this country. We have to defend a land unhabituated to shame, and hitherto unknown to conquest;—we have to defend the honours of ancient days, and the splendour of present greatness;—we have to defend the opulence which the industry of our fathers has gained, and the freedom which their blood has purchased;—we have to defend that constitution which has poured the properties of nature over a barren land, and given to our northern isle a splendour unknown to the regions of the sun. We have to defend that faith in which our infancy was baptized, and in which we pray our dying hours may close; which was the 'strength of our fathers, and of the old time before them,' and which has conducted the wise and the virtuous who have preceded us, to glories beyond the limits of mortality.

"We are summoned in the next place, my brethren, even to a nobler duty; and, in the mighty designs of Providence, the same valour which

is called to defend our land is the great means by which we can relieve the sufferings of the world around us. Amid that wreck which we have witnessed of social welfare—amid the dethronement of kings, and the subjugation of Kingdoms—amid the trembling neutrality of some, and the silent servility of others—this country alone hath remained independent and undismayed;—and it is upon the valour of our arms, that Europe now reposes its last hope of returning liberty, and restored honour. Among the nations which surround us, whom either the force of the enemy has subdued, or their power intimidated, there is not one virtuous bosom that does not throb for our success;—the prayers of millions will follow our banners into the field; and the arm of the soldier will be blessed by innumerable voices, which can never reach his ear. If we fail—if the ancient prowess and intrepidity of our people is gone—there is then a long close to all the hopes and all the honours of humanity; over the fairest portion of the civilized earth the tide of military despotism will roll, and bury, in its sanguinary flood, alike the monuments of former greatness, and the promises of future glory. But—if we prevail; if the hearts of our people are exalted to the sublimity of the contest; the mighty spell which has enthralled the world will be broken—the spirit of nature and of liberty will rekindle:—and the same blow which prostrates the enemy of our land, will burst the fetters of nations, and set free the energies of an injured world.” P. 142—146.

In 1806, when the prospect was more dark and ominous than at any former period, this minister of faith and patriotism still utters the words of confidence and truth.

“The world,” he says, “has seen other conquerors and other despots. It has wept before the march of temporary ambition, and bled beneath the sword of transitory conquest. But nature has reassumed her rights; and while conquerors have sunk into an execrated grave, and tyrants have perished in the zenith of their power, the race of men have raised again their dejected heads, and peace, and order, and freedom, have spread themselves throughout the world. Such, my brethren, will also be the termination of the tragedy of our day, and such is the confidence which they ought ever to maintain, upon whom ‘the Almighty hath lifted up the light of his countenance.’ We are witnessing, indeed, the most tremendous spectacle which the theatre of nature has ever exhibited, of the pride and ambition of man. For years, our attention has been fixed upon that great and guilty country, which has been fertile in nothing but revolution, and from which, amid the clouds that cover it, we have seen at last that dark and shapeless form arise, which, like the vision that appalled the king of Babylon, ‘hath its legs of iron, and its arms of brass.’ Amid all the terrors of its brightness, it has no foundation in the moral stability of justice. It is irradiated by no beam from heaven—it is blessed by no prayer of man—it is worshipped with no gratitude of the patriot heart. It may remain for the time, or the times that are appointed it. But the awful

hour is on the wing, when the universe will resound with its fall; and that sun which measures out, as with reluctance, the length of its impious reign, will one day pour his undecaying beams amid its ruins, and bring forth, from the earth which it has overshadowed, the promises of a greater spring.

"There are limits in the moral as well as in the material system, to the dominion of evil; there are limits to the guilt and injustice of nations, as well as of individuals. There is a time when cunning ceases to delude, and hypocrisy to deceive;—when power ceases to overawe, and oppression will no longer be borne. Even now that period seems to be approaching. It is impossible that man can become retrograde in his progress;—it is impossible that the hands of the oppressed can longer beckon the approach of a power which comes to load them only with heavier chains;—it is impossible that the nations of Europe, cradled in civilization, and baptized into the liberty of the children of God, can long continue to bend their freeborn heads before the feet of foreign domination, or that they can suffer the stream of knowledge which so long has animated their soil, to terminate at last in the deep stagnation of military despotism. Even the country itself which has given it birth, cannot long submit to its rule;—it bleeds in the hour that it triumphs;—it is goaded to exertions which it loathes;—its laurels are wet with the tears of those who are bereaved of their children. The virtuous man shudders when he beholds the crimes and the guilt of his country; and the heart of the pious man faileth him, when he looks forward to the 'things that are coming' upon those banners which are raised against the rights of man, and which are unblessed by the voice of heaven." P. 270—274.

In 1811, when things were if possible still more unpromising, he sounds a still bolder note; and looks steadfastly forward to the deliverance which *was* approaching.

"Rise for a moment (he exclaims) I beseech you, from the couch of ignoble pleasure, and look with the eye of men upon the world that passes, and the world that has passed you. It has many scenes to show you of greatness and of glory;—scenes where your heart throbs when you contemplate the capacities and the energies of your nature; and where you feel that man is 'indeed but a little lower than the angels,' and that his nature is 'made for glory and for honour.' What then are those scenes?—and where is it that your eye finds with transport the examples it has wished? O! not in the scenes of affluence and prosperity;—not in the sunshine scenes where every virtue withers, and every energy is dissolved;—but in the dark and stormy scenes, where freedom sprung, and patriotism glowed, and every energy of nature was called forth, and all the noblest passions of the human bosom were awakened; and where, in the midst of hardship and of suffering, a deeper happiness was enjoyed, than ever yet fell to the lot of ease and of security. It is thus that evil is only the minister of good;—it is thus that, even in its darkest aspect, the

chastisements of heaven are only the chastisements of a father; and that, amid the tears and the sufferings of his children, they are hardened only to the vigour and to the majesty of manhood.

"Look, my brethren of little faith, at the material world around you, and say, has its order, and the beneficence of its order failed;—have storms of tempests quenched the light of day;—have seed-time and harvest forgot to return;—and has the sun of heaven become wearied in his path, and ceased to pour life and light upon a grateful world? Look to the history of the moral world, from its first feeble and barbarous cradle, to the hour in which it now resounds with the tread of hostile men, and say, has evil alone had the dominion there?—has nothing but the guilt of the tyrant and the conqueror been successful?—has no progress been made in this long period, in knowledge, in arts, or in arms?—has the cause of truth, of virtue, and of freedom never been victorious?—and has the historian of the human race only to record the progressive decay of its powers, its knowledge, and its welfare?—No, my brethren; in the whole of this review, you see, on the contrary, that there is a power in nature, by which evil of every kind is controlled; and that, under its Almighty guidance, amid all the apparent calamities of time, the march of the human mind has been steady and progressive, to 'wisdom, and knowledge, and joy.' You see the occasional visitations of war and of calamity operating upon the moral world, like the occasional visitations of the storm and the tempest upon the material world; and ending in purifying the moral atmosphere, and invigorating the powers of moral vegetation. From amid all the temporary depressions of the human race, you see them permanently emerging into firmer power, and more enlightened splendour; the harvest of the husbandman waving over the field which conquest had wet with the blood of his fathers; the hand of the freeman pointing with exultation to the mouldering tomb where the race of his tyrants and his oppressors repose;—and the voice of the gospel carrying glad tidings to many a people who had 'long sat in darkness, and beneath the shadow of death.'" P. 397—402.

We shall conclude our extracts with some passages from the thanksgiving sermon of the present year;—a nobler song of triumph—a more beautiful and thrilling strain of patriotic exultation, and christian gratitude, than verse or prose has yet consecrated to the memory of those great events which have stamped this year as an era for the future history of the world.

"The great conflict of the social world is over:—the mighty are fallen; and the weapons of war have perished. The cry of freedom bursts from the unfettered earth; and the banners of victory wave in all the winds of heaven. Again, in every corner of our own land, the voice of joy and of gladness is heard. The cheerful sounds of labour rise again from our streets, and the dark ocean begins again to brighten with our sails. Over this busy scene of human joy, the genial influences of heaven have descended. The unclouded sun of summer

has ripened for us all the riches of the harvest. The God of nature hath crowned the year with his goodness, and all things living are filled with plenteousness. Who is there that has not felt the blessings of the year? Even the infant, while he partakes, unconsciously, of the general joy, lifts his innocent hands to that heaven from which he sees come all the hopes of man; and the aged man, when he remembers the sufferings of former years, is apt to say, with the good old Simeon in the gospel, 'Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

"But there are other, and more general subjects of thankfulness, my brethren, which ought now to occupy our minds. In this solemn hour we seem to be conducted by the hand of heaven, like the disciples of old, unto an high mountain, from which we may look down upon the darkened world we have left, and upwards to those scenes where heaven is displaying its glory. The images of the past, and of the future, are thronging around us; and wherever we turn, there are new subjects of gratitude that arise before us.

"Our first subject of thankfulness on this day, is for our country; that she has survived all the dangers which threatened her;—that she has fulfilled the lofty duty to which the will of the Almighty has called her. Dear even to the savage heart is the land of his fathers;—dear to the citizen of civilized ages are the institutions of national wisdom, and the monuments of national glory;—but upon no human heart did the claims of his country ever fall so deep and irresistible, as they now do upon the citizen of this country. Other nations have preceded her in the road of arts and arms;—other nations have wreathed around their brows the laurels of science, and the palms of victory: But the high destiny to which she has of late been called, no other nation has ever shared with her; and all the glories of former times fade before the moral splendour which now encircles her. She has been called to guard the fortunes of the human race; to preserve, amid her waves, the sacred flame that was to relume the world; and, like the cherubim that watched the gates of paradise, to turn every way her flaming sword against the foes of God and man. These were her duties, and nobly has she fulfilled them. Through every dark, and every disastrous year;—while nation after nation sunk around her;—while monarchs bent their imperial heads beneath the yoke, and the pulse of moral nature seemed to stand still in ignominious terror;—she alone hath stood, insensible to fear, and incapable of submission. It is her hand, that, amid the darkness of the storm, hath still steadfastly pointed the road to liberty; it is her treasures which have clothed every trembling people with armour for the combat;—it is her sons, (her gallant sons!) who have rushed into the van of battle, and first broke the spell that paralyzed the world; and, in these recent days, it is her commanding voice that has wakened the slumbering nations of mankind, and sent them on their glorious march, conquering and to conquer. And now, my brethren, in the hour of her triumph—now, when all that is brave or generous in the human race bow before her—where is she to be found? And what is the attitude in which she presents herself to her children?—O—not in the attitude of hu-

man pride, or human arrogance;—not with the laurels of victory upon her brow, or with troops of captives following her chariot wheels:—it is in the attitude of pious thankfulness; with hands uplifted in praise, and eyes downcast in gratitude;—it is before the eternal throne that she bows her victorious head, and casts her crown of glory upon the ground, and calls her children to kneel along with her, and to praise the Father of Nature that he hath selected her to be the instrument of his mercy to mankind. These are triumphs to which the history of the world has no parallel. In the long line of her splendour, what hour is to be compared with this? Which of us does not feel somewhat of her glory to be reflected upon our own heads? And what British heart is there which does not pray that such may be ever her name and her character among mankind?" P. 449—455.

It is a fine thing, we make no doubt, to compose a learned commentary on the prophet Hosea, or a profound dissertation on the intermediate state of the soul;—but we would prefer doing what Mr. Alison has done in the volume before us: and can hardly help envying the talents by which he has clothed so much wisdom in so much beauty—and made us find, in the same work, the highest gratifications of taste, and the noblest lessons of virtue.

The Letters of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. Written between the years 1773 and 1776, inclusive. Paris. 1809.

[From the Reflector.]

It is an unquestionable fact, that however smoothly and regularly life may proceed with those people, who, like the Vicar of Wakefield and his wife, have no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all whose adventures are by the fireside, and whose only migrations are from the blue bed to the brown; there are others, whose actual adventures have surpassed all that has been conceived in romance, and whose passions have taken a more eccentric course, than the most unbounded license of a novelist's fancy has allowed him to conceive. Impressed as the mind of every inquiring person must be with this fact, it still seems difficult to believe, that the passions of a person, not actually insane, should have so far departed from the usual course of things, as is exhibited in the letters of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, which have lately been given to the public. "What hath been," says Aristotle, "is unquestionably so, or it could never have been at all;" and certainly it requires an implicit assent to the proposition of

the great master of rhetoric to believe, that such things have taken place in this sublunary world as are contained in these strange volumes. Here is a lady who, writing to one lover, of whom she affects a boundless and most impassioned fondness, entertains him—with what? with extravagant encomiums upon a deceased lover; and a succession of doubts, whether she shall die for the one defunct, or live for the one still surviving. In spite of the fulness of these two attachments, which it might have been imagined would have found their full employment, the lady, to fill up all the crevices in her capacious soul, contrives to make room for an affection for two other gentlemen; which affection, to use her own language, was so strong, that she could express it no otherwise than by saying, that they were identified with herself; that they were as necessary to her as the air she breathed, and that they filled her whole soul, though they had not the power of disturbing it: so that in short the lady had a dead lover, a living lover, and two sub-lovers, if we may so call them. “Veritablement,” as the honest notary in Molière says, “c’est trop pour le coutume.”

In treating of those aberrations which are the consequence of a disappointment in the *tender passion*, a wide distinction is certainly to be made in favour of the female sex; and even among them much is to be allowed for difference of temperament. Men have a thousand outlets for discharging the impetuosities of passion, or transfusing its hues to other objects. Many of those, who can calmly discuss the extravagancies which love sometimes generates in the opposite sex, would not find themselves so much at their ease, if it were not for the channels which politics, war, and business afford for turning the affections into different channels, and for weakening their effects by scattering their powers. Thus it is common to see one man disentangle himself from an affair of the heart by making a distant voyage, and balancing the loss of affection by the gain of credit; a second converts into the asperities of political warfare those feelings which are the result of wounded pride and disappointed love; while a third, borrowing courage from despair, boldly combats his country’s enemies, and ennobles his life by actions which were meant to accelerate his death. Women are not possessed of these advantages; the only passion which is ever likely to interest them violently, is that of love; and if this passion should meet with any opposition, they have no means of relief, but that of easing their sensations by revealing and descanting upon them, or expiring silently under their influence. The lady, to whose letters the reader’s attention is requested, chose the former method of easing her burdened mind; but in a manner, and to an extent, as cannot fail, notwithstanding

the latitude which must be allowed to her sex, to excite extreme wonder and surprise.

It will be necessary, that the reader may enter into the full spirit of these letters, to give a short history of the writer's life, previous to the time when these letters commence:—Mademoiselle l'Espinasse is said to have been the illegitimate offspring of a French bishop and an abbess, by whom, however, she was never acknowledged. After receiving her education at a convent, she was admitted into the house of the Marchioness du Deffand, a lady who was among the most conspicuous leaders of those brilliant circles, which, by uniting the literary and fashionable world, have fixed so much attention on that distinguished era of French history—the age of the Fifteenth Louis. This lady, in the meridian of her life becoming blind, found it necessary to have a companion, who might divert her in those hours which were not more agreeably occupied by company, and who might assist her in doing the honours of her table to the distinguished friends by whom she still continued to be surrounded. Fortune threw in her way Mademoiselle l'Espinasse; and for a time nothing could equal the satisfaction which Madame du Deffand found in her young friend. At length, however, the marchioness suspected that the talents and the manners, the misfortunes and the beauty, of the interesting l'Espinasse, were creating a formidable rival for herself among the men, who had hitherto evinced the most devoted respect for her charms: she found that many stolen hours were spent by her guests at the toilette of the fascinating companion; that d'Alembert, her distinguished favourite, was devoted to l'Espinasse; and that even her old lover, the President Henault, was alarmingly assiduous in his attentions. Madame du Deffand became outrageous: an instant breach ensued between her and her companion: a due chastisement was bestowed upon the unfortunate president; and d'Alembert was told, in due form, that he must renounce either mademoiselle or the marchioness. D'Alembert clave unto l'Espinasse, and all future connexion between him and the marchioness instantly ceased. The friends of mademoiselle did not abandon her on this occasion: they procured her a small pension from the crown, and the late companion of Madame du Deffand became a fine lady upon her own ground. Her house became the centre of polite resort; and the circle of the interesting l'Espinasse was attended by all that were distinguished in Paris for rank, talents, and fashion. Released from her fatiguing attentions upon Madame du Deffand, (which are said to have been so severe as to have been the ultimate cause of her death,) independent in her circumstances, and honoured with the friendship of the learned and the great, it might reasonably be expected, that Mademoiselle l'Espinasse's future life would have

flowed on in a course of uninterrupted felicity. But happiness is a very precarious blessing. "Alas!" said an Indian lamenting over his companion, "he was fed with train oil, and the bone of a bird about ten inches long was thrust through the gristle of his nose; what could possibly be wanting to his happiness?" But the Indian, in spite of the luxury of train oil, and though the bone of a bird ten inches long was thrust through the gristle of his nose, contrived to be miserable; and Mademoiselle l'Espinasse found, that although surrounded with all the comforts of life, it was still possible for her to be unhappy.

By the fascination of her manners, she had inspired the son of the Spanish ambassador with a profound passion: but whether she herself participated in this feeling to the extent which she professed, was at the time much doubted. Be this as it may, the parents of the young man became alarmed, and insisted upon his immediate departure from Paris, and Mademoiselle l'Espinasse had the mortification to see the enamoured Mora torn from her arms. The departure of Mora, and the lady's affliction, called for the interposition of her friends to alleviate her distress. Among the rest, Guibert, the celebrated author of the *Tactics*, tendered his kind offices. He endeavoured to please, and finished by attaching her; he came to console, and made a violent impression. Mademoiselle had need of repose: her soul was already filled with a sentiment deep and tender; a sentiment in which her lover partook, and to which he answered with reciprocal ardour; when the attentions of Guibert disturbed the settled feelings of her heart, and set it all afloat again in the wide sea of love, amid the agitation of hope and fear, of pain and pleasure, of transport and despair. A temporary absence of Guibert occasioned her to write to him, and the volumes now under consideration, are the fruits of her labour. In her first letters Guibert is merely her friend: this friendship, however, causes her some little remorse, as trenching upon the affection which she owed to the devoted Mora; friendship soon ripens into love; and her love runs rapidly through the whole thermometer of the passion: she hates, she fears, she desires, she despairs, she loses her senses, every thing in short but her love. In the midst of this correspondence her lover Mora, for whom, notwithstanding the largeness of her affection for Guibert, she still reserved a fund of sensibility and attachment, dies. A frightful state of anguish succeeds: her frame is rent, her reason totters, and she wishes for death. People, however, never die *apropos*: and mademoiselle, in spite of her affliction, survives. The world and she were now to shake hands: Guibert and her grief were all that was to remain for her in existence: no connexions, no interest, no friendships, were to separate them: to love Guibert, or to give up her existence, were the only

alternatives she desired. A correspondence between Guibert and l'Espinasse ensues, which it is evident lasts some years: yet, though she is in love with him to distraction, no proposal of marriage takes place; on the contrary, she recommends several partners for life to him, and when he is actually wedded, continues the same amatory intercourse with him in the same violent, fervid, inflamed strain as before, till the very day of her death, without any apparent compunction or idea of criminality. There is something so inexplicable in this behaviour, that I am almost tempted to think with M. du Deffand, that her intercourse with Guibert was only *pour faire l'esprit*; that the tactician served her as an object to show her epistolary powers. Marriage would have put an end to this fine correspondence; and like the old duke, who being asked why he did not marry a widow, with whom he had been in the habit of spending his evenings for many years, replied that he should then want a friend with whom to pass his evenings: so Mademoiselle l'Espinasse might have thought that a settled union with Guibert would have put a stop to these wild effusions, which appear so entirely to have engrossed her thoughts. She perhaps was ambitious of proving, by her own example, a maxim to which she often adverts in her letters, that many things happen in real life more wonderful than those which are represented in fictitious life. If neither of these reasons will suffice to explain the matter, no other resource seems to be left but in that short-hand logic for explaining all incongruities, which is at present practised with so much success. Those who have witnessed the readiness with which eccentricities of behaviour in England are explained by a shrug of the shoulders, a significant application of the finger to the cerebellum, and a volume-speaking nod of the head, will easily understand what I mean. In fact, it is not improbable that the deadly drug which Mademoiselle l'Espinasse had imbibed some time before her passion for Guibert, for the purpose of putting an end to her existence, but without accomplishing her purpose, had left a torpifying effect behind it, and had disordered her imagination. In her first letters she indeed hazards a little gayety, and even ventures upon a conceit or two: but after the death of Mora her correspondence becomes of the most sombre kind; and he who sits down to read it, will do well to arm himself with Dantè's abandonment of Hope, and expect nothing but

Sospiri, pianti, et alti guai,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
Voci alte et fioche.

It was in truth no skin-deep emotion that could satisfy the soul of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. Those rules of conduct which make

people satisfied with themselves, but cold to the objects of their affections, were points which she affected not to understand. That degree of worldly prudence, and those duties of friendship, which substitute discretion for interest, and delicacy for sensibility, were to her detestable. The temperate atmosphere was in her opinion fit only for fools: she disliked even the calm which allows the understanding to act; the virtues which she valued in herself, and which she expected in others, were an entire abandonment to the feelings, a ready acquiescence in first emotions, an approximation to a state of nature, and to the simplicity and sincerity of savage life. To be amiable, and to please, were objects which she left for inferior souls: to love, and to be loved, was her aim: agitation, suffering, and feeling, were the food on which her mind subsisted; days of delight and nights of pain; the joys of heaven and the horrors of hell; such were the emotions in which her soul delighted to revel.

The character and talents of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse appear to have excited uncommon interest among the literati of her day: and certainly the letters before us do no discredit to their accounts of her. Amid illness, sadness, distraction, and desolation, they display an intelligence, an acuteness, and a wildness of eloquence, that are not often witnessed. In most people we see two stages of passion: they feel first, and reason afterwards: but Mademoiselle l'Espinasse displays reasoning and feeling at the same time; she suffers all the violence of passion, and analyzes it with all the penetration of a philosopher. Her vehemence is such, that the *bon mot* by which Voltaire characterized the fervid style of Rousseau, almost loses its extravagance when applied to her: her paper must have burned as she wrote. There is little variety, however, in her letters; as soon as you have found the key-note, (and a few pages let you into it,) all seems mere repetition: the same melancholy, the same reproaches, the same raving. The following specimens, taken nearly at random, will give a complete picture of her manner:

"You are not my friend; you cannot become my friend: I have no sort of confidence in you: it is you who have caused me the deepest and bitterest evil which can befall an honourable mind: at this very moment you rob me, and perhaps for ever, of the only consolation which heaven reserved for the few days that are left me: in short, what shall I say? You have completed every thing: the past, the present, and the future, offer me nothing but scenes of grief, regret, and remorse: well, my friend, all this I know, all this I am aware of: and yet I am drawn to you by a charm, by a feeling, which I abhor; yet which has the force of a cursed fatality upon me. You do well to take no account of it: I have no right to make any demands upon you: the most ardent wish I have is, that you were nothing to me." Vol. 1. p. 143.

"Yes, it is to you that I am indebted for the power of knowing and feeling that intoxication of the soul, which removes every sentiment of pain and sorrow. But witness, whether you deserve my thanks for it: the moment you quit me the charm vanishes, and on entering into myself, I find myself consumed with regret and remorse: the loss which I have sustained tears me to pieces. I was beloved, yes, beloved to a degree which staggers the imagination. All that I have read of was cold and weak when compared with the feelings of M. de M****; it filled, it supported his whole life: I leave you to judge whether it ought to occupy mine. A regret like this would, of itself, suffice to form the misery of a feeling mind. 'Tis well: what must be my sensations, whose soul is weighed down with the additional pains of remorse: I see myself guilty; I feel myself unworthy of the happiness which I have enjoyed; I have been wanting to the most virtuous, the most sensible of men: in one word, I have been wanting to myself, I have lost my own esteem; judge whether I have any claim to yours; and if I cannot pretend to your esteem, can I be so blind as to believe that I have any title to your love?" Vol. 1. p. 188.

"Oh, my friend, how my soul is afflicted! Words I have none; nothing is left me but shrieks. I have read again and again, and will read a hundred times more, your epistle. Oh, my friend, what a compound of blessings and evils! What a mixture of pleasure and bitterness! All the agitations of my heart have been increased and redoubled by the perusal of this letter: I can compose myself no longer: you have alternately transported and rent my frame in pieces: never have I found you more amiable, never more worthy to be loved; and never did the remembrance of M. de M**** cost me a pang so deep, so sharp, so bitter. Yes; the thought was very death to me: my heart was overwhelmed: all last night I was in a delirium: such violence must either annihilate me, or drive me mad. Alas! I fear neither the one nor the other: if the love I bore you were less, if the regret I feel were not so dear to me, with what madness, with what transport would I rid myself of this life, which oppresses me. Oh, never, never did creature live in such torture and despair." Vol. 2. p. 36.

The following extract is from a curious letter, which she addresses to Guibert, previously to his marriage:

"It is your wish, then, while I see you, while my senses and my soul are filled with the charm of your presence, that I should recount to you what effect your marriage will have upon me: my friend, I know nothing of the matter, positively nothing. If it had the effect of curing me, I would tell you of it; and you are candid enough not to blame me for it. If, on the other hand, it carried despair into my soul, I should utter no complaint, and my sufferings would last but a very little time. You would then possess sense and delicacy to approve of a conduct, which would cost you but a trifling regret; a regret which the pleasure of your new situation would soon do away.

I can assure you, that this consideration is a kind of consolation to me; I feel myself the more free for it. Do not ask me then any more what I shall do, when you have engaged yourself for life to another. If I were only vain and conceited, I should be much more enlightened, as to what my feelings would be: vanity is seldom mistaken in her calculations: her foresight is correct enough: passion has nothing to do with the future: when I tell you, therefore, that I love you, I tell you all that I know, and all that I feel." Vol. 2. p. 228.

One extract more and I have done: the flight however is so much above me, that I scarcely know whether I translate correctly:

"Oh, how soothing are the delights, which a soul intoxicated with passion knows! My friend, I feel that my existence depends upon my folly: if I were to become composed, if I were restored to reason, I should not exist twenty-four hours. Can you guess what my soul most requires, when it has been violently agitated by pleasure or pain? It is the pleasure of writing to M. de M****; I reanimate him, I recall him to life, I repose my heart upon his, I pour my soul into his soul: the heat, the rapidity of my blood, sets death at defiance: I actually see him; he lives, he breathes for me, he understands me; my head becomes elevated, and wanders to that degree that I have no more occasion for delusion; all becomes truth, pure, real truth: yes, you yourself are not a more present object to my senses than M. de M. has just been to me for a whole hour. Oh divine creature, he has forgiven me! he loved me." Vol. 2. p. 234.

These are doubtless the very dreams of madness; yet it is impossible to read them without emotion. To behold a woman of powers which would have dignified the most accomplished, and a sensibility which would have graced the most amiable; a woman full of exalted sentiments, and as capable of relishing all that is grand in the human character, as she was earnest in her detestation of all that degrades it; to see such a woman, after a life began in misfortune and spent in misery, wailing out her latter days in the agonies of a hopeless passion, and cleaving, with irresistible pertinacity, amid pain and exhaustion, amid the pangs of disease and dissolution, with death before her eyes, and suicide for ever in her thoughts, to an attachment that assailed her with the triple tortures of guilt, remorse, and hopelessness, is a spectacle that wrings the heart with pity, with humiliation, and horror.

The lady, however, probably did not see the matter in so serious a light. Her manner of dying is completely *en philosophe*, and utterly puts to the blush those softer countrymen of our own, who think that the only resource under a similar disappointment, is to besot themselves in night caps: to exhibit a strong contrast between their waistcoats and under garments, and become what is

called a *character*. The death of our heroine is more in the style of French philosophy; instead of sending for a confessor, she enlarges her dose of opium; in the place of prayer and penitence, she soothes herself with a *calmant*; like the characters in the Greek tragedies, she seems resolved to exhibit all her sufferings upon the stage, and with the symptoms of death upon her, arranges dinner parties for the week, fills her drawing room with company, and appears more interested about a box at the opera than her own approaching dissolution. Veritablement, as some French writer has observed, tous les hommes sont fous à commencer par les sages :—Truly the whole world are fools, and the wise are more so than the rest. M.

An Elementary Treatise on the Mounting of Naval Ordnance; showing the true Principles of Construction for the Carriages of every Species of Ordnance, so as to obtain the Power of Working the heaviest Metal with the fewest Hants, with the least possible strain to the Ship. By Lieut. Col. William Congreve, A. M., F. R. S.

[From the Monthly Review.]

IN the first section of this volume the author treats "on the great importance of adopting in this country the same spirit of the economy of labour in our military mechanism, which has so long signalized our commercial establishments," and chiefly directs the reader's attention to these two points, the manning of a greater number of ships than we have at present with a given number of seamen, and the employing of guns of such calibres on board of merchantmen as would enable them in a great measure to bid defiance to privateers. The second section contains an "enumeration of the different objects, which must be combined in every important improvement of the system of mounting ordnance for the sea-service, and of the general principles on which these advantages are to be accomplished." The objects are thus stated:

"I. To reduce the labour of working the ordnance, without increasing the bulk and weight of the carriage. II. To produce a smooth and uniform recoil; and further, to limit the recoil, without straining the breeching, to the least possible quantity required for loading the gun inside. III. To produce the least possible shock in bringing up the gun, and to apply the breeching so that it may in all positions of the carriage have an equal bearing. IV. To increase the power of traversing the gun, without increas-

ing the size of the ports; nay, further, even to reduce the actual aperture of the port, with this increased quantity of traverse. V. To give greater security to the men in action. VI. To render the gun capable of better security in housing. VII. To present less surface to the enemy's fire. VIII. To keep the decks freer and drier than in the present mode. IX. And to combine these points without increasing the expense."

Col. Congreve rejects, and apparently with reason, what is vulgarly, though perhaps improperly, called the *non-recoil principle*, or the practice of keeping the carriage fastened to the vessel's side in such a manner that neither it nor the gun can recoil, as calculated to overstrain and injure the sides of even the strongest ships; and he contends for the propriety and advantage of dividing the mass of the carriage into two parts, and making the gun recoil with the upper and lighter on the lower and by far the heavier part, which is kept fixed. This method has long been used with carronades, as well as in gunboats and batteaux. A considerable part of this section refers to the traversing of guns on board of vessels: but sailors, particularly in the heat of action, generally fire right before them, without attending much if at all to the traversing of the guns, or to the adjusting of the breeching commonly called *middling*, which then becomes necessary; and the rudder is rendered subservient to keeping the ship in a position favourable for this expeditious mode of firing.

The colonel's method of making the breeching of each gun proceed from one point, equally distant from the sides of the port, is simpler, and, in various respects, better than the common method of making it proceed from two points in the ship's side; and, by assuming that point for the centre of traverse which is not only at equal distances from the sides of the port, but also half way between the outside and inside of it, the gun may be traversed to right and left in a greater angle than it can be when the point is taken in the side of the ship within the port.

Section three contains "descriptions of the different constructions of gun and carronade carriages, which have been made according to the principles laid down in the second." The lower carriage is prevented from recoiling when the gun is fired, by means of a strong iron arm which is fixed to it, swivelling on a bolt placed in the centre of the port, and thus causing it, when necessary, to traverse. The colonel would run the guns out by means of short levers, about two feet long, and holes in the peripheries of the trucks, which he places on the trunnions with interior rockets and teeth in which small palls are to work and prevent them from turning freely as the gun recoils; while they are allowed to turn as freely as possible when it is running out. This complex machinery will certainly lessen the extent of the

recoil: but, instead of making use of it, we conceive that it would be better to add the weight of the lower carriage to that of the metal of the gun: for of all things of this kind, and more especially in the affairs of war, the simplest are generally the most commodious.

The fourth and last section contains "a summary view of the general advantages of the foregoing system of mounting naval ordnance, and of the circumstances from which these advantages arise."

Undoubtedly, this short work contains various useful hints with regard to the mounting of naval ordnance; but some parts of it are deficient in perspicuity, and in correctness of expression.

ORIGINAL.

The Universal Receipt Book; being a Repository of useful Knowledge in the several branches of Domestic Economy, containing scarce, curious, and valuable Receipts, and choice Secrets. By a Society of Gentlemen in New-York. 12mo. pp. 282. New-York, 1814.

OUR consciences have been sorely reproaching us for some time past with numerous instances of neglect of our high critical duties, and especially with our unpardonable negligence in altogether overlooking those valuable volumes with which the various learned societies of our country from time to time favour the public. Anxious to atone for this offence as soon as possible, we desired our publisher to send us some of the latest volumes of transactions which had been published on this side of the Atlantic. Alas, little did we know the magnitude of the task which we had thus rashly undertaken. We still shudder at the recollection of the thirty-four stout volumes of Philosophical Transactions, Historical Collections, &c. &c. &c. which were deposited upon our table; and these, too, were accompanied by the appalling information that an additional number of massive quartos were certainly on their way from Philadelphia, in company with the carronades intended for the steam frigate, and that they might all be shortly expected in New-York, if they were fortunate enough to escape being swallowed up

————— in the huge Serbonian bog
Twixt Princeton and New Brunswick.

Overawed by the terrific aspect of the stately quartos, and closely printed octavos, which "oped their ponderous and leaden jaws" before us, we were about to abandon our task in utter

despair, when we happened to cast our eyes upon the modest duodecimo of the "Society of Gentlemen in New-York."

With joyful alacrity did we seize upon the learned little volume; for here, in this small compass, was contained the joint product of the learned labours of the members of societies, literary, philosophical, medical, military, musical, and of the fine arts, and in passing sentence upon the "Society of Gentlemen in New-York," we might, in effect, sit in judgment upon half a dozen other learned societies of the same city.

Our readers, we perceive, are in great perplexity about this matter, and do not very well comprehend how the huge philosophical quartos could in any way be found condensed in a duodecimo volume of cookery. Poor souls, they are sadly ignorant of the literary politics of their own country. We must enlighten them.

There is, then, in most of our large towns a worthy set of philosophers, who, for the good of science, and the honour of their country, are willing to submit to the drudgery of dragging a long string of unwieldy capital letters after their names, whenever they may happen to appear in print; such, for instance, as LL. D., A. A. S., M. H. S. S., N. Y. H. S. S., F. L. P. S. N. Y., &c. and other like uncouth and cabalistic combinations of capitals. From the laudable ambition of augmenting the number of this literary retinue, these learned philosophers are induced to double and treble their parts in the scientific drama, and to enact chemists one night in the week, antiquaries on another, botanists on a third, and artists or amateurs on a fourth. Thus, in every one of our cities, there are some ten or twelve learned societies, composed of pretty nearly the same set of members; and the good city of New-York, especially, has been long celebrated for a scientific titled brotherhood, who, in their several corporate capacities, appear successively in every form of literary dignity; just as (to borrow a culinary metaphor from the volume before us) the same identical piece of veal may, by good management, successively appear as *à la Braize*, *à la Daube*, mock turtle, and a calf's head surprised. We, therefore, were not at a loss, for a single moment, in recognising the "Transactions of the Society of Gentlemen," as the work of our long-tried friends, the "old American company"

of philosophers, (as they are styled by a witty friend of ours,) in a new dress, and we opened the volume with full confidence of finding at the beginning, the customary list of well known names, every one of them with a long string of titles flying after it, like so many bobs at the tail of a kite. In this we were indeed disappointed, the list of dignitaries having, we understand, been suppressed for the present, in consequence of a late accession of honours which had been received by most of the members, just as the volume was completed; for these learned gentlemen would be as much ashamed of appearing before the public without their full complement of titles, as one of Lord Monboddos's ancient gentlemen would have been to go into company without his tail.

Now, since we have fairly begun upon this matter, we perceive that we must go a little more deeply into it, and give our readers some information with respect to the character and history of our learned societies; for we confess that we feel the true spirit of critical digression fast growing upon us, and, like thorough bred reviewers, we find it impossible even to cross a gutter without going back to take a run and jump.

There is, generally, in every considerable town in the United States a dozen or two of small dealers in science, who have long been in the habit of amusing their leisure with some odd end or scrap of knowledge, upon which they may have happened to stumble. There is a worthy citizen, perhaps, who has kept a diary of the weather, and accurately noted the variations of his thermometer for twenty years; another, who has been in the habit of lecturing to his neighbour upon the piece of Derbyshire spar over his mantle-piece, until he has begun to think himself a mineralogist; a third, very deep in Indian etymology, and the true orthography of the aboriginal names of rivers and mountains. Then there may be two or three young physicians, whose brains are teeming with some crude theory which they are impatient to usher to the world. All these meet by chance now and then, and lament over the low state of learning in their country, and regret that there is not in their own town, an institution on the plan of the National Institute, or Royal Society.

Thus the matter rests for four or five years, till, at length, it occurs to some shrewd professional gentleman, whose mother wit has

taught him to make his science end where the old proverb says charity should begin—at home, that a snug little national institute, or royal society, cut down to suit the scale of an American city, might possibly turn to good account in the way of business. Accordingly, the learned are assembled; a constitution is formed; a well-sounding appellation is selected; some politician of more learning than tradesmen of that class generally possess, is selected for the patron or president; each man suits himself with an honourable little office to his taste, and then for a flourish of trumpets, when the curtain rises and discovers the president on his throne, surrounded by his whole train of vice-presidents, first, second, and third, secretaries corresponding and recording, counsellors, committees and curators.

The officers having thus appointed themselves, it next becomes necessary to fill up their ranks with a reasonable number of privates, and the recruiting service commences briskly. Often, gentle readers, often have we seen our worthy friends and neighbours balloted for and elected philosophers by the dozen, nay, almost by the hundred, at a time. How unaccountable are the operations of ambition!

What gave great Cæsar to the assassins' knife!
 What fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings allied?

What but the very same passion which excites Alderman Wiggins, who never read a book through in his life, to aspire to become an F. P. Q. S.? And if the alderman is elected, how can the alderman's friends, and neighbours, and rivals, be rejected?—to say nothing of the Reverends, the Professors, the M. D.'s, the LL. D.'s, and the A. M.'s, all of whom are, almost *ex officio*, entitled to a seat. We have, indeed, heard it surmised among the profane and uninitiated, that the custom of paying a certain fee of admission may have some small effect in thus throwing wide open the gates of the temples of science; but this we take to be a groundless calumny. Men and money having been now provided, the next requisite is dignity, and this is to be attained by the

election of honorary members. There are a set of names which are the common property of the learned world, and the only contention about these, among our associated philosophers, is, who shall first have the honour of proposing them to the society, and thus indirectly intimating that the proposer is the friend or correspondent of the great man on the other side the Atlantic. The list of first-rate great men is soon despatched, and the Cuviers, and Davys, and La Places, are regularly informed of the honour which has been conferred on them. Next commences a brisk traffick of literary vanity. Adam Smith, we remember, lays it down as one of the corner-stones of his system, that there is an innate propensity in human nature to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another, which, saith the philosopher, is peculiar to rational man; "for no one ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog." Eager to display their proficiency in this highest endowment of reason, our philosophers immediately begin to make the most of their stock of literary honours, and, sure of a rich return, export them in all directions. For instance, Dr. A., of New-York, procures the election of Dr. B., of Philadelphia, and Professor C., of Boston, as honorary members of one of the learned societies of New-York, well knowing that, in common courtesy, his friends, Dr. B. and Professor C., cannot do less than get him a return of the same compliment from the societies of Boston and Philadelphia, whereby the learned gentleman of New-York is a twofold, and more than a twofold, gainer; for it is a curious phenomenon, that the paper issued by scientific corporations differs from that of mere monied ones in this circumstance, that, while the latter is always more esteemed in the very city in which it is issued, the former is generally of small value in its native town, but improves wonderfully in value and currency in proportion to its distance from home. This is a phenomenon in the science of paper currency, of which we have never been able to ascertain the true cause, and we seriously recommend the subject to the consideration of the various philosophical societies throughout the United States.

At length this preparatory bustle of elections, and nominations, and bargains, and sales of scientific honours begins to subside; pleasant and edifying as these employments are, they cannot last

for ever, and the society, like a young bride, after spending the first month or two in a round of holyday ceremony and dissipation, must at last sit down to ordinary occupations and domestic labours.

The next great object of ambition is to publish a volume of transactions, and this, at first, seems easy enough. Half the founders of the society, have each of them some little system, or discovery, or scrap of natural history, over which they have been long brooding in silence with parental fondness and pride, and their joint stock, at first sight, appears inexhaustible. Paper follows paper for a short time in rapid succession. But when the president has delivered his inaugural address—when the young physician has communicated his new theory of gout—when the mineralogist has declared his allegiance to the Vulcanian or Neptunian theory, as the case may be, or has vindicated the reputation of his country, and the authority of Dr. Morse, by proving that the hole on the top of one of the Connecticut mountains is the crater of a volcano, and not, as has been falsely represented, the shaft of an old iron mine—when the antiquary has pierced through the gloom of that remote antiquity which shrouds the origin of the great families of this country, and has plainly proved the Curtenii and the Crolli of New-York to be of Roman descent—when the conchologist has described his new species of the periwinkle, and his variety of the Venus, or eatable clam, they all at once find, to their great astonishment, that they have nothing more to tell the world than what the world has long ago known. Still the transactions must be published—here are all these valuable communications “demanding life, impatient for the skies”—each of them with a tender parent at hand anxiously expecting its appearance. Besides, in this land of duodecimos and pamphlets, how imposing, how dignified is the form of the magnificent quarto; how honourable to be one of the contributors to such a volume; how pleasant to read one’s own name and titles at the head of a communication, and then to turn back to the list of members, and there to find yourself again, at full length, in company with Davy and Lalande, as well as all the learned of your own country. The volume must therefore be completed without delay, and by the aid of one of those ready writers who can write at pleasure, *de omni scibili*, in any manner, and at any length, and with the additional help of a

few articles which have only been published before in a medical magazine and four or five newspapers, the great work is soon made ready for the press; and it at length issues forth to the world in due pomp and solemnity, "a rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin." After this great effort, the society, generally, considers itself entitled to a long respite, and reposes for a few years on its laurels. But, one single, lonely, old bachelor-looking first volume, has not only a very awkward appearance, but seems also to convey an insinuation that the society itself has run aground. This disgraceful suspicion must be wiped off. By a process somewhat similar to that by which the first volume was manufactured, except that the arts of book making are made use of still more abundantly, a second and third volume are accordingly brought forth, and, after a hundred or two copies are disposed of among the members, and in presents, repose undisturbed by the side of their elder brothers on the shelves of the booksellers.

In the mean while, the philosophers begin to long for another plaything—a second society, with a better sounding name, is established, and all their zeal and affections are at once transferred to the new institution. After this the old society lingers feebly along, and though it may, perhaps, have been established on the scale of the national institute, with classes of morals, and physics, and fine arts, and what not, it is at last content to amuse its premature old age with keeping a diary of the weather, and collecting fragments of Indian pottery and stone arrowheads; thus making as inglorious an exit as the unfortunate giant in Rabelais, who was at first employed to attack six hundred other giants as tall and ugly as himself, but was finally taken by the heels and thrown across a brook to knock down two tame ducks and a blind cat. The new society, after a short period of bustle and activity, shares the fate of the first one, and is succeeded by a third, which goes on in the same tract, and so on, again and again, *iterum, iterum, iterumque*. Thus our cities are filled by a set of societies half dead and half alive, while the learned gentlemen who compose them go on, adding honour to honour, and title to title, until the whole alphabet "from fruitful A to unproductive Z" is exhausted in furnishing supplies of initial capitals. True it is, that this increase of literary honours is not always accompanied by a correspondent increase of fame abroad or dignity at home; and their honours and titles

often seem to be a dead weight upon their names, like plaster of Paris upon the sands of Long Island, cumbering the barren soil which it has not power to fertilize. At the same time, it is not a little amusing to observe with what avidity these barren honours are seized upon by the philosophers of France and England. Much as they affect to despise us and our learning, they seem mightily delighted with bedizening themselves in every scrap of threadbare philosophical finery which they can obtain from this side of the Atlantic, either in the way of tribute or of traffick. Indeed, we never see the long trains of American titles which occasionally appear in the title-pages of some of the European *Savans*, without being strongly reminded of the self-satisfied magnificence of some negro prince who has been arrayed, by the generosity of a whole ship's crew, in all the royal splendour of green, blue, and red beads, and old brass buttons.

Such is, in brief, the uniform history of these societies, which make so handsome an appearance upon paper. We might amuse our readers with a good many curious anecdotes, to illustrate this account, but we refrain at present, lest, haply, we should incur the suspicion of writing to revenge ourselves of some such insult as being black-balled, or having a favourite communication rejected. We wish that the fact were so; in the first place, for our readers' sakes—our criticism would be all the better for it; for, as soured wine makes the best vinegar, so, there can be no better materials for a critic in the world than a mortified and unsuccessful author. Besides, this black-balling is a phenomenon of such rare occurrence among the learned, that, for the very curiosity of the thing, we should be content to be the victims.

But it is now time to break off our preliminary disquisition, and come to the Transactions of the Society of Gentlemen of New-York. The purpose of this society is laudable and patriotic. It seems that a number of literary and scientific gentlemen, practically skilled in domestic economy, as well as deeply read in all the learning of the schools of Apicius and Rumford, had long observed with regret that the preservation of the most valuable secrets and recondite processes of the culinary art, was intrusted to the perishable manuscripts of unlettered females; and that

there was great reason to fear that in the lapse of time, the ignorance or carelessness of these unskillful transcribers might so utterly vitiate the text as for ever to bury in oblivion the choicest productions of the art. Such, alas! has been the fate of that beautiful fragment of antiquity, the treatise of Apicius "*De condimentis et obsoniis Veterum*," on the soups and sauces of the ancients, which, by frequent transcription by the Roman cooks, has been gradually corrupted by these knavish or blundering copyists, with the successive introduction of opium, garlic, and assa-fœtida, and one villanous ingredient after another, till it is to be feared that the true readings are for ever lost. It is, in fact, now a disputed point among the learned, whether the compounds there prescribed were actually receipts for made dishes, or merely a collection of recipes of the Roman apothecaries; and the celebrated Madame Dacier is recorded to have half poisoned her husband by treating him to a dish made (as she supposed) after a favourite receipt of the Emperor Heliogabalus. The preservation of the purity of our culinary manuscripts did not seem to fall altogether within the province either of the Philosophical or of the Historical Society, and it was, therefore, determined to erect a society for that special purpose, to be denominated, by way of distinction, The Society of *Gentlemen*; an accurate acquaintance with the science of the table being justly regarded as the surest mark of an accomplished and well-bred man. There was, moreover, a good deal of patriotism in this institution, for our country is sadly behind the polished nations of Europe in culinary skill. On the continent it has assumed all the form and pomp of a regular science, and, under the imposing name of *Gastronomie*, has its colleges, its professors, its journals, its controversies, its chemistry, its laws of experiment, its high theory, and its practical rules of art. But, unfortunately, the abundance which, in this land of fatness, is so lavishly scattered about us, has produced a coarse and inelegant profusion in all our domestic habits, so that it is with great justice that one of the most learned doctors of the sty of Epicurus has pronounced that the "waste and inelegance of an American kitchen is HORRID."* With equal justice does an elegant female

* Cooper's Emporium of Arts.

writer, on the same subject, exclaim, in a tone of simple pathos, which goes straight to our hearts, "Alas! how seldom in this country do we meet with good drawn butter!"

The society was, besides, ambitious of establishing a tribunal which might serve as a high court of appeal for the final decision of many of those disputed points in culinary lore which have long disturbed the harmony of our dinner tables; such, for instance, as the great controversy whether the canvass back ducks of the Hudson have, indeed, the genuine flavour which has given such celebrity to those of the Susquehanna; whether or no the true Spitzenberg apple can be raised in perfection out of a certain district above the Highlands of Hudson river, and whether the opinion which an eloquent statesman is said to maintain with great warmth, that our flatfish and flounders are the plaice of Europe, be correct or not. It was hoped that the investigation of these deep and interesting questions might sometimes lead to important practical results; as we are informed by the elder Pliny that the most considerable improvement in the science of eating which took place in his day was the fruit of a similar controversy among the Roman epicures. The dispute, if we remember rightly, was about the relative merit of the Lucrine and the Brundusian oysters, and was finally settled by a happy thought of a Roman alderman, who got his oysters from Brundisium, and had them fattened in the Lucrine lake, by which means he raised oysters incomparably finer than could be obtained from either place alone.

These gentlemen were, moreover, impressed with the necessity of establishing a standard of criticism, and certain laws of style for notes of invitation, acceptance, and apology, and they aspired to lay down some critical rules for the composition of those poetical mottoes which are sometimes wrapped up with sugar plumbs, and other *bon bons*, by which they fondly trusted that this interesting, but sadly corrupted, relic of the customs of chivalry, might be gradually restored to its ancient dignity.

To correct all these abuses, and gradually to build up an American school of scientific cookery, is the laudable object of the new institution, the first fruits of whose labours are now presented to the world.

With all deference to the learned body, we cannot help sug-

gesting that their work would have been vastly more useful to the unscientific reader, if a little more care had been bestowed upon the arrangement of the receipts—we beg pardon—of the papers read before the society. At present, “Cakes hot for tea,” “A useful glue,” “The Countess of Rutland’s famous Banbury Bride Cake,” “Fine red Ink,” “An incomparable method of salting meat, adopted by the late Empress of Russia,” “Garlic sirup for a cough,” “A most curious method of roasting a pig, from an old manuscript,” succeed each other in rapid confusion, until the head grows giddy, and the brain turns round with the whirl of soups and soda-water, gums and gravy, balsams, blanc-mange and liquid blacking, fly water and almond hoys, orgeat, omelets and ointment for the eyes. Really, this unseemly mixture is as offensive to our critical as it would be to our corporeal taste. A good book and a good dinner must be judged of by the same rules, and however miscellaneous either of them may be in their composition, they alike require an undivided interest, and unbroken unity of action. Every schoolboy knows the rule which Horace has laid down on this subject, an authority, by the way, equally great in each of the sister arts, the poetical and the culinary:

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, &c.*

which has been thus admirably paraphrased, with reference to our present subject:

Were a picture drawn
With Cynthia’s face, but with a neck like brawn,
With wings of turkey, and with feet of calf,
Though drawn by Reynolds it would make you laugh.
Such is, good friend, the picture of a feast
By some rich farmer’s wife and sister drest,

Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
 That syllabubs come first and soups come last.

In truth, this society seems formed on too narrow a scale for the great national objects which it embraces. It ought, like some of its sister societies, to have been divided into several classes, on the plan of the French Institute. The present volume, for example, might be aptly divided into the Historical and Antiquarian, comprising such papers as "The curious ancient mode of roasting a pig, from a very old manuscript," "The Empress of Russia's method of pickling," and "Lord Murray's mode of dressing horse chesnuts;" next the Chemical, comprehending the great variety of receipts for made dishes; and lastly, the class of the fine arts, under which would be properly arranged the "Pancakes of a beautiful pink colour," "The almonds of a superb lively rose or crimson," and, above all, the **GRAND TRIFLE**, "which," say our authors, "is an article to be prepared with the utmost delicacy of taste as well as appearance, and worthy of particular attention;" and even the glass in which it is served "should be beautifully formed, as well as cut and elevated, to convey an idea of grandeur." The contents are worthy of the beauty and sublimity of this "elegant depository of light and airy delicacies;" and we fully concur with the society, when, after describing the ingredients and process, they exclaim, in the conscious pride of genius, "This, it is presumed, will not fail to be considered as a **GRAND TRIFLE**." For the consolation of those whose humbler genius sinks under the magnitude of so great a work, they kindly add that by simplifying the process, "a very good trifle may be formed, on the same plan, adapted to all tastes, circumstances, and occasions." What an inestimable secret! for the benefit of our readers we heartily wish we were in possession of it.

K.

AN ESSAY ON HONEY-DEW.

My design in this essay is to give a brief statement of certain facts relative to the appearance of the honey-dew, in Carolina, which appear to militate against the received theories of its formation; together with a concise view of the opinions of ancient and modern writers with regard to this peculiar substance.

The production of the honey-dew is influenced by the season of the year; and evidently by the state of the atmosphere. In Carolina it most frequently appears in the months of May or June, during a long absence of rain, and after a succession of warm days alternating with cool nights. Early in the morning it is found on the leaves of plants, grasses, &c. of the consistence of diluted honey, transparent, and resembling, in taste, the sirup of refined sugar; the viscosity of it increases with the heat of the sun, and about 10 or 11 o'clock it ceases to be fluid, giving to the leaves a shining and glossy appearance.

Situation also appears to influence the production of the honey-dew. I have observed it in the greatest abundance near the margins of stagnant marshes, ponds, and savannahs. In the district of Marion, South Carolina, is a morass extending 15 or 16 miles in length, and one or two in breadth; it contains no trees of considerable magnitude except the cypress, few perennial shrubs, but abounds with annual succulent aquatic plants, and grasses. Near the edges of this morass, during the season and state of the atmosphere alluded to, the honey-dew is produced in such quantities as to moisten every shrub, and to cover the grass. Horses which feed at large in the vicinity of the morass, may be found at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning with their manes and tails agglutinated to a mass with this substance. The particles of pine leaves and grasses, carbonated by the fires which sometimes ravage extensive tracts of country in March and April, are frequently observed cemented into large masses, and in situations where, apparently, the honey-dew could not have dropped from overshadowing trees. Swarms

of bees inhabit almost every excavated tree, and from their honey the poor inhabitants of this steril region derive no inconsiderable support.

Similar phenomena relative to the honey-dew have been observed on the eastern continent, and recorded both by writers of remote antiquity and of modern date.

Pliny, (*in Lib. XI. Cap. XII. Nat. Hist.*) speaking of honey, says, "Venit hoc ex aere, et maxime siderum ex ortu, præcipue que vergiliarum exortu, sublucanis temporibus. Itaque tum prima aurora folia arborum melle roscida inveniuntur; ac si qui matutino sub dio fuere, unctas liquore vestes, capillum concretum sentiunt." After a few vague conjectures on its particular formation, he adds, that it is "præterea e fronde ac pabulis potus, et in uterculos congestus apum."—Every circumstance in this relation establishes the identity of the *mel roscidum* of the ancients and the honey-dew of Carolina.

It is also probable that it was from having attentively observed the honey-dew, that Aristotle, the father of Natural History, was led to hazard the general proposition, *μέλι δὲ ἐκ πίπτοντος ἐν τῷ αἵθερι*. (*Lib. V. Cap. XIX. Hist. Animal.*)

Venegas, in his history of California, says, that "Father Piccolo observes that in the months of April, May, and June, there falls with the dew a kind of manna which becomes inspissated on the leaves of trees. He adds, that he tasted it, and though not so white as sugar, it had all the sweetness of it. The good Father, according to the common opinion, speaks as if the manna dropped from the sky."

According to Dr. Darwin, precisely similar circumstances attend the appearance of the honey-dew in England as in Carolina. He remarks that he saw it in the greatest quantity dropping from the leaves of nut-trees which grew near the edges of a pond. Duhamel and Reneaume observed it in a hot and dry season, dropping from the willow, the maple, and the sycamore; and the latter adds, that the bees collected it as eagerly as common honey.

That the honey-dew was formed in the atmosphere, and descended with the dew, seems to have been the opinion of naturalists from time immemorial; and Pliny, Columella, and others, supposed that the labour of bees in the formation of honey extended no far-

ther than to collect it from the leaves and nectaries of plants, to digest and deposite it in their waxen cells.

The savage Californian believes that it descends from heaven, and to this opinion he is probably influenced alike by observation and superstition.

The equally unenlightened inhabitants in the vicinity of the above mentioned morass, assert with confidence, that, during the prevalence of the honey, an attentive observer may perceive at sun rise, the honey-dew falling in long or *hair-like* particles.

A belief, so widely diffused, and embraced by persons ignorant of the existence of each other, would seem to be grounded in truth; but to dissent from popular opinion, and to explain phenomena by causes the least obvious, has ever been a fashionable maxim among philosophers.

Sauvages, of Montpelier, deduced from actual observation, that the production called honey-dew was of two kinds, the one an exudation from the vegetable; and the other the excrement of a species of aphid, which this insect acquired by piercing the sap vessels of the leaf, and voided almost unchanged on the leaves and ground beneath.

That a substance similar to the honey-dew in some respects is produced from the latter cause, no person of observation will hesitate to affirm; but Darwin is very unwilling to admit that it is the source of the honey-dew which he describes; and such a cause can never be assigned to that which appears in Carolina.

Darwin assures us that in Europe, the aphid is to be seen in its most perfect state, long before the honey-dew is produced, and continues some months after it has disappeared, and that the aphid frequently abounds much to the injury of trees, without the honey-dew being produced.

The product of the aphid is generally found on the upper surfaces of those leaves, on which it could have fallen from the lower surfaces of impending leaves, this part of the leaf being generally occupied by the aphid; but Darwin found the honey-dew dropping only from the upper surfaces of those leaves most superficial, and exposed to the sun, while those concealed had little or none of it. From observation, I can assert that the objection holds equally good in Carolina.

The aphid, from its ravages on fruit trees and garden plants, is an insect well known in Carolina; but its appearance in sufficient numbers, contemporaneously with the production of the honey-dew, will never warrant the adoption of Sauvage's theory. But why should the labours of the aphid be influenced by the state of the atmosphere? Darwin confidently asserts, that the honey-dew disappeared on a change of the weather. Should it be replied, that the honey-dew found on the carbonated particles above mentioned, might have been waisted as it fell from tall trees, I would reply, that these trees must have been pine, from which no one will assert that the aphid could procure sap.

Dr. Darwin, after stating many plausible objections to the opinion of the honey-dew being the product of the aphid, suggests the more probable and long-fostered theory of vegetable exudation. He ascribes it to a retrograde action of the lymphatics of plants, and fancifully compares it to *diabetes mellitus*; but as this ingenious speculatist himself doubts the validity of this explanation, I hope I shall not incur the imputation of presumption when I state a few objections.

He asserts, from observation, and on the authority of Duhamel, that those leaves on which much honey-dew is found, die in a short time. Death he ascribes to debility from excessive excitement, and to the quantity of fluid exuded. This fact has been long since remarked with regard to the honey-dew in Carolina, but, I think, admits of a more probable explanation. The upper surfaces of the leaves of a plant are supposed to constitute its organs of respiration; hence oil or varnish, spread on a leaf, will cause its death, for the same reason that a want of a due supply of atmospheric air is fatal to animal life. The honey-dew, on being desiccated by the heat of the sun, must resemble varnish, and would afford an equal obstacle to vegetable respiration.

Darwin alleges the proximate cause of exudation to be the too great stimulus of heat; but informs us he saw it in the greatest quantities, and in the most fluid state, early in the morning, when, according to the known *phenomena* of life, excitement should be in the lowest degree.

It would be rational to conclude that were the honey-dew a vegetable production, it would more or less partake of the general
VOL. V. New Series.

ral properties of the plant from which it exudes. Professor Barton has ingeniously ascribed the narcotic quality of honey, made in particular situations, to the vicinity of some species of *kalmia* and the *datura stramonium*. The exudation from the manna ash is a well-known purgative. The *ocymum salinum* is said to exude the common salt, and the nectarial honey of a particular species of *bignonia* has been more than once known to cause a temporary suspension of the powers of vision. But the honey-dew is equally sweet and innocuous wherever it is found. This assertion I venture to make, from having lived near ponds where it was often found in great abundance, and where, from the gratification it afforded to my taste, many of the playful hours of my childhood have been spent in collecting it. The bee, the wasp, and the ant, appeared to sip it, with equal avidity, from the astringent leaves of the *styraciflua*, the pungent and aromatic *laurus*, and the bitter *cephalanthus*.

Since, then, it would appear that the honey-dew originates neither in the labour of the aphid, nor in vegetable exudation, it remains to develop the true source. Towards the performance of this task I can do little more than hazard a few vague conjectures. I will proceed, however, to the statement of a natural process, coeval with the appearance of the honey-dew, not merely as a foundation on which the fanciful theorist may raise an aerial superstructure, but which appears, in the view of candid observation, to claim a connexion with the subject of this essay. The ponds and marshes near which this substance is produced abound with the cat's tail, nymphæ, grasses, and succulent plants. Vegetable life is not extinguished in these plants till late in autumn, or early in winter, when the stalks fall, and are covered with water, by which these ponds are overflowed until the succeeding spring. Hence putrefaction is at rest until the vernal or summer heats are sufficient to evaporate the waters of the ponds.

That putrefaction does not occur previous to this period I infer from two circumstances: 1st. That cattle late in winter and early in the spring are seen wading into the waters to collect these plants as food, and often are destroyed by drinking in the mud: 2dly. That the evaporation of ponds in the spring is succeeded by the usual effect of the miasmata of vegetable putrefaction.

If, then, the conjecture of Darwin be true, that the first stage of vegetable decomposition is a saccharine process, (as in the conversion of barley into malt,) here is a source of the honey-dew, and also an explanation of the contiguity of this production to marshes and ponds. I do not insinuate that putrefaction furnishes a proper combination of the ingredients to the honey-dew, but a substance capable of evaporation, (as the nectarial honey of plants,) and which condensation might render more perfect. A fact which would seem to favour this opinion is, that bees are constantly seen on the mud, on putrefying vegetable masses, at the edges of ponds; and their flight from these places directs the bee hunters to their common repository. Nor should we be startled at the idea of sugar from such a putrefactive source, when chemistry leads us to expect from the same source other compounds far more complicated.

The opinion of the formation of honey from putrefaction, however unphilosophical, is far from being novel. From holy writ we learn that Samson procured it from the carcass of a lion which he had slain; and Virgil tells us that Aristæus renovated his bees from the putrefying carcasses of oxen.

Whether, however, the opinion be false or true, I submit it, with due deference, to the judgment of the philosophic world.

A NATURALIST.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

*On the danger of confounding Moral with Personal Deformity;
with a Hint to those who have the framing of Advertisements
for apprehending Offenders.*

[From the Reflector.]

MR. REFLECTOR,

THERE is no science in their pretensions to which mankind are more apt to commit grievous mistakes, than in the supposed very obvious one of physiognomy. I quarrel not with the principles of this science, as they are laid down by learned professors; much less am I disposed, with some people, to deny its existence altogether as any inlet of knowledge that can be depended upon. I believe that there is, or may be, an art to "read the mind's construction in the face." But, then, in every species of *reading*, so much depends upon the eyes of the reader; if they are blear, or apt to dazzle, or inattentive, or strained with too much attention, the optic power will infallibly bring home false reports of what it reads. How often do we say, upon a cursory glance at a stranger, what a fine open countenance he has, who, upon second inspection, proves to have the exact features of a knave. Nay, in much more intimate acquaintances, how a delusion of this kind shall continue for months, years, and then break up all at once.

Ask the married man, who has been so but for a short space of time, if those blue eyes, where, during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same?—if for truth he does not *read* a dull virtue (the mimic of constancy) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference?—if for sweetness he does not *read* a stupid habit of looking pleased at every thing?—if for serenity he does not *read* animal tranquillity, the dead-pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health? Alas! what is this book of the countenance good for, which when we have read so long, and thought that we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end!

But these are the pitiable mistakes to which love alone is subject. I have inadvertently wandered from my purpose; which

was to expose quite an opposite blunder, into which we are no less apt to fall through hate. How ugly a person looks upon whose reputation some awkward aspersion hangs, and how suddenly his countenance clears up with his character. I remember being persuaded of a man whom I had conceived an ill opinion of, that he had a very bad set of teeth; which, since I have had better opportunities of being acquainted with his face and facts, I find to have been the very reverse of the truth. *That crooked old woman*, I once said, speaking of an ancient gentlewoman, whose actions did not square altogether with my notions of the rule of right. The unanimous surprise of the company before whom I uttered these words, soon convinced me that I had confounded mental with bodily obliquity, and that there was nothing tortuous about the old lady but her deeds.

This humour of mankind to deny personal comeliness to those with whose moral attributes they are dissatisfied, is very strongly shown in those advertisements which stare us in the face from the walls of every street, and, with the tempting bait which they hang forth, stimulate at once cupidity and an abstract love of justice in the breast of every passing peruser; I mean the advertisements offering rewards for the apprehension of absconded culprits, strayed apprentices, bankrupts who have conveyed away their effects, debtors that have run away from their bail. I observe, that in exact proportion to the indignity with which the prosecutor, who is commonly the framer of the advertisement, conceives he has been treated, the personal pretensions of the fugitive are denied, and his defects exaggerated.

A fellow whose misdeeds have been directed against the public in general, and in whose delinquency no individual shall feel himself particularly interested, generally meets with fair usage. A coiner or a smuggler shall get off tolerably well. His beauty, if he has any, is not much underrated, his deformities are not much magnified. A runaway apprentice, who excites perhaps the next least degree of spleen in his prosecutor, generally escapes with a pair of bandy legs; if he has taken any thing with him in his flight, a hitch in his gait is generally superadded. A bankrupt who has been guilty of withdrawing his effects, if his case be not very atrocious, commonly meets with mild usage. But a debtor who has left his bail in jeopardy, is sure to be described in characters of unmingled deformity. Here the personal feelings of the bail, which may be allowed to be somewhat poignant, are admitted to interfere; and, as wrath and revenge commonly strike in the dark, the colours are laid on with a grossness which I am convinced must often defeat its own purpose. The fish that casts an inky cloud about him, that his enemies may not find him, cannot more obscure himself by that device than the blackening represen-

tations of these angry advertisers must inevitably serve to cloak and screen the persons of those who have injured them from detection. I have before me at this moment one of these bills, which runs thus :—

“ Fifty Pounds Reward.

“ Run away from his bail, John Tomkins, formerly resident in Princes-street, Soho, but lately of Clerkenwell. Whoever shall apprehend, or cause to be apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty’s jails, the said John Tomkins, shall receive the above reward. He is a thick, sturdy man, about five foot six inches high, halts in his left leg, with a stoop in his gait, with coarse red hair, nose short and cocked up, with little gray eyes, one of them bears the effect of a blow which he has lately received, with a pot belly, speaks with a thick and disagreeable voice, goes shabbily drest; had on when he went away, a greasy shag great coat with rusty yellow buttons.”

Now, although it is not out of the compass of possibility that John Tomkins aforesaid may comprehend in his agreeable person all the above-mentioned aggregate of charms; yet, from my observation of the manner in which these advertisements are usually drawn up, though I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman, yet would I lay a wager, that an advertisement to the following effect would have a much better chance of apprehending and laying by the heels this John Tomkins than the above description, although penned by one who, from the good services which he appears to have done for him, has not improbably been blessed with some years of previous intercourse with the said John. Taking, then, the above advertisement to be true, or nearly so, down to the words “left leg” inclusive, (though I have some doubt if the blemish there implied amount to a positive lameness, or be perceivable by any but the nearest friends of John,) I would proceed thus :—

“ Leans a little forward in his walk, his hair thick, and inclining to auburn, his nose of the middle size, a little turned up at the end, lively hazel eyes, (the contusion, as its effects are probably gone off by this time, I judge better omitted,) inclines to be corpulent, his voice thick, but pleasing, especially when he sings, had on a decent shag great coat with yellow buttons.”

Now, I would stake a considerable wager (though by no means a positive man) that some such mitigated description would lead the beagles of the law into a much surer track for finding this ungracious varlet, than to set them upon a false scent after fictitious

ugliness and fictitious shabbiness ; though, to do those gentle justice, I have no doubt their experience has taught them in such cases to abate a great deal of the deformity which they are instructed to expect ; and has discovered to them, that the Devil's agents upon this earth, like their master, are far less ugly in reality than they are painted.

I am afraid, Mr. Reflector, that I shall be thought to have gone wide of my subject, which was to detect the practical errors of physiognomy, properly so called ; whereas I have introduced physical defects, such as lameness, the effects of accident upon a man's person, his wearing apparel, &c. as circumstances on which the eye of dislike, looking askance, may report erroneous conclusions to the understanding. But if we are liable, through a kind, or an unkind passion, to mistake so grossly concerning things so exterior and palpable, how much more are we likely to err respecting those nicer and less perceptible hints of character in a face, whose detection constitute the triumph of the physiognomist.

To revert to those bestowers of unmerited deformity, the framers of advertisements for the apprehensions of delinquents, a sincere desire of promoting the ends of public justice induces me to address a word to them on the best means of attaining those ends. I will endeavour to lay down a few practical, or rather negative, rules for their use, for my ambition extends no further than to arm them with cautions against the self-defeating of their own purposes :—

1. Imprimis, then, Mr. Advertiser ! If the culprit whom you are willing to recover be one to whom in times past you have shown kindness, and been disposed to think kindly of him yourself, but he has deceived your trust, and has run away, and left you with a load of debt to answer for him—sit down calmly, and endeavour to behold him through the spectacles of memory rather than of present conceit. Image to yourself, before you pen a title of his description, the same plausible, good-looking man who took you in ; and try to put away from your mind every intrusion of that deceitful spectre which perpetually obtrudes itself in the room of your former friend's known visage. It will do you more credit to have been deceived by such a one ; and depend upon it, the traitor will convey to the eyes of the world in general much more of that first idea which you formed (perhaps in part erroneous) of his physiognomy, than of that frightful substitute which you have suffered to creep in upon your mind and usurp upon it ; a creature which has no archetype except in your own brain.

2. If you be a master that have to advertise a runaway apprentice, though the young dog's faults are known only to you, and no doubt his conduct has been aggravating enough, do not present-

ly set him down as having crooked ankles. He may have a good pair of legs, and run away notwithstanding. Indeed, the latter does rather seem to imply the former.

3. If the unhappy person against whom your laudable vengeance is directed be a thief, think that a thief may have a good nose, good eyes, good ears. It is indispensable to his profession that he be possessed of sagacity, foresight, vigilance; it is more than probable, then, that he is endued with the bodily types or instruments of these qualities to some tolerable degree of perfectness.

4. If petty larceny be his offence, I exhort you, do not confound meanness of crime with diminutiveness of stature. These things have no connexion. I have known a tall man stoop to the basest action, a short man aspire to the height of crime, a fair man be guilty of the foulest actions, &c.

5. Perhaps the offender has been guilty of some atrocious and aggravated murder. Here is the most difficult case of all. It is, above all, requisite, that such a daring violator of the peace and safety of society should meet with his reward, a violent and ignominious death. But how shall we get at him? Who is there among us, that has known him before he committed the offence, that shall take upon him to say he can sit down coolly and pen a dispassionate description of a murderer? The tales of our nursery—the reading of our youth—the ill looking man that was hired by the uncle to despatch the Children in the Wood—the grim ruffians who smothered the Babes in the Tower—the black and beetle-browed assassin of Mrs. Ratcliffe—the shag-haired villain of Mr. Monk Lewis—the Tarquin tread, and mill-stone dropping eyes, of Murder in Shakspeare—the exaggerations of picture and of poetry—what we have read and what we have dreamed of—rise up and crowd in upon us such eye-scaring portraits of the man of blood, that our pen is absolutely forestalled; we commence poets when we should play the part of strictest historians, and the very blackness of horror, which the deed calls up, serves as a cloud to screen the doer. The fiction is blameless; it is accordant with those wise prejudices with which nature has guarded our innocence, as with impassable barriers, against the commission of such appalling crimes; but meantime the criminal escapes; or if, owing to that wise abatement in their expectation of deformity, which, as I hinted at before, the officers of pursuit never fail to make, and no doubt in cases of this sort they make a more than ordinary allowance—if, owing to this or any accident, the offender is caught, and brought to his trial, who that has been led, out of curiosity, to witness such a scene, has not with astonishment reflected on the difference between a real committer of a murder, and the idea of one which he has been collecting and heightening

all his life out of books, dreams, &c. The fellow, perhaps, is a sleek, snug-looking man, with light hair and eye-brows—the latter by no means jutting out like a crag, and with none of those marks which our fancy had pre-bestowed upon him.

I find I am getting unawares to be serious ; the best way on such an occasion is, to leave off, which I shall do by generally recommending to all prosecuting advertisers not to confound crimes with ugliness ; or, rather, to distinguish between that physiognomical deformity, which I am willing to grant always accompanies crime, and mere *physical ugliness*—which signifies nothing, is the exponent of nothing, and may exist in a good or bad person indifferently.

Crito.

On Garrick, and Acting ; and the Plays of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for Stage Representation.

[From the Reflector.]

TAKING a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which upon examination proved to be a whole length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Though I would not go so far with some good catholics abroad as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure the following lines :—

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose ; then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew ;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day :
And till Eternity with pow'r sublime
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

It would be an insult to my readers' understandings to attempt any thing like a criticism on this farrago of false thoughts and non-
VOL. V. *New Series.*

sence. But the reflection it led me into was a kind of wonder, how, from the days of the actor here celebrated to our own, it should have been the fashion to compliment every performer in his turn, that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a *mind congenial with the poet's*: how people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read or recite the same when put into words;* or what connexion that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man, which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those low tricks upon the eye and ear, which a player, by observing a few general effects, which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c. usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. To know the internal workings and movements of a great mind, of an Othello or a Hamlet for instance, the *when*, and the *why*, and the *how far*, they should be moved; to what pitch a passion is becoming; to give the reins, and to pull in the curb, exactly at the moment when the drawing in or the slackening is most graceful—seems to demand a reach of intellect of a vastly different extent from that which is employed upon the bare imitation of the signs of these passions in the countenance or gesture, which signs are usually observed to be most lively and emphatic in the weaker sort of minds, and which signs can, after all, but indicate some passion, as I said before, anger, or grief, generally; but of the motives and grounds of the passion, wherein it differs from the same passion in low and vulgar natures—of these the actor can give no more idea by his face or gesture than the eye (without a metaphor) can speak, or the muscles utter intelligible sounds. But such is the instantaneous nature of the impressions which we take in at the eye and ear at a play-house, compared with the slow apprehension oftentimes of the understanding in reading, that we are apt not only to sink the play-writer in the consideration which we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds, in a perverse manner, the actor with the character which he represents. It is difficult for a frequent play-goer to disembarass the idea of Hamlet from the person and voice of Mr. Kemble. We speak of Lady Macbeth, while we are in reality thinking of Mrs. Siddons. Nor is this confusion incidental alone to unlettered persons, who, not possessing the advantage of reading, are necessarily dependent upon the stage-player for all the plea-

* It is observable that we fall into this confusion only in *dramatic recitations*. We never dream that the gentleman who reads Lucretius in public with great applause, is therefore a great poet and philosopher; nor do we find that Tom Davies, the bookseller, who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise Lost* better than any man in England in his day, (though I cannot help thinking there must be some mistake in this tradition,) was therefore, by his intimate friends, set upon a level with Milton.

sure which they can receive from the drama, and to whom the very idea of *what an author is* cannot be made comprehensible without some pain and perplexity of mind: the error is one from which persons otherwise not meanly lettered, find it almost impossible to extricate themselves.

Never let me be so ungrateful as to forget the very high degree of satisfaction which I received some years back from seeing for the first time a tragedy of Shakspeare performed, in which those two great performers sustained the principal parts. It seemed to embody and realize conceptions which had hitherto assumed no distinct shape. But dearly do we pay all our life after for this juvenile pleasure, this sense of distinctness. When the novelty is past, we find to our cost that instead of realizing an idea, we have only materialized and brought down a fine vision to the standard of flesh and blood. We have let go a dream, in quest of an unattainable substance.

How cruelly this operates upon the mind, to have its free conceptions thus cramped and pressed down to the measure of a strait-lacing actuality, may be judged from that delightful sensation of freshness, with which we turn to those plays of Shakspeare which have escaped being performed, and to those passages in the acting plays of the same writer which have happily been left out in the performance. How far the very custom of hearing any thing *spouted*, withers and blows upon a fine passage, may be seen in those speeches from Henry the Fifth, &c. which are current in the mouths of schoolboys from their being to be found in *Enfield Speakers*, and such kind of books. I confess myself utterly unable to appreciate that celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet, beginning "To be or not to be," or to tell whether it be good, bad, or indifferent; it has been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men, and torn so inhumanly from its living place and principle of continuity in the play, till it is become to me a perfect dead member.

It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakspeare are less calculated for performance on a stage, than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so. There is so much in them, which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye, and tone, and gesture, have nothing to do.

The glory of the scenic art is to personate passion, and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes, scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprising manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because

the spectators are here most palpably appealed to; they are the proper judges in this war of words; they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such "intellectual prize-fighters." Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in all the best dramas, and in Shakspeare above all, how obvious it is, that the form of *speaking*, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of the inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at *in that form of composition* by any gift short of intuition. We do here as we do with novels written in the *epistolary form*. How many improprieties, perfect solecisms in letter-writing, do we put up with in *Clarissa* and other books, for the sake of the delight which that form upon the whole gives us.

But the practice of stage representation reduces every thing to a controversy of elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love-dialogues of *Romeo and Juliet*, those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night; the more intimate and sacred sweetnesses of nuptial colloquy between an *Othello* or a *Posthumus* with their married wives; all those delicacies which are so delightful in the reading, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in *Paradise*

—as becom'd
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone :

by the inherent fault of stage representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly; when such speeches as *Imogen* addresses to her lord, come drawing out of the mouth of a hired actress, whose courtship, though nominally addressed to the personated *Posthumus*, is manifestly aimed at the spectators, who are to judge of her endearments and her returns of love.

The character of *Hamlet* is perhaps that by which, since the days of *Betterton*, a succession of popular performers have had the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself.—We find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflections beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But *Hamlet* himself—what does he suffer meanwhile by being dragged forth as the public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine

parts in ten of what Hamlet does, are transactions between himself and his moral sense ; they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners, and the most sequestered parts of the palace, to pour forth ; or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to words for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light and noise-aborring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once ? I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do ; he must pronounce them *ore rotundo* ; he must accompany them with his eye ; he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone, or gesture, or he fails. *He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.* And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet.

It is true that there is no other mode of conveying a vast quantity of thought and feeling to a great portion of the audience, who otherwise would never earn it for themselves by reading ; and the intellectual acquisition gained this way may, for aught I know, be inestimable ; but I am not arguing that Hamlet should not be acted, but how much Hamlet is made another thing by being acted. I have heard much of the wonders which Garrick performed in this part ; but as I never saw him, I must have leave to doubt whether the representation of such a character came within the province of his art. Those who tell me of him, speak of his eye, of the magic of his eye, and of his commanding voice : physical properties vastly desirable in an actor, and without which he can never insinuate meaning into an auditory—but what have they to do with Hamlet ? what have they to do with intellect ? In fact, the things aimed at in theatrical representation, are to arrest the spectator's eye upon the form and the gesture, and so to gain a more favourable hearing to what is spoken : it is not what the character is, but how he looks ; not what he says, but how he speaks it. I see no reason to think that if the play of Hamlet were written over again by some such writer as Banks or Lillo, retaining the process of the story, but totally omitting all the poetry of it, all the divine features of Shakspeare, his stupendous intellect ; and only taking care to give us enough of passionate dialogue, which Banks or Lillo were never at a loss to furnish ; I see not how the effect could be much different upon an audience, nor how the actor has it in his power to represent Shakspeare to us differently from his representation of Banks or Lillo. Hamlet would still be a youthful, accomplished prince, and must be gracefully personated ; he might

be puzzled in his mind, wavering in his conduct, seemingly cruel to Ophelia; he might see a ghost, and start at it, and address it kindly when he found it to be his father; all this in the poorest and most homely language of the servilest creeper after nature that ever consulted the palate of an audience, without troubling Shakspeare for the matter: and I see not but there would be room for all the power which an actor has, to display itself. All the passions and changes of passion might remain: for those are much less difficult to write or act than is thought; it is a trick easy to be attained; it is but rising or falling a note or two in the voice, a whisper with a significant foreboding look to announce its approach; and so contagious the counterfeit appearance of any emotion is, that let the words be what they will, the look and tone shall carry it off, and make it pass for deep skill in the passions.

It is common for people to talk of Shakspeare's plays being *so natural*, that every body can understand him. They are natural indeed; they are grounded deep in nature—so deep that the depth of them lies out of the reach of most of us. You shall hear the same persons say that *George Barnwell* is very natural, and *Othello* is very natural; that they are both very deep; and to them they are the same kind of thing. At the one they sit and shed tears, because a good sort of young man is tempted by a naughty woman to commit a *trifling peccadillo*—the murder of an uncle or so—that is all, and so comes to an untimely end, which is *so moving*; and at the other, because a blackamoor in a fit of jealousy kills his innocent white wife: and the odds are that ninety-nine out of a hundred would willingly behold the same catastrophe happen to both the heroes, and have thought the rope more due to *Othello* than to *Barnwell*. For of the texture of *Othello's* mind, the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love—they see no more than the spectators at a cheaper rate, who pay their pennies a-piece to look through the man's telescope in *Leicester-fields*, see into the inward plot and topography of the moon. Some dim thing or other they see; they see an actor personating a passion, of grief or anger, for instance, and they recognise it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passions; or at least as being true to that symbol of the emotion which passes current at the theatre for it; for it is often no more than that: but of the grounds of the passion, its correspondence to a great or heroic nature, which is the only worthy object of tragedy—that common auditors know any thing of this, or can have any such notions dinned into them by the mere strength of an actor's lungs—that apprehensions foreign to them should be thus infused into them by storm, I can neither believe, nor understand how it can be possible.

We talk of Shakspeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind, which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very "sphere of humanity," he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us recognising a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us, for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only waited the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same.

To return to Hamlet.—Among the distinguishing features of that wonderful character, one of the most interesting (yet painful) is that soreness of mind which makes him treat the intrusions of Polonius with harshness, and that asperity which he puts on in his interviews with Ophelia. These tokens of an unbinged mind (if they be not mixed in the latter case with a profound artifice of love, to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, so to prepare her mind for the breaking off of that loving intercourse, which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do) are parts of his character, which, to reconcile with our admiration of Hamlet, the most patient consideration of his situation is no more than necessary; they are what we *forgive afterwards*, and explain by the whole of his character, but *at the time* they are harsh and unpleasant. Yet such is the actor's necessity of giving strong blows to the audience, that I have never seen a player in this character, who did not exaggerate and strain to the utmost these ambiguous features—these temporary deformities in the character. They make him express a vulgar scorn at Polonius, which utterly degrades his gentility, and which no explanation can render palatable; they make him show contempt, and curl up the nose at Ophelia's father—contempt in its very grossest and most hateful form; but they get applause by it: it is natural, people say: that is, the words are scornful, and the actor expresses scorn, and that they can judge of: but why so much scorn, and of that sort, they never think of asking.

So to Ophelia—All the Hamlets that I have ever seen, rant and rave at her as if she had committed some great crime, and the audience are highly pleased, because the words of the part are satirical, and they are enforced by the strongest expression of satirical indignation of which the face and voice are capable. But then, whether Hamlet is likely to have put on such brutal appearances to a lady whom he loved so dearly, is never thought on. The truth is, that in all such deep affections as had subsisted between Hamlet and Ophelia, there is a stock of *supererogatory* love (if I venture to use the expression) which in any great grief of

heart, especially where that which preys upon the mind cannot be communicated, confers a kind of indulgence upon the grieved party to express itself, even to its heart's dearest object, in the language of a temporary alienation; but it is not alienation; it is a distraction purely, and so it always makes itself to be felt by that object: it is not anger, but grief assuming the appearance of anger—love awkwardly counterfeiting hate, as sweet countenances when they try to frown: but such sternness and fierce disgust as Hamlet is made to show, is no counterfeit, but the real face of absolute aversion—of irreconcilable alienation. It may be said he puts on the madman; but then he should only so far put on this counterfeit lunacy as his own real distraction will give him leave; that is, incompletely, imperfectly; not in that confirmed, practised way, like a master of his art, or, as Dame Quickly would say, “like one of those harlotery players.”

I mean no disrespect to any Actor; but the sort of pleasure which Shakspeare's plays give in the acting seems to me not at all to differ from that which the audience receive from those of other writers; and *they being in themselves essentially so different from all others*, I must conclude that there is something in the nature of acting which levels all distinctions. And, in fact, who does not speak indifferently of the Gamester and of Macbeth as fine stage performances, and praise the Mrs. Beverly in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. S.? Belvidera, and Calista, and Isabella, and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona? Are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other? Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawing tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hooles, and the Murphys, and the Browns—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! Oh who can read that affecting sonnet of Shakspeare which alludes to his profession as a player:—

Oh for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public custom breeds—
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dier's hand—

Or that other confession:—

Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to thy view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear——

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed; to have had his mind tainted with the lowest players' vices—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause; one who in the exercise of his profession was jealous even of the women-performers that stood in his way; a manager full of managerial tricks, and stratagems, and finesse: that any resemblance should be dreamed of between him and Shakspeare—Shakspeare who, in the plenitude and consciousness of his own powers, could, with that noble modesty which we can neither imitate nor appreciate, express himself thus of his own sense of his own defects:

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess;
Desiring *this man's art, and that man's scope.*

I am almost disposed to deny to Garrick the merit of being an admirer of Shakspeare. A true lover of his excellences he certainly was not; for would any true lover of them have admitted into his matchless scenes such ribald trash as Tate, and Cibber, and the rest of them, that

With their darkness durst affront his light,

have foisted into the acting plays of Shakspeare? I believe it impossible that he could have had a proper reverence for Shakspeare, and have condescended to go through that interpolated scene in Richard the Third, in which Richard tries to break his wife's heart by telling her he loves another woman, and says, "if she survives this she is immortal." Yet I doubt not he delivered this vulgar stuff with as much anxiety of emphasis as any of the genuine parts: and for acting, it is as well calculated as any. But we have seen the part of Richard lately produce great fame to an actor by his manner of playing it, and it lets us into the secret of acting, and of popular judgments of Shakspeare derived from acting. Not one of the spectators who have witnessed Mr. Cooke's exertions in that part, but has come away with a proper conviction that Richard is a very wicked man, and kills little children in their beds, with something like the pleasure which the giants and ogres in childrens' books are represented to have taken in that practice; moreover,

that he is very close and shrewd, and devilish cunning, for you could see that by his eye.

But is, in fact, this the impression we have in reading the Richard of Shakspeare? Do we feel any thing like disgust, as we do at that butcher-like representation of him that passes for him on the stage? A horror at his crimes blends with the effect which we feel; but how is it qualified, how is it carried off, by the rich intellect which he displays, his resources, his wit, his buoyant spirits, his vast knowledge and insight into characters, the poetry of his part—not an atom of all which is made perceivable in Mr. Cook's way of acting it. Nothing but his crimes, his actions, is visible; they are prominent and staring; the murderer stands out, but where is the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity—the profound, the witty, accomplished Richard?

The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation, rather than of interest or curiosity, as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope; he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or, to take an instance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin is Glenalvon? Do we think of any thing but of the crime which he commits, and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas, in corresponding characters in Shakspeare, so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind, in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real, and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively every thing, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr. Kemble's performance of that part, the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close-pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the

book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence: it rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable, if it has any thing to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

So to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night—has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter, and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that “they themselves are old?” What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter; she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the show-men of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the slaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after; if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robe and

sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if, at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.

Lear is essentially impossible to be represented on a stage. But how many dramatic personages are there in Shakspeare, which though more tractable and feasible (if I may so speak) than Lear, yet from some circumstance, some adjunct to their character, are improper to be shown to our bodily eye. Othello, for instance. Nothing can be more soothing, more flattering to the nobler parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the force of love, and from a sense of merit in him whom she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with a *coal black Moor*, (for such he is represented, in the imperfect state of knowledge respecting foreign countries in those days compared with our own, or in compliance with popular notions, though the Moors are now well enough known to be by many shades less worthy of a white woman's fancy,)—it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses. She sees Othello's colour in his mind. But upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor, unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen Othello played, whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing did not overweigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading;—and the reason it should do so is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives—all that which is unseen—to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices.* What we see upon a stage is body and bodily action; what we are conscious of in reading is almost exclusively the mind, and its movements; and this I think may sufficiently account for the very different sort of delight with which the same play so often affects us in the reading and in the seeing.

It requires little reflection to perceive, that if those characters in Shakspeare which are within the precincts of nature, have yet something in them which appeals too exclusively to the imagina-

* The error of supposing that because Othello's colour does not offend us in the reading, it should also not offend us in the seeing, is just such a fallacy as supposing that an Adam and Eve in a picture shall affect us just as they do in the poem. But in the poem we for a while have Paradisaical senses given us, which vanish when we see a man and his wife without clothes in the picture. The Painters themselves feel this, as is apparent by the awkward shifts they have recourse to, to make them look not quite naked; by a sort of prophetic anachronism, antedating the invention of fig-leaves. So, in the reading of the Play we see with Desdemona's eyes; in the seeing of it, we are forced to look with our own.

tion, to admit of their being made objects to the senses without suffering a change and a diminution—that still stronger the objection must lie against representing another line of characters, which Shakspere has introduced to give a wildness and a supernatural elevation to his scenes, as if to remove them still farther from that assimilation to common life in which their excellence is vulgarly supposed to consist. When we read the incantations of those terrible beings the Witches in Macbeth, though some of the ingredients of their hellish composition savour of the grotesque, yet is the effect upon us other than the most serious and appalling that can be imagined? Do we not feel spell-bound, as Macbeth was? Can any mirth accompany a sense of their presence? We might as well laugh under a consciousness of the principle of Evil himself being truly and really present with us. But attempt to bring these beings on to a stage, and you turn them instantly into so many old women, that men and children are to laugh at. Contrary to the old saying, that “seeing is believing,” the sight actually destroys the faith: and the mirth in which we indulge at their expense, when we see these creatures upon a stage, seems to be a sort of indemnification which we make to ourselves for the terror which they put us in when reading made them an object of belief—when we surrendered up our reason to the poet, as children to their nurses and their elders; and we laugh at our late fears, as children who thought they saw something in the dark, triumph when the bringing in of a candle discovers the vanity of their fears. For this exposure of supernatural agents upon a stage is truly bringing in a candle to expose their own delusiveness. It is the solitary taper and the book that generates a faith in these terrors: a ghost by chandelier light, and in good company, deceives no spectators—a ghost that can be measured by the eye, and his human dimensions made out at leisure. The sight of a well-lighted house, and a well-dressed audience, shall arm the most nervous child against any apprehensions: as Tom Brown says of the impenetrable skin of Achilles with his impenetrable armour over it, “Bully Dawson would have fought the devil with such advantages.”

Much has been said, and deservedly, in reprobation of the vile mixture which Dryden has thrown into the *Tempest*: doubtless, without some such vitious alloy, the impure ears of that age would never have sate out to hear so much innocence of love as is contained in the sweet courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda. But is the *Tempest* of Shakspere at all a subject for stage representation? It is one thing to read of an enchanter, and to believe the wondrous tale while we are reading it; but to have a conjurer brought before us in his conjuring gown, with his spirits about him, which none but himself and some hundred of favoured spectators

before the curtain are supposed to see, involves such a quantity of the *hateful incredible*, that all our reverence for the author cannot hinder us from perceiving such gross attempts upon the senses to be in the highest degree childish and inefficient. Spirits and fairies cannot be represented—they cannot even be painted—they can only be believed. But the elaborate and anxious provision of scenery, which the luxury of the age demands, in these cases, works a quite contrary effect to what is intended. That which in comedy, or plays of familiar life, adds so much to the life of the imitation, in plays which appeal to the higher faculties, positively destroys the illusion which it is introduced to aid. A parlour or a drawing room—a library opening into a garden with an alcove in it—a street, or the piazza of Covent-garden, does well enough in a scene; we are content to give as much credit to it as it demands; or rather, we think little about it—it is little more than reading, at the top of a page, “Scene, a Garden;” we do not imagine ourselves there, but we readily admit the imitation of familiar objects. But to think by the help of painted trees and caverns, which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero, and his island, and his lonely cell;* or by the aid of a fiddle dexterously thrown in, in an interval of speaking, to make us believe that we hear those supernatural noises of which the isle was full:—the Oratory Lecturer of the Haymarket might as well hope, by his musical glasses cleverly stationed out of sight behind his apparatus, to make us believe that we do indeed hear the crystal spheres ring out that chime, which, if it were to enwrap our fancy long, Milton thinks

Time would run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Would sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin would melt from earthly mould;
Yea, Hell itself would pass away,
And leave its dolorous mansions to the peering day.

The Garden of Eden, with our first parents in it, is not more impossible to be shown on a stage, than the Enchanted Isle, with its no less interesting and innocent first settlers.

The subject of scenery is closely connected with that of the dresses, which are so anxiously attended to on our stage. I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth* played, the discrepancy I felt at the changes of garment which he varied—the shiftings and re-shiftings, like a Romish priest at mass. The luxury of stage-

* It will be said these things are done in pictures. But pictures and scenes are very different things. Painting is a world of itself, but in scene-painting there is the attempt to deceive; and there is the discordancy, never to be got over, between painted scenes and real people.

improvements, and the importunity of the public eye, require this. The coronation robe of the Scottish monarch was fairly a counterpart to that which our king wears when he goes to the parliament-house—just so full and cumbersome, and set out with ermine and pearls. And if things must be represented, I see not what to find fault with in this. But in reading, what robe are we conscious of? Some dim images of royalty—a crown and sceptre may float before our eyes, but who shall describe the fashion of it? Do we see in our mind's eye what Webb, or any other robe-maker, could pattern? This is the inevitable consequence of imitating every thing, to make all things natural. Whereas, the reading of the tragedy is a fine abstraction. It presents to the fancy just so much of external appearances as to make us feel that we are among flesh and blood, while by far the greater and better part of our imagination is employed upon the thoughts and internal machinery of the character. But in acting, scenery, dress, the most contemptible things call upon us to judge of their naturalness.

Perhaps it would be no bad similitude to liken the pleasure which we take in seeing one of these fine plays acted, compared with that quiet delight which we find in the reading of it, to the different feelings with which a reviewer, and a man that is not a reviewer, reads a fine poem. The accursed critical habit—the being called upon to judge and pronounce, must make it quite a different thing to the former. In seeing these plays acted, we are affected just as judges. When Hamlet compares the two pictures of Gertrude's first and second husband, who wants to see the pictures? But in the acting, a miniature must be lugged out; which we know not to be the picture, but only to show how finely a miniature may be represented. This showing of every thing levels all things; it makes tricks, bows, and courtesies, of importance. Mrs. Siddons never got more fame by any thing than by the manner in which she dismisses the guests in the Banquet-scene in Macbeth: it is as much remembered as any of her thrilling tones or impressive looks. But does such a trifle as this enter into the imaginations of the readers of that wild and wonderful scene? Does not the mind dismiss the feasters as rapidly as it can? Does it care about the gracefulness of the doing it? But by acting, and judging of acting, all these non-essentials are raised into an importance injurious to the main interest of the play.

fault

POETRY.

Original.—For the Analectic Magazine.

LINES ON THE RIVER SAMPIT.

Calm spirit of the murmuring tide,
Through verdant vales that winds its way,
To bathe the flowers that deck its side,
And cool the burning beams of day ;

What though along thy lonely banks
Not oft the tuneful sisters rove,
Nor tripping light in twinkling ranks,
Gay fairies haunt the neighbouring grove :

Though thine is no Etruscan shore,
Where thousand villas stately stand,
Nor hast thou, like swift Hebrus, bore
An Orpheus to the Lesbian strand.

Nor dost thou, number'd with the gods,
Like Nile from heav'n derive thy source,
Nor visit Pluto's dark abodes,
Like Arethusa's latent course ;

Yet hast thou charms my Muse to fire,
And though her voice not long may live,
Her feeble hand shall strike the lyre,
And give what fame her charms can give.

Whilst those old bounds the Thunderer gave,
Thy boisterous brothers oft disdain,
And rising fierce with impious wave,
O'erleap the bank, and whirl the plain ;

To hoary Neptune's coral throne
 Thou duteous leadst thy limpid race,
 While, pleas'd to meet his meekest son,
 The monarch melts in thy embrace.

Diana might withdraw her gaze
 From dull Endymion's slumbering charms,
 And fly, to keep with brighter blaze,
 A livelier vigil in thy arms.

Like fairy knights, in silver clad,
 To sportive war advancing gay,
 A shiver'd beam, each radiant blade,
 Thy waves in bright confusion play.

Along thy banks, where canes compose
 The humid bower, and tiny grove,
 Thy Naiads through the day repose,
 And give the night to sport and love.

For here no monster, from the deep,
 In scaly terrors dare invade,
 Or, stretch'd immense in dragon sleep,
 Fright the fair tremblers from the shade.

To catch the breeze, or woo the muse,
 At jocund dawn, or evening gray,
 Oft shall my footsteps brush the dews
 That richly gem thy devious way.

But thee, staid eve, most sweet I prove,
 When gently led by insect light,
 Thought wanders wild with hapless love,
 And sadness sighs the live-long night.

Yon gloomy pines that stand aloof,
 With thick and darkly-waving locks,
 Amid whose shades with noiseless hoof
 The trembling deer wild gazing stalks;

The thickening cloud, the bursting storm,
 The nimble lightning's lurid glare,

The fancied spectre's gliding form,
Tho' sad, not all unlovely are :

The heart with Pity interwove ;
Pale Grief, low bending o'er the bier ;
The sorrows of afflicted Love,
And Friendship's sympathizing tear—

All these their mingled pleasures know ;
A little gold amid the alloy,
And from the poisonous mass of wo
Extract a melancholy joy.

In Fate's worst cup of bitterest spite
Some drops of pleasure still are found ;
In pain itself there is delight,
If Love and Pity bathe the wound.

Thus some pale flowers in deserts bloom,
Where never pierc'd the solar beams ;
Thus some lone star through midnight's gloom,
With tremulous radiance dimly gleams.

Curst be the passion's stoic-sleep,
The marble heart, the nerve of steel ;
Give me to suffer and to weep,
But let, ah ! ever let me feel.

But see ! what beauteous form appears !
Like Venus on Idalia's green ;
Sweet source of all my hopes and fears,
'Tis she, my love, my bosom's queen.

Dear stream ! to listen to my muse,
Oh ! win her thoughts—and thou shalt be
To future years a new Vaucuse,
Thy Petrarch I—my Laura she.

So still may each impurer rill
From thee its turbid tribute turn,
And heaven its brightest dews distil,
To feed thy ever-flowing urn.

Soft blushing to thy vales and bowers,
 May Spring her earliest visits pay,
 Deck first thy brow with new-born flowers,
 And chase the wintry winds away.

Neglectful of Piërian streams,
 My muse shall drink thy richer wave,
 And, fir'd by Fancy's sweetest dreams,
 With annual verse thy urn engrave.

E.

LINES

ON THE LATE GENERAL PIKE;

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HEARING OF THE CAPTURE OF YORK.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 "With all their country's wishes blest."

Columbia's conquering banners wave
 O'er British walls once more;
 Columbia's stars triumphant shine
 On wild Ontario's shore.

Hail! to the band who nobly fought,
 And nobly died, that day—
 And hail! to him, their gallant chief,
 Who marshall'd them the way.

On his last march to glorious death
 The dawn of victory gleam'd,
 And on his dark and dying hour
 Its fullest radiance stream'd.

Peace to the hero's martial shade,
 His country's voice he hears
 Decree the wreath that never fades,
 Dew'd with a nation's tears.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A pamphlet has recently been published in New-York, entitled "The surprising case of Rachel Baker, who prays and preaches in her sleep." Though the title page and general appearance of this pamphlet savour very much of Grub-street, it may nevertheless be recommended as a faithful account of a very singular phenomenon. Rachel Baker is a young woman of about twenty years of age, of a constitution apparently firm and vigorous. Her education has been very limited, and her information is chiefly confined to religious subjects. Her moral character is well attested to be fair and exemplary, and she has been for about four years a pious member of the Baptist communion. She was born, and has always lived, in a retired part of the country. For several years she has been subject to the regular recurrence of a singular disease, (if such it may be called,) which is described by Dr. Mitchill, in a paper drawn up with his usual perspicuity of language and minuteness of detail, and published as the introductory article of this pamphlet.

Once in every 24 hours she suffers a paroxysm which lasts from forty-five minutes to an hour and a quarter. It attacks her about nine o'clock in the evening, the hour at which she has been accustomed to retire to rest, and commences with spasmodic agitation and heaviness of respiration. The disorder seizes her in her bed, or, if she sits up, in her chair. After a few moments of slumber or torpor, she begins to speak in an audible tone. She generally lies in a supine posture, perfectly motionless. Her exercise consists of three parts; first, an introductory prayer, similar to those usual in many of the reformed churches; next, a sermon delivered as if to a supposed audience; and thirdly, a closing supplication to the Deity, resembling the final offering of prayer and thanksgiving from the pulpit. She neither formally announces a text, nor sings, but often recites verses from the hymns of Watts. The topics of these discourses are strictly conformable to the general faith of the Calvinistic churches, but she sometimes, though rarely, strongly insists on the peculiar tenets of her own sect. She manifests an extensive and familiar acquaintance with scripture, citing not only texts, but long passages, readily and accurately. Her language is plain, but not vulgar, occasionally ornamented and figurative; her articulation is distinct and earnest, generally monotonous, but now and then marked by strong emphasis, and she pours forth her words in a fluent and rapid stream. If called by her name, she hears and replies to any question; her answers are pious and discreet, and when the current of her discourse is thus broken the original idea is abandoned, and she goes on with a new train of thought suggested by the question. This may be repeated again and again, and always with the same result. Her ordinary discourses have a great resemblance to each other, but the difference is such as to show that they are extemporaneous, and not the repetition of a set of words impressed on the memory.

Her pulse is full and equable, without flutter or intermission. The temperature of her hand and forehead is much that of a healthy person asleep. Towards the conclusion there is an evident diminution of the arterial pulsation at the wrist, and its frequency is increased about eight strokes in a minute. Her features never show any distortion, but rather languor and exhaustion. Her eyes are turned upwards, and their muscles have a tremulous spasm. She is insensible to all the gentler stimuli which have been applied to rouse her. At last she has a few small spasms of the arms and throat, and is agitated by an emotion between sighing and groaning; after a few minutes of restlessness and moaning, without opening her eyes, she passes to a state of natural sleep.

Such are the principal facts of this curious phenomenon, as described by Dr. Mitchell, and which we have witnessed ourselves, at first not without strong suspicion of fraud, but finally with a degree of conviction which shamed us out of our unphilosophical scepticism. Her prayers and sermons, considered as the production of a waking preacher, would be thought respectable, but not remarkably eloquent. But the promptness with which she takes up any subject presented to her, and makes it the theme of extemporaneous declamation, is truly surprising. There are so "many things in heaven and earth which are not dreamt of in our philosophy," that we have no disposition to theorise on this case. This somniloquism, of which Dr. M. relates three or four instances similar to this case, has a manifest affinity to somnambulism, and, perhaps, is still more nearly allied to dreaming and reverie, and to that state of mental derangement in which, while other faculties are in full vigour, some or all of the external senses are locked up in strange deception.

In addition to the statement of Dr. Mitchell, (who seems to have had no other concern in the publication,) this pamphlet contains the prayers and exhortations of the somniloquist for one evening, taken in shorthand by a stenographer. These seem accurately enough reported, as far as they go; but judging from our recollections of her discourses, we should think that there were many omissions; at least, when we heard her, we thought that we traced a much nearer logical connexion than we can now perceive. It is proper to add that there is no circumstance in the conduct of the girl, or of her friends, which has come to our knowledge, that can lead to the suspicion of an imposture connected with any religious fraud, or with views of personal emolument.

Bradford and Inskip, Philadelphia, have in the press, Captain Porter's Journal of his late cruise in the Essex frigate, containing descriptions of the Cape de Verde Islands, the coasts of Brazil, Patagonia, Chili and Peru, and the Gallipagos Isles; together with an account of the Washington group of Islands, and the manners, customs, and dress of their inhabitants. The portion of this journal which has already been presented to the public in this Magazine, will enable our readers to judge of the general manner in which the work is executed. We have understood that the unpublished part contains a great body

of valuable information relating to geography and natural history. It will be printed in one vol. 8vo. embellished with twelve engravings.

George Caines, Esq. (formerly reporter to the Supreme Court of New-York) has ready for publication a treatise on the law of exchange and negotiable paper.

Cummings and Hilliard, Boston, propose to publish by subscription a volume of posthumous Sermons by the late Dr. Kendal, of Weston, Massachusetts.

In a note on the life of Barlow, in a late number of this Magazine, certain biographical sketches of distinguished Americans, in the London Monthly Magazine are ascribed to the late Dr. W. P. Smith. The writer of that article has since been informed, that these sketches were in fact written by the late Dr. Elihu Smith of New-York, the first editor of the Medical Repository, and the author of many valuable literary and scientific tracts.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Vauquelin has published some observations on the method of precipitating copper from its solutions by iron or zinc. For this purpose, zinc answers better than iron. Unless the zinc be allowed to remain a sufficiently long time in the solution, the whole of the copper is not precipitated; and unless there be an excess of acid in the liquid, a portion of copper is precipitated in the state of oxide. A portion of the zinc always falls in combination with the copper; therefore the copper, after the liquid is separated, ought always to be digested in diluted muriatic acid, which takes up the zinc without touching the copper.

Gay Lussac has finished a very laborious and complete investigation of the properties of iodine. During his experiments he discovered that chlorine possesses the property of combining in two proportions with oxygen, and of forming two acids, which he calls the *chloric* and *chlorous* acids. Davy's euchlorine is Gay Lussac's chlorous acid, but the chloric appears to be the more curious and important compound.

M. Chevreul, at Paris, has made some new observations on the change which any fatty matter undergoes by its combination with alkali to form soap. The soap of potash and hog's lard dissolved in water leaves a pearl-coloured substance, which, when separated from the saline matter that it still contains, constitutes a substance possessing very peculiar properties, which, from its pearl colour, M. Chevreul denominates *margarine*. It is insoluble in cold, but easily resolved in hot water. It melts at 133°; and, on cooling, crystallizes in beautiful white needles. It combines with potash, and then resumes the characters of the pearl-coloured deposite. It has a stronger affinity for

that base than carbonic acid, which it expels from the carbonate of potash by the assistance of a boiling heat. It likewise separates potash from turnsole, and restores it to its red colour.

Mr. I. Nathan has announced by subscription, a selection of Hebrew Melodies, twelve of which are arranged as songs, and others harmonized for two or more voices. Each melody will have notes descriptive of the days on which they are sung; and, in addition to the poetry that will be expressly written for this work by an approved modern author, the ancient Hebrew characters, with the English translation, will be given. Some of the melodies are upwards of two thousand years old, supposed to have been sung by the Hebrews before the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, and are still sung at the synagogue on particular days. The whole are selected and arranged, as songs, duets, glees, &c. with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte.

Mr. J. H. Leigh Hunt has in the press the *Descent of Liberty*, a mask in allusion to the close of the war.

The Baroness de Lamothe Fouqué has published a refutation of Madame de Staël's work, *De l'Allemagne*.

A translation of the Psalms of David, with Notes by that eminent prelate the late Bishop Horsley, is printing in two 8vo. volumes.

A small volume of poems, under the title of the *Lyre and Sword*, by Lieut. Körner, a native of Mecklenburg Schwerin, who fell during the late campaign, has recently been published by his father. His pieces breathe the most ardent patriotism. One of the most interesting was composed and written by the author in his pocket-book when severely wounded, and left behind in a wood, where he expected to perish in the night of the 17th June, 1813.—The Duke of Mecklenburg offered to his father to remove the body of the warrior-poet to the vault of his own family; but the old man chose rather that it should remain beneath the oak where it had been deposited by his companions in arms. His highness has, therefore, resolved to enclose the spot, and to erect a monument, decorated with a lyre and sword, to the memory of the heroic bard.

Strauss, bookseller, of Vienna, has announced the speedy publication of an important military work, in three volumes, from the pen of the Archduke Charles, under the title of *Grundsätze der Strategie*. It will be illustrated by an account of the campaign of 1796, in Germany, and by maps and plans. The first edition, printed last year, was reserved by the illustrious author for his own disposal.

M. Deschamps, an agriculturist and botanist of Lausanne, has communicated to the Society of Agriculture, Natural History, and the Useful Arts, of Lyons, some interesting experiments on the culture of the tea-tree of Japan, which have convinced him that it will succeed

perfectly well in Europe, if the seed be sown in a proper soil and climate. He accompanied his paper with directions how to gather and prepare the leaves for use. Having analyzed tea of his own raising, he found that it contained neither tannin nor gallic acid, which common tea contains, and to which is ascribed the property of affecting the nerves, and producing trembling.

Smithson Tennant, Esq. has communicated to the Royal Society, a method of economizing fuel during distillation. Dr. Black long ago demonstrated, that the quantity of heat requisite to raise water from the common temperature to a boiling heat, is only about one sixth of what is requisite to convert it into steam. Hence, if the steam be made to act on cold water, it speedily raises it to the boiling point; but as it cannot make it boil, water heated by steam does not distill over in any considerable quantity. Mr. T's. improvement consists in this: The worm of a common still is made to pass as usual through a vessel containing water; this vessel is made air-tight, and is made in the shape of a still and receiver. As soon as the common still is made to boil, the steam is conveyed into the receiver by means of pipes, and allowed to pass till it expels the air; then the stop cocks are shut, and the steam passes through the worm as usual. It speedily heats the water surrounding the worm, which in consequence of the vacuum distills over in considerable quantity.

An Essay on the Life of Michel de l'Hôpital, Chancellor of France. By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. pp. 80.

This is a short but admirable memoir of a truly great man and good magistrate, to whom France is indebted for many important benefits, not only in the administration of the law, but for preventing the reception of the council of Trent, and the establishment of the Inquisition. The chancellor was a zealous advocate for toleration; and as such his Life is now brought forward, we suspect, by his worthy biographer, to recommend, by the example here recorded, concession to the claims of the Roman Catholics.

Mr. Bain, officer of excise, Edinburgh, has invented a new and effectual mode for the better conducting a ship. It will serve either for a calm or tempestuous sea, the ship sailing by means of a construction somewhat similar to block machinery, the springs of which act with great velocity upon two slender pieces of wood on each side; and in this manner they impel the ship forward like oars, with irresistible speed. As a specimen, a model of a small ship, put into a tub of water, was lately exhibited at Edinburgh, in the presence of several gentlemen, who appeared highly gratified, and seemed to think that the plan would be highly advantageous to the nautical profession, as it makes a ship sail almost as fast again as the present method.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1815.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS.		DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since,	89	Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society—Alden's Collection of Epitaphs—Bristed's Lectures, &c.	170
Orlando in Roncesvalles,	110		
Miss Hamilton's Essays,	122		
ORIGINAL.		FOREIGN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.	
Review of Lewis and Clarke's Travels,	127	Home on the effect of injuries of the brain upon sensation—Tennant's mode of procuring potassium—Hancock's improvement in carriages—French Theatre,	174
SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.			
On the Genius of Hogarth,	150		
POETRY.			
Lines by Lord Byron,	168		

Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since. In three Volumes. Edinburgh. Two Volumes, 12mo. New-York. 1815.

[From the British Critic.]

A VERY short time has elapsed since this publication made its appearance in Edinburgh, and though it came into the world in the modest garb of anonymous obscurity, the northern literati are unanimous, as we understand, in ascribing part of it at least to the pen of W. Scott. As that gentleman has too much good sense to play the coquette with the world, we understand that he perseveres in a formal denial of the charge; though, from all we can learn, the *not guilty* which he pleads to the indictment, proceeds almost as faintly from his mouth, as from the tongue of a notorious offender at the bar of the Old Bailey. Of the circum-

Vol. V. *New Series.* 12

stances which form the external evidence in proof of this charge, we must of course be supposed essentially ignorant, as we in the south can have no opportunity of entering into the secret history of the literary world in the north; nor, if we had, should we attempt to enter into its detail, as, to the generality of our readers, it could afford neither amusement nor interest. In the internal evidence alone we can feel a concern, and, such as it is, we shall present it to our readers, that they may be enabled to form their opinions upon the same ground with ourselves. We shall only add, that upon this evidence principally the tale in question has been ascribed to our favourite poet, as, before it was actually presented to the public in Edinburgh, no expectation had been formed of the appearance of such a work.

The time which the author has chosen for the historical part of his tale, is a period to which no Briton can look back without the strongest emotions, and the most anxious interest. It is the year 1745, the last fatal year when the blood of our countrymen was spilt on its own shores, when Briton met Briton on his native land. It has pleased Providence, in his mercy to this favoured country, for a space of now nearly seventy years, to secure it not only from the invasions of foreign foes, but to preserve it from the still more fearful and deadly scenes of civil commotion. By the restoration of peace to the whole European world, a mighty machine of national strength is suddenly diverted from those external objects to which it has been so long and powerfully directed; it is our earnest hope, as it is our most confident trust, that its gigantic force may not, by an unnatural revulsion, be turned inwardly upon itself, and that the same energies which blessed us with victory, and crowned us with glory in our operations abroad, may not inflame us with the ardour of contention, nor curse us with the spirit of discord, at home. May the peace which our exertions in the cause of all that is great and good have purchased and secured to the world around us, descend "twice blessed" upon our native land. If the history of those bloody days, which is embodied in this tale, shall by an early and awful warning inspire the nation with a jealous vigilance against the very first symptoms of their recurrence, we shall consider that not even the light pages of fiction have trifled in vain.

After an introductory chapter, by no means devoid of humour, in which the author assigns his reasons for preferring the name of "Waverley" to the more chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, and Stanley, or the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, the hero himself is introduced to our notice, on the point of bidding fare-

well to his family, previous to joining a regiment of dragoons, in which he had lately obtained a commission. He is the son of Richard Waverley, a younger brother of Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour. The baronet is the inheritor of an ancient family estate, and is supposed to possess very extensive influence among those who formed what was denominated in those days "the country interest." Sir Everard, like most other country squires, is attached by every principle of hereditary feeling to the high church, and to the house of Stuart. His brother, on the contrary, having no fortune but those of "his good spirits to feed and clothe him," discovers a political creed much more consonant to his interests, and professes himself a determined whig, and a friend of the Hanoverian succession. The disagreement which necessarily arose between the brothers, is in some measure reconciled by our hero even while a child, as his uncle, unwilling to sacrifice the dignity of the family to fraternal dissensions, determines to adopt him, having no children of his own, as heir to the great family estate. He is therefore educated at Waverley castle, under the direction of Sir Everard's chaplain, a learned Oxonian, who had lost his fellowship by refusing to take the oaths to King George the First. Here, as might be supposed, nursed in solitude and seclusion, he imbibes all those romantic and chivalrous ideas, which to an ardent and excursive mind are ever most congenial. By romantic and chivalrous ideas we do not mean the high-flown sentimentality of a crack-brained enthusiast, but those energetic and peculiar notions which an acquaintance with books, and not with men, inspires a young man, the ebullition of whose honest zeal by a few degrees outruns his knowledge of the world around him. In the course of the two chapters describing the mode pursued in his education, many strong and sensible observations occur upon the consequences of passing too rapidly from one book, and from one subject, to another, to which habit the indiscretion and indecision of our hero, in the course of his subsequent adventures, is very justly ascribed.

Armed and accoutred by Sir Everard himself, and attended by three young tenants who are desirous of enlisting themselves in the company of their young master, Waverley leaves the house of his uncle to join his regiment in Scotland. Having passed a certain time at head-quarters, he obtains leave for a few weeks to travel into the remoter parts of the sister kingdom. His first visit is paid to Cosmo Comyne, Baron of Bradwardine, of Tully-Veolan, an ancient gentleman in Perthshire, to whom he was by his uncle particularly recommended. The baron is a specimen of the ancient gentlemen of Scotland, a race of men who are now rapidly fading even from the remembrance of their posterity. His

character is of a peculiar nature, and as it is a curious specimen of the manners in the days of yore, we shall present him to our readers in the author's own words.

"He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old, indeed, and grayhaired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whipcord by constant exercise. He was dressed carelessly, and more like a Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while, from his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss officer of the guards, who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the *costume*, but not the ease or manner of its inhabitants. The truth was, that his language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

"Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with a view to the bar. But the politics of his family precluding the hope of his rising in that profession, Mr. Bradwardine travelled for several years, and made five campaigns in foreign service. After his demelée with the law of high treason in 1715, he had lived in retirement, conversing almost entirely with those of his own principles in the vicinage. The pedantry of the lawyer, superinduced upon the military pride of the soldier, might remind a modern of the days of the zealous volunteer service, when the bar-gown of our pleaders was often flung over a blazing uniform. To this must be added the prejudices of ancient birth and jacobite principles, greatly strengthened by habits of solitary and secluded authority, which, though exercised only within the bounds of his half-cultivated estate, was there indisputable and undisputed. For, as he used to observe, 'the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been erected into a free barony by a charter from David the First, *cum liberali potest. habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca* (LIE pit and gallows) *et saka et soka, et thol et theam, et infang thief et outfang thief, sive hand habend. sive bak-barand.*' The peculiar meaning of all these cabalistical words few or none could explain; but they implied, upon the whole, that the Baron of Bradwardine might imprison, try, and execute his vassals and tenants at his pleasure. Like James the First, however, the present possessor of this authority was more pleased in talking about prerogative than in exercising it; and excepting that he imprisoned two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts, and almost eaten by rats, and that he set an old woman in the *jours* (or Scottish pillory) for saying 'there were mair fules in the laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatly,' I do not learn that he was accused of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the conscious pride of possessing them gave additional importance to his language and deportment."

His castle is guarded by the mouldering images of two bears rampant, the crests of the ancient family of Bradwardine, and

although now despoiled of its arms (the baron being a noted jacobite,) still retains some faint appearance of its former strength. Waverley is greeted on his arrival in the true style of Scotch hospitality, and the whole party, whom he meets the first day at dinner, pass the evening in the festivity of a drunken revel. In the course of which, one of the young lairds insults him as an officer of the reigning monarch, upon which swords are drawn, but, owing to the intervention of the servants, no bloodshed ensues. The next morning the Laird of Balmawhapple and the baron, who considers such an insult as an offence against the laws of hospitality, meet privately in the park at an early hour; the baron disarms the laird, who, in consequence, makes an apology to Waverley upon his first appearance in his sober senses. His intention of an immediate departure is arrested by the unaffected hospitality of old Bradwardine, and the charms of his daughter Rose, who, though endowed with an elegant and a gentle mind, is still ignorant of those higher literary accomplishments, which dignify and adorn the female understanding. She becomes a pupil of Waverley, whose instructions, as may be supposed, are more those of a lover than of a master. The tender passion, however, rather amuses, than captivates his heart, and though the charms of Rose inspire a feeling beyond esteem, it is scarcely kindled into love. The several officers of Bradwardine's household are well portrayed; the cold and cautious Macwheeble, his bailie or steward; the self-important Saunderson, his butler; and David Gellatley, his fool, who is a strange compound of idiocy, cunning, and affection.

"Miss Bradwardine then gave Waverley to understand, that this poor simpleton was doatingly fond of music, deeply affected by that which was melancholy, and transported into extravagant gayety by light and lively tunes. He had in this respect a prodigious memory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and fragments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes applied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of remonstrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was much attached to the few who showed him kindness; and both aware of any slight or ill usage which he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common people, who often judge hardly of each other, as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor *innocent* while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon an hypothesis, that David Gellatley was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than that of the negroes, who, from the acute and

mischievous pranks of the monkey, suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress their powers of elocution to escape being set to work. David Gellatley was, in good earnest, the half-crazed simpleton which he appeared, and was incapable of any constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept him on the windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity in field sports; (in which we have known as great fools excel;) great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals entrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

“The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie’s voice, singing to the two large deer grayhounds,

“Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it;
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

“Do the verses he sings belong to old Scottish poetry, Miss Bradwardine?”

“I believe not,” she replied. “This poor creature had a brother, and heaven, as if to compensate to the family Davie’s deficiencies, had given him what the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk, but he could not get preferment because he came from our *ground*. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry. He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Davie gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of his country. But if we ask him where he got such a fragment as he is now singing, he either answers with wild and long fits of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation; but was never heard to give any explanation, or mention his brother’s name since his death.”

During Waverley’s protracted stay at the mansion of the hospitable Bradwardine, a letter reaches him from his commanding officer, cautioning him against too strong an intimacy with a man of such strong political feelings in favour of the exiled Stuarts. Whatever effect this letter might have had in recalling his mind

to the duties of his profession, they are rendered abortive by an event of a nature somewhat extraordinary. One morning at breakfast he finds the whole family in confusion, as a party of catherans, or robbers from the neighbouring Highlands, had come down upon them during the night, and had driven off all their milch cows. These catherans inhabited part of the estate of a Highland chieftain, Fergus Mac-Ivor Ian Vohr, who, with various others, not only connived at, but even encouraged their depredations, as they found them not only useful for the purpose of training certain of their clan to the practice of arms, but also of inspiring alarm among their neighbours in the Lowland districts, who, to secure themselves from these ravages, paid *black mail*, or tribute money, to the chieftain himself. It was to a refusal on the part of the baron to pay this tribute to Fergus, that this aggression of the catherans was attributed. Before, however, the day closed, an ambassador, Evan Dhu, arrives from Fergus, stating his regret for the injury which had been committed, and promising that restitution should be made; at the same time expressing a hope, that the terms of friendship which once subsisted between the houses of Bradwardine and Mac Ivor, should be renewed. The terms of alliance are accordingly, after due libations of brandy and usquebaugh, agreed upon; and Evan Dhu, who has been much struck with the manner and appearance of Waverley, invites him to accompany him to the mountains, and to see the place whither the cattle were conveyed. Waverley accepts the offer, and accompanies his guide, and after a tedious and toilsome journey over the mountains, arrives at last at the den of Donald Bean, this Cacus of the Highlands.

After this adventure, he is informed that a visit to Fergus himself is a point of absolute necessity; he accordingly proceeds to Glennaquoich, the seat of the ancient race of Mac-Ivor. Before, however, he arrives, he is welcomed by Fergus himself, who comes out to meet him. The character of the Highland chieftain is drawn with much spirit, and as the distinguishing features of such a personage are in these times unknown to most of our readers, we shall present them entire.

"Had Fergus Mac-Ivor lived sixty years sooner than he did, he would, in all probability, have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived sixty years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. He was, indeed, within his little circle, as perfect a politician as Castruccio Castrucani himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to appease all the feuds and dissensions which frequently arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire in their quarrels.

His own patriarchal power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune would permit; and, indeed, stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality, which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason, he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardy indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain. These consisted chiefly of his own clan, not one of whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, adventurers from the mother sept, who deserted a less warlike, though more wealthy chief, to do homage to Fergus Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, which, indeed, was refused to none who were, like Pains, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

“He was enabled to discipline these forces from having obtained command of one of the independent companies, raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity, he acted with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He caused his vassals to enter by rotation in his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the banditti, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power, which, while the law had not free course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong to the military parties who were called in to support it. He acted, for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those freebooters who made restitution on his summons, and offered personal submission to himself, while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice, all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions or commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to pursue thieves or marauders through his territories, and without applying for his consent and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condole with them, and after gently blaming their rashness, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government, that our chieftain was deprived of his military command.”

An admirable description ensues of the hospitality of the Highland chieftain, who appears to hold his estate not so much for his own enjoyment, as for the maintenance of his clan, who repay him only with the affectionate attachment, and heartfelt zeal, in the days of tumult and trouble. Our readers will mark the strong distinction between the obedience due to the chieftain from his clan, and to the feudal lord from his vassals. The former, though living upon his bounty, and quartered upon his

hospitality, never for a moment considered him as a master, but as a chief or a patriarch, to whom their service was a debt of gratitude, and their obedience the free-will offering of their affection. The latter, depending upon the will of their lord for their very existence, took their rank but a very few degrees above the other living animals upon the estate, and were taught to feel themselves the creatures of his will, and the slaves of his pleasure. The mode in which these pensioners upon the civil list of Fergus are daily entertained, is thus portrayed.

"The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaistel's original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large grayhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

"This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, &c. which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called "a hog in harst," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese,

and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivor, who feasted in the open air.

"The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the chief's immediate neighbours; whiskey, plain or diluted, and strong beer, refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence."

Whatever effect these Highland scenes and their accompanying sports might have upon the stay of Waverley in the mansion of Fergus, another, and a still stronger reason for delay, arises from the charms of Flora Mac Ivor, the chieftain's sister, with whom he is deeply enamoured. The character of this lady is, in many points, the reverse of Rose Bradwardine; the features of her mind are cast in a higher mould; while their own charms command respect, they derive an additional lustre from her heroic attachment to the exiled family of Stuart. With her brother's zeal are mingled the more selfish views of ambition and revenge; her's is the offspring of a pure and disinterested affection. In this delightful retreat the young soldier lingers, unconscious of the length of his visit, till the fascination is broken by a burst of events of the most dangerous and perplexing nature. On one morning he receives a letter from his commanding officer, commanding him to return to his quarters, under a threat of being reported to the war-office, and reproaching him with a neglect of his duty as a soldier; and on the next he hears that his father is deprived of his place under ministry with dishonour, and that he himself is superseded in the Gazette as absent without leave. Letters both from his father and his uncle arrive, charging him to resign his commission instantly, nor to serve any longer under a government by whom his family had been so disgraced. In the midst of the tumult of mind occasioned by these unexpected events, he is made acquainted by Fergus with all the designs of the Highlanders in favour of their exiled prince, and is invited to join their standard. To this he demurs, as having so lately served under the reigning government. In the midst of these distracting circumstances, a letter from Rose Bradwardine arrives, informing him that the military were in possession of Tully-veolan, that her father had fled, and that he himself was sought with the severest scrutiny. Previous to the receipt of this, he had made an offer of marriage to Flora, which strongly meets with her brother's approbation, but is coldly received by herself, to whom the feelings of patriotism seem more congenial than those of the softer passion. The letter from Rose leads him to a resolution of departure, no less for his own sake, than for that of

the family of Bradwardine, and, in spite of the entreaties of Fergus, he proceeds on his way to Edinburgh. Before, however, he has performed half his journey, his horse is recognised by a puritanical landlord, Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks, as the property of Fergus, and, after some ludicrous adventures, he is brought before Major Melville, as a suspected person. The major, upon hearing his name, informs him that a warrant for high treason is issued against him, and he is sent prisoner, under an escort, to Stirling. Before, however, they arrive, he is rescued, after a sharp contest, by a pretended pedlar and a party of Highlanders. During the conflict he is severely wounded, and is conveyed senseless to an unknown hovel, where he is attended by an old woman, from whom he can gain no intelligence of his situation. During his sickness, however, he fancies that another form of a younger and more lovely female is flitting round his bed, and that other voices beside that of the old lady and her Highland company are heard, but all his attempts to discover his mysterious visitors prove fruitless. When he is sufficiently recovered, he is again conveyed as a prisoner to the castle at Edinburgh, which was then in the possession of Prince Edward, the pretender. As he waits in the hall of Holyrood-House, he is accosted by Fergus, who informs him of his liberation, and presents him to the chevalier in person. He is most graciously received, and is appointed major in the newly-raised army, and an aid-de-camp to the chevalier himself. In this situation he attends his new master at the important contest near the village of Preston, the success of which to the rebellious cause is sufficiently known. A very accurate and spirited sketch of this celebrated battle is presented to the reader, not more faithful in point of historical fact, than interesting as a military detail. In this conflict, Col. G——, his late commander, is killed ; but Waverley has the satisfaction of saving the life of an English officer of considerable rank and consequence, Col. Talbot, who is afterwards, as a prisoner, committed to his care. This gentleman is discovered to be an intimate friend of Sir Everard, and to have been formerly obliged by him in more than one of those important points which render life a blessing. It was his promise to the old baronet to undertake the cause of his nephew, and to preserve him, if possible, from the dangers which threatened him on every side. From him Waverley learns, that he stood accused of exciting mutiny in his troop, and of seducing the king's soldiers from their allegiance, and that one of those whom he had brought with him from Waverley had, in consequence, been shot. How to account for this he is totally at a loss, till, in a subsequent part of the history, it appears, that Donald Bean, at whose cavern he had slept,

had contrived, during the night, to possess himself of one of his seals, and, under the disguise of a pedlar, to deliver letters to Waverley's troop, as from their captain, inciting them to desert the cause of the king and the government. By his means, also, various letters, addressed to Waverley by his commanding officer, entreating him to return to his duty, had been secreted, which accounted for that apparently harsh and sudden step of the war-office, in depriving him disgracefully of his commission. Our hero is enabled to make a due return to Col. Talbot for his kindness and generosity, by procuring his release, and enabling him to return to his family, who were suffering the severest afflictions during his absence. After this, Waverley accompanies the chevalier on his mad expedition, with a handful of Highlanders, into the heart of the kingdom, during which a quarrel, of a very serious nature, arises between himself and Fergus. The dispute arose, in the first instance, from a refusal on the part of Waverley to make any farther solicitations to obtain the hand of Flora Mac Ivor, by whom he had been so often repulsed with the most positive and cold denials. This refusal Fergus attributes, through information which he receives from the chevalier himself, to a secret attachment to Rose Bradwardine, of whom Fergus had lately professed himself an admirer. After a scene, which will represent the influence of clanship over the feelings of Highlanders, one of whom attempts the life of Waverley, he is challenged by Fergus. The rencontre, however, is prevented by the interference of the chevalier, who, it appears, had misunderstood the purport of some private information which he had received. After, however, the retreat of the rebel army to Scotland is determined upon, the spirits of Fergus are depressed, he seeks a reconciliation with Waverley, advising him to make the best of his way to France, as their cause was entirely ruined; and he farther recommends him to marry Rose Bradwardine, as all his own ambitious views are past; and he is persuaded, from the warning of an evil phantom, in which he has the most implicit confidence, that he shall not survive many days. Waverley, in the course of a midnight retreat, is bewildered, and after lying perdu for some time in a Cumberland cottage, makes his way to London, and takes refuge in the house of Col. Talbot, who, at his earnest desire to visit Scotland, and to discover the state of the Bradwardine family, and particularly of Rose, procures him a passport, intended originally for his nephew. By these means he reaches Tully Veolan, which he finds in desolation, and almost in ruins.

"While plunged in the sad reflections which the scene excited, he was looking around for some one who might explain the fate of the

inhabitants, he heard a voice from the interior of the building, singing, in well-remembered accents, an old Scottish song :

“ ‘ They came upon us in the night,
And brake my bower and slew my knight,
My servants a’ for life did flee,
And left us in extremitie.

“ ‘ They slew my knight, to me sae dear;
They slew my knight and drave his gear;
The moon may set, the sun may rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes.’

“ ‘ Alas,’ thought Edward, ‘ is it thou? Poor helpless being, art thou alone left, to gibber and moan, and fill with thy wild and unconnected scraps of minstrelsy the halls that protected thee?’ He then called first low, and then louder, ‘ Davie—Davie Gellatly.’

“ The poor simpleton showed himself from among the ruins of a sort of green-house, that once terminated what was called the terrace-walk, but at first sight of a stranger retreated as if in terror. Waverley, remembering his habits, began to whistle a tune to which he was partial, which Davie had expressed great pleasure in listening to, and had picked up from him by the ear. Our hero’s minstrelsy, no more equalled that of Blondel, than poor Davie resembled Cœur de Lion; but the melody had the same effect of producing recognition. Davie again stole from his lurking place, but timidly, while Waverley, afraid of frightening him, stood making the most encouraging signals he could devise.—‘ It’s his ghaist,’ muttered Davie; yet, coming nearer, he seemed to acknowledge his living acquaintance. The poor fool himself seemed the ghost of what he was. The sort of peculiar dress in which he had been dressed in better days, showed only miserable rags of its whimsical finery, the lack of which was oddly supplied by the remnants of tapestried hangings, window curtains, and shreds of pictures, with which he had bedizened his tatters. His face, too, had lost its vacant and careless air, and the poor creature looked hollow-eyed, meager, half-starved, and nervous to a pitiable degree. After long hesitation, he at length approached Waverley with some confidence, looked him sadly in the face, and said, ‘ A’ dead and gane—a’ dead and gane.’

“ ‘ Who are dead?’ said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

“ ‘ Baron—and baillie—and Sanders Saunderson—and Lady Rose, that sang sae sweet—A’ dead and gane—dead and gane.

“ ‘ But follow, follow me
While glow-worms light the lea,
I’ll show ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.
Follow, follow me;
Brave should he be
That treads by the night the dead man’s lea.’

"With these words, chanted in a wild and earnest tone, he made a sign to Waverley to follow him, and walked rapidly towards the bottom of the garden, tracing the bank of the stream, which, it may be remembered, was its eastern boundary."

He follows Davie, and finds the old baron concealed in the house of old Janet, Davie's mother, whom he recognises as his mysterious nurse, after his deliverance from the escort of the king's troops, who were conducting him a prisoner to Stirling. From her he learns that the pedlar who rescued him was Donald Bean, who was prevailed upon to undertake this service by a large reward from Rose Bradwardine; and that it was her form which flitted round his couch during his illness, that a letter from her to the chevalier explained his situation, and that in consequence, a guard was sent to conduct him to Edinburgh. It was from this letter, of course, that the chevalier had conceived that a more settled attachment had been formed between them, than did at that time really exist. During his stay at the cottage, a letter from Col. Talbot arrives, enclosing a free pardon both for himself and for the Baron of Bradwardine, who gives his consent to the union of the families. The estate at Tully-Veolan becomes by forfeiture the property of a distant relation of the Bradwardine family, who, from the acts of hostility shown him by the tenantry, is happy to dispose of it at a price far below its value; it is accordingly bought in with Waverley's money, and presented in due form to the old baron.

Fergus having been taken prisoner after the battles of Falkirk and Culloden, is condemned to suffer for high treason, and is accordingly, with Evan Dhu, executed at Carlisle. The parting scene between Waverley and himself is drawn with much dignity and pathos. Flora, the heroic, the disinterested partisan of the unfortunate cause, ends her days in a convent abroad.

We have thus given a short sketch of the story, which is in itself too interesting for an abridgment, and too replete with varied incident to bear the rapidity of a dry detail. If, however, from our imperfect outline, we shall have induced the reader to enjoy the full colouring in the original, we shall not have failed in our desire of discovering to his mind a source of valuable and legitimate amusement.

We are unwilling to consider this publication in the light of a common novel, whose fate it is to be devoured with rapidity for the day, and to be afterwards forgotten for ever; but as a vehicle of curious accurate information upon a subject which must at all times demand our attention—the history and manners of a very large and renowned portion of the inhabitants of these

islands; of a race who, within these few years, have vanished from the face of their native land, but have left their names and their actions behind them as monuments of spirited independence, and of intrepid loyalty to that unfortunate family, who now with their brave defenders are for ever gone. We would recommend this tale, as faithfully embodying the lives, the manners, and the opinions of this departed race, and as affording those features of ancient days, which no man, probably, besides its author, has had the means to collect, the desire to preserve, or the power to portray. This tale should be ranked in the same class with the *Arabian Nights'* entertainments, in which the story, however it may for a moment engage the attention, is but of little consequence, in proportion to the faithful picture which they present of the manners and customs of the east.

Although there are characters sufficient to awaken the attention, and to diversify the scenes, yet they are not in sufficient number to perplex the memory, or to confuse the incidents. Their spirit is well kept up till the very last, and they relieve one another with so much art, that the reader will not find himself wearied even with the pedantic jargon of the old Baron of Bradwardine.

Upon the character of Davie Gellatly we must observe, that although this sort of personage is but little known in England, yet in Scotland it is by no means uncommon. In almost every small town there is a sort of public idiot, bearing the proportion, as we conceive, of about two of knave to three of fool, who is considered so necessary an appendage to the dignity of the place, that when he grows old, there is generally a young one in training as his successor. Davie appears to have been formed by the author, in some measure, upon the model of Shakspeare's fools, and we think that the similarity between himself and the fool in *King Lear* is peculiarly striking. We shall also call the attention of our readers to a circumstance in which they have doubtless anticipated us—the strong similarity between some turns in the character of Davie and those of Blanche of Devon; particularly the warning given by both in wild and incoherent song. There is a melancholy tale also attached to both their histories which strongly marks their resemblance. Not, indeed, that we would prove the one to be a copy of the other; this would be too much for our purpose; the peculiar traits of similarity are just strong enough to mark them the offspring of the same hand, and the creatures of the same poetic mind.

Fergus Mac Ivor is a character drawn by a master's pencil; from his first introduction in the wilds of the Highlands to the final scene before his execution, all the various features which

the author conceived are fully expressed. Even in his last moments, while we shudder at his wild and intriguing ambition, we admire his original and powerful genius, we honour his generous and intrepid fidelity. If feminine softness, joined to the most romantic patriotism, can delight our readers, of Flora they will feel themselves the devoted admirers. Of Rose Bradwardine we read more than we can see; the sweetness of her character, and the silent warmth of her affection for our hero, render her worthy of him.

Of Waverley himself we shall say but little, as his character is far too common to need a comment; we can only say that his wanderings are not gratuitous, nor is he wavering and indecisive only because the author chooses to make him so. Every feature in his character is formed by education, and it is to this first source that we are constantly referred for a just and sufficient cause of all the wandering passions as they arise in his mind.

The secondary personages are drawn with much spirit and fidelity, and with a very striking knowledge of the peculiarities of the Scotch temper and disposition. The incidents are (to use a very vile phrase) all founded on fact, and the historical parts are related with much accuracy. The time which has elapsed since the year 1745 has allowed the author the liberty of introducing feigned characters as actors in those real scenes, without wearying the patience or disgusting the credulity of the reader. Here our author has a powerful advantage over our celebrated novelist of modern days, Miss Edgeworth; that Fergus Mac Ivor should have been a partisan of the Stuart race, that he should have fought at Culloden, and have been executed at Carlisle, we can, as far as the purposes of the tale are concerned, readily and sufficiently believe; but that Lord Oldborough should have been a minister of the king's in 1808, is a height of absurdity to which no vigour of imagination or power of fancy can possibly reach. The character of Donald Bean, for instance, upon whose agency so much of the tale depends, was by no means uncommon upon the Highland borders. There are those still living who well remember the ravages inflicted by the clan of the Macgregors, and their chief, Rob Roy, who inhabited the caves which are concealed amidst the inaccessible passes and insurmountable steeps of the northern side of Ben Lomond.

The livelier scenes which are displayed in the course of the tale are of the most amusing species, because they flow so naturally from the personages before us, that the characters, not the author, appear to speak. A strong vein of very original humour marks the whole; in most instances it is indeed of a local and particular nature, but in many cases it assumes a more general ap-

pearance. A scene between Sir Everard's Jacobite chaplain and his bookseller is drawn in a style which shows the author to have read and relished Swift in no ordinary degree.*

"Here he produced two immense folded packets, which appeared each to contain a whole ream of closely-written manuscript. They had been the labour of the worthy man's whole life; and never were labour and zeal more absurdly wasted. He had at one time gone to London, with an intention of giving them to the world, by the medium of a bookseller in Little Britain, well known to deal in such commodities, and to whom he was instructed to address himself in a particular phrase, and with a certain sign, which, it seems, passed at that time current among the initiated Jacobites. The moment Mr. Pembroke had uttered the Shibboleth with the appropriated gesture, the bibliopolist greeted him, notwithstanding every disclamation, by the title of Doctor, and conveying him into his back shop, after inspecting every possible and impossible place of concealment, he commenced: 'Eh, doctor!—Well—all under the rose—snug—I keep no holes here even for a Hanoverian rat to hide in. And, what—eh! any good news from our friends over the water?—and how does the worthy King of France?—Or perhaps you are more lately from Rome? it must be Rome will do it at last—the church must light its candle at the old lamp.—Eh—what, cautious? I like you the better; but no fear.' Here Mr. Pembroke with some difficulty stopt a torrent of interrogations, eked out with signs, nods, and winks; and, having convinced the bookseller that he did him too much honour in supposing him an emissary of exiled royalty, he explained his real business. The man of books with a much more composed air proceeded to examine the manuscripts. The title of the first was, 'A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension confuted; showing the impossibility of any composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or Sectaries of any description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest controversial Divines.' To this work the bookseller positively demurred. 'Well meant,' he said 'and learned, doubtless; but the time had gone by. Printed on small pica it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay. Begged therefore to be excused—Loved and honoured the true church from his soul, and, had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelve-penny touch—why I would venture something for the honour of the cloth—But come, let's see the other. 'Right Hereditary righted!'—Ay! there's some sense in this. Hum—hum—hum—pages so many, paper so much, letter-press—Ay—I'll tell you, though, doctor, you must knock out some of the Latin and Greek; heavy, doctor, damn'd heavy—(beg your pardon) and if you throw in a few grains more pepper—I am he that never peached my author—I have published for Drake, and Charlwood Lawton, and poor Amherst—Ah. Calch! Ca-

* We are happy to hear that a splendid edition of the works of Swift have been just published, with a preface and notes by Walter Scott; we trust that we shall soon present an account of them to our readers.

leb! Well, it was a shame to let poor Caleb starve, and so many fat rectors and squires among us. I gave him a dinner once a week; but, Lord love you, what's once a week, when a man does not know where to go the other six days?—Well, but I must show the manuscript to little Tom Alibi, the solicitor, who manages all my law affairs—must keep on the windy side—the mob were very uncivil the last time in Old Palace Yard—all whigs and roundheads every man of them, Williamites and Hanover rats.”

“The next day Mr. Pembroke again called on the publisher, but found Tom Alibi's advice had determined him against undertaking the work. ‘Not but what I would go to—(What was I going to say?) to the plantations for the church with pleasure—but, dear doctor, I have a wife and family; but to show my zeal, I'll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimmel—he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, so a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him.’ But Mr. Trimmel was also obdurate, and Mr. Pembroke, fortunately, perchance, for himself was compelled to return to Waverley Honour with his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state, safely packed in his saddle-bags.”

Of the more serious portions of the history we can speak with unqualified approbation; the very few pathetic scenes which occur are short, dignified, and affecting. The love scenes are sufficiently contracted to produce that very uncommon sensation in the mind, a wish that they were longer. The sentiments are uniformly good, and such as cannot fail to make a strong impression upon the mind of a thinking reader. We were much pleased with the following remarks upon a mode of education which is daily gaining ground, and threatens, by its extension to more advanced periods of youth, to render the minds of the rising generation pert, superficial, and effeminate.

“But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick, as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from overrunning his game, that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner. And here the instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent—that indolence, namely, of disposition, which can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study so soon as curiosity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first difficulties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical author of which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of philology, upon

the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. 'I can read and understand a Latin author,' said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, 'and Scaliger and Bentley could not do much more.' Alas! while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his own amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and incumbent application, of gaining the art of controlling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his own mind for earnest investigation—an art far more essential than even that learning which is the primary object of study.

"I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards, the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles, and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired, by spending a few hours a-week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the creed and ten commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention, hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may, in the mean time, be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils might not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young hero, who was permitted to seek his instruction only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences, which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility."

Let those who are engaged in forming the minds of the youth of this country not disdain to receive a hint even from the trifling pages of a novel, and let those who are placed under their care, as they value both themselves and their best hopes, learn from the character of Waverley early to distrust that inordinate self-confidence, and that overbearing petulance, which teaches them to despise that order, that labour, and that discipline of the mind, which can alone secure to them the full completion of their ambitious views. The most fatal enemies to the bright prospects of future distinction are the ramblings of superficial inquiry, and the pride of conceited indolence.

The religious opinions expressed in the course of the tale are few, but of those few we fully approve. The loyalty and strength of the political sentiments clearly prove their author to be a man of a sound and vigorous mind, whose talents have not been lowered, nor whose spirit debased, by the flimsy theories and the mawkish speculations of modern metaphysical politics. The humorous and happy adaptation of legal terms show no moderate acquaintance with the arcana of the law, and a perpetual allusion to the English and the Latin classics no common share of scholarship and of taste.

That there are faults in the work we cannot deny, and some glaring errors, which we could heartily wish in a second edition were altered or erased, as they have a tendency to lessen the permanent value of the work, and to place it in the scale of a more common production. The pieces of intelligence which are represented as appearing in the newspapers, savour much more of modern manners, than "sixty years since;" such as the supersession of Waverley in the form of a paragraph.

"We understand that this same Richard Waverley, who hath done all this, is not the only example of the *Wavering Honour* of W-v-r-l-y H-n-r. See the Gazette of this day."

Now, this is a pun which would disgrace even the Morning Post of the present day, and sixty years since, we believe, the paradise of fools was not blessed with so congenial an archivist. We object, upon the same grounds, to the relation of the death of R. Waverley, and of the exhibition of old Bradwardine's absurdity in pulling off the boot of the prince. "Something too much of this;" even were the anecdote in character, we think that the indication of the baron's intention to perform it would have been sufficient. There is here and there a tendency to caricature and broad farce, which we are persuaded that the good taste of the author himself will discover, and his good sense will correct. Of the poetry which is interspersed we can speak in the highest terms. The following is a poem on the oak tree which grew over the tomb of the gallant Wogan, a name which will stand for ever honoured in the memory of every loyalist and patriot:—

"TO AN OAK TREE,

In the Churchyard of —, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to mark the grave of Captain Wogan, killed in 1649.

"Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave."

"And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

"These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

"No! for, mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

"'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resign'd,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

"Thy death's-hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

"Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken'd ere its noontide day?

"Be thine the tree, whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
And Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb."

If the testimony of this witness be not sufficient to work conviction in the reader's mind as to the name of the author, he will find still fuller testimony in other poems, which we have not room to extract. Whoever may be the author of the prose, we strongly suspect that the poetry at least was written by W. Scott; if our conjecture is unfounded, we congratulate the world on the appearance of a new poet, whose genius bears so striking a resemblance to their old favourite. Respecting the prose, we own that our suspicions are very strong of Walter Scott, as in very few besides himself are united that strength of feeling, that richness of anecdote, that store of historical knowledge, that accuracy of legal information, and, above all, those high constitutional principles which dignify and adorn the mind of that original and native poet.

Much, however, as we respect the attachment of the author to

the peculiarities of his country, we could wish that in a second edition he would sacrifice some few of them to our foolish prejudices in the south, and restore to the following lines, as to the old Baron of Bradwardine, their forfeited quantity :—

“ *Moritur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*”

“ *fungarque inani*

Munere.”

Leaving, however, these trifling inaccuracies, we can earnestly recommend these volumes to our readers, as containing a treasure of anecdote and information upon these subjects, which few but the author of the present tale could so accurately present, or so successfully embody.

We ought to have before observed, that to justify the second name, “ ’Tis sixty years since,” the author informs us that this tale was written in the year 1805; of this we have no reason to doubt; the first sketches were probably drawn at that period, although, from the use of certain cant words of the present year, such as *tact*, *bivouacking*, *the Cossacks*, &c. we are of opinion that the finishing stroke has been but very lately applied.

Orlando in Roncesvalles, a Poem, in five Cantos. By J. H. Merivale, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. xx. 136. 1814.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THIS is a very elegant and spirited production. It combines the merits of a faithful translation with the freedom and interest of an original poem. The groundwork is furnished by the ‘*Morgante Maggiore*’ of Luigi Pulci, the earliest of those Italian romances which are esteemed classical, but a composition of so strange a cast and of so heterogeneous materials, that to the present moment it remains undecided, whether it was intended as a burlesque or as a serious poem. Undertaken at the instigation, and for the amusement of Lorenzo de Medici, “it was probably composed (Mr. Merivale suggests) canto by canto, without regular plan of foresight, to be read or recited by the author himself, at the table of his patron, for the amusement of his company.” Such a production is highly curious, independently of its poetical merits, as exhibiting the state of society and manners at that illustrious period, when the few bright and

solitary luminaries which had cheered with a prophetic lustre the darkness of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, faded before the morning splendours of a new era; when the progress of the human intellect from gothic barbarism, began to wear the appearance of definite improvement, and the phenomenon of a new language attending the revival of literature, seemed to be suddenly created to serve as a vehicle for the first efforts of awakened genius. In no point of view are the works of the poet more interesting, than as forming the most faithful and lively records of national character and of the manners of the age. From the page of the historian we may learn what men have done and dared: but to know what those men were, to be able to inspect their features, as well as to read their actions, we must have recourse to the wild effusions of the Bard, the Minstrel, or the Troubadour; of men whose only object was to solace themselves with the expression of their own feelings, or to acquire a name or a maintenance by awakening the passions and amusing the imaginations of their contemporaries. Poetry is alike the growth of all ages, and its object is pretty nearly the same, how rude soever the composition. It is designed to supply no factitious want, no artificial appetite, but a natural and universal craving, if we may so express it, which all minds of active energy discover for a something to relieve the dulness of daily experience, and infuse a freshness into the sensations of life, by stimulating the imagination to a sense of indefinite beauty, wonder, or grandeur; investing the objects of fancy, or for a while seeming to rest on the daylight objects of hope and enthusiasm. In the medium employed for this purpose, we may perceive the degree of intellectual and moral cultivation which prevailed at the period; what objects were then familiarized with the imaginations and feelings, and what degree of art was requisite to produce their pleasurable excitement. The amusements of a nation discover the turn of its serious habits: its waking thoughts may be gathered from its dreams. And what is poetry but that fair intellectual dream, which, though it may seem to be an external thing, is, in reality, the natural play and reaction of the faculties, and but for which the intervals of suspended pursuit and exertion were blank and cheerless.—The character of the poet, then, is essentially that of the age which gives him birth, whose softened likeness he in his turn transmits to other generations, thus perpetuating, or rather, reproducing in the minds of others his native sentiments and feelings.—In the productions of those illustrious Italians, whose genius so powerfully contributed to the revival of literature, it is not difficult to trace the features of the twilight times in which they lived; when superstition and scepticism were often so strangely blended, even in the same individual—the dreams of

chivalry, with the notions of a half-learned philosophy, and with early associations of error, the indistinct apprehensions of the truth. The progress of civilization had attained a point analogous to the period at which the imagination often attains its manhood, while reason, not yet developed, begins to throw off the restraints of early prejudice and instinctive belief, without having as yet acquired strength or light enough to guide itself with certainty. The noon of fancy is but the day-break of knowledge. Between Dante and Bacon how long, though bright, was the interval!

But how curious and interesting soever works of this class may be in the original, as illustrating the history of language and that of mind, and how worthy soever of their fame, there are but few, indeed, even of the best, that will repay the toil, or survive the ordeal of translation. The long and garrulous tales of romance might amuse the puerility of those ages, when all who were not idle, were but indolently busy, and busied with trifles. But minds accustomed to objects of real interest, can only consent to lend themselves to the illusive interest of obsolete fiction, so long as the charm of genius is upheld. The sense of weariness inevitably issues in disgust.

We are disposed on this account highly to commend Mr. Merivale's taste and judgment, as displayed in the work before us. On the site of Pulci's vast and disorderly ruin, he has erected a homogeneous and classical structure, preserving such materials, only, as seemed to accord with modern taste, yet without destroying the essential character of the original building. Instead of a tedious translation, he has presented us with a pleasing poem, founded on one of the most romantic and popular fictions of chivalrous history. Most of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the renowned names of Charlemagne, of Orlando, the first of the far-famed Paladins of France, and the favourite hero of romance, and of Turpin, the archepiscopal chronicler, on whose supposed authority rests all the legendary lore which has come down to us through the songs of minstrels, and the tales of historians of those days of yore. They have at least heard of the fatal name of Roncesvalles, as recorded in many a plaintive ditty, where the flower of christian chivalry fell a victim to treachery and Moorish vengeance, "an occurrence, (Mr. Merivale observes,) which, notwithstanding the barrenness of the dry historical record, will ever remain associated with all grand and pathetic images; for

"Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncesvalles' fight——

If they have not, we do not know whether Mr. Merivale himself would invite them to proceed : but if they are willing to be initiated into the history of the heroic Roland, the gentle Olivier, and the other knights of that illustrious time, as they have already been familiarized with the Marmions, the Cranstouns, and all the uncouth clans of the Scottish border, we think we can promise them at least equal edification. Mr. Merivale has not certainly the free and vivid pencil of Walter Scott ; nor would the restricted and stately elegance of the Italian school have comforted with the bold and abrupt style of the Northern Minstrel. There are, indeed, between the two styles, no points of fair comparison. The style of Mr. Merivale's poem, the structure of the stanza, and the general character of the composition, are all strictly Italian ; but we think it but justice to say, he has retained little of the stiffness, and has preserved much of the beauty, of his model.

The poem opens with the departure of Orlando for Roncevalles from his castle of Clermont in Viennois.

"The banner waved on Clermont's highest tower ;
Forth rode the count in glittering armour clad :
But Aldabelle bewail'd the luckless hour,
Alone, amidst the pomp of triumph, sad :
From her fair eyes fast fell the pearly shower—
Ah, tears ill timed, when all things else were glad !
The soul-born pride of female courage slept ;
Anglante's spouse, the Rose of Clermont, wept."

The gentle Aldabelle attempts, but in vain, by her tears and her ominous warnings, to dissuade her lord from the adventure to which he is summoned by his sovereign's mandate.

"From his dark brow he dash'd one manly tear,
Omen of ill !—then cried ' On, soldiers, on !—
Long is our journey, and the day far gone.' "

Five days they journey on—

—"And on the sixth fair evening view
The sun clad Pyrenean's spiry peak,
Like some proud banner, ting'd with golden hue ;"

when they fall in with some of the Paladins proceeding also to the pass of Roncevalles, where Marsilius, the Moorish King of Saragossa, is to cede to the Christian Emperor, as the price of peace, the Marca Hispanica, the country extending from the Pyrenees to the Ebro ; while Charlemagne himself, "at Fontarabia,

on the Gascon seas," awaits the accomplishment of the transaction. Among the rest, the gentle Baldwin, Orlando's favourite page, but yet untried in fight, excites the attention, and draws forth the banter of the knights, by the splendour of an embroidered vestment which it appears was given him before his departure, by his father Ganellon, and which he particularly enjoined him to wear. The "ingenuous youth" promptly offers to lay it aside, as not befitting a knight of worth untried: but

"Orlando strain'd the warrior to his breast—
'No, wear it still—there's none can grace it more :
And, be it freely, noble friend, confest,
I never felt so true a joy before,
As now, that in thy welcome sight I see
The surest pledge of Gano's loyalty.

"'For ever be ungenerous doubt,' he cried,
'Offspring of idle fancy, cast away !
Now, Aldabelle, resume thy wonted pride :
Suspicion is a guest that shuns the day.'
A deeper blush the cheek of Baldwin dyed—
'Suspicion ! did my noble patron say ?
Now, so sit honour on my virgin sword,
As spotless is the faith of Poitiers' lord.'

"So spake the son, unknowing yet the cause
That stain'd with doubt Maganza's perjured name :
And who so strange to nature's holiest laws
But loves the champion of a parent's fame ?
Orlando mark'd his warmth with just applause.
'My valiant Baldwin ! on my head the blame,
Whose heedless words have hurt a soul like thine :
Henceforth thy father's honour shall be mine.'

"Now must we leave the Paladins awhile.
And ye, who kindly listen to my lay,
Think they have reach'd the destined vale, where smile
Soft meadows in perennial verdure gay,
And, every side surrounding, pile o'er pile
Rise the gigantic hills, and seem to say,
Here are we fixt by heaven's creating hand
The everlasting guardians of the land." P. 15, 16.

The second canto introduces us to no less awful a personage than Malagigi, or Maugis, the cousin of Rinaldo, who, from his well-known skill in magic, had proclaimed the offered peace of Marsilius to be "with treason fraught," and had predicted the dis-

asters which ensue. In stern and sullen despite on being thus unheeded, he repairs to the castle of Montalban, where

“Down in the infernal cavern’s deepest place
His mansion holds a spirit wise, and strong,
And terrible; of his abandon’d race
Moves none more black those dismal courts among:
Yet over him, by heaven’s eternal grace,
The more to humble that rebellious throng,
Have magic charms permitted power to quell
His savage force with adamantine spell.”

“Him Malagigi summoned: by his voice
Compell’d, the demon rose.”

The whole of this passage appears to be pretty closely taken from the “Morgante.” Our readers need not be informed how leading an article of popular belief, in the middle ages, was that which respected demoniacal agency, and its subserviency to the powers of magic. Some of the most singular stanzas in Pulci’s poem, as well as in the productions of some of his contemporaries, are those in which the demons are made to talk school divinity and logic, like good catholics, as if they were slyly meant as masked personifications of the reverend fathers of the holy church. It was doubtless from this source, that Milton drew the idea of representing the fallen spirits in Pandemonium, as sitting

“Apart——on a hill retired
In thoughts more elevate, and reason’d high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix’d fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.”

Mr. M. we find, has remarked the singular coincidence in his notes.

After a theological exposition of the limited nature of a spirit’s ken, as embracing the past and the present only,

“But eye
Of creature never pierced futurity.”

the obedient demon proceeds to inform the enchanter of Gannellon’s treasonable confederacy with Saragossa’s monarch, between whom the plan had been formed for the destruction of the Paladins,

"A work so full of monstrous villany,
That, heard in hell, the whole infernal band
Raised one loud shout, re-echoing to the sky"—

They secretly agreed that Baldwin, Ganellon's son, secured in the royal surcoat of the Saracen, should be made the innocent guide of his master, and of Clermont's chivalry, into the fatal snare. On learning this, Malagigi, in bitter anguish and despair, reverts to the absence of his cousin Rinaldo, whose wondrous arm might, perhaps, turn the opposing scale.

"Then thus to Astaroth—'Say, demon, where
Lingers my cousin in this mortal vale?'
Eastward he turn'd those eyes that through mid air
Ten thousand leagues can swift as lightning sail.
'I see him now beneath the sultry skies
Where Pharos' everlasting temples rise."

"Then Malagigi gave his last command—
That in three days the demon should convey
Montalban's knight from Egypt's burning sand
To Roncesvalles, through the aerial way.
'Henceforth be free from spell of mortal band,
As thou shalt this my last behest obey!'"

Such journeys as these were by no means uncommon in those days; nor was the command, therefore, however it may startle the unlearned reader, at all unreasonably severe upon the demon's ingenuity. We must give the succeeding stanzas for the sake of their admirable beauty.

"Montalban's towers, and silent streams, and glades,
Sleep in the quiet moonshine, when from far
Borne through mid heaven attend the courser shades
Self-harness'd to their visionary car.
'To Charlemagne, ere yet the moonbeam fades,
Lost in the brightness of Aurora's star,
Bear me, my steeds, in silence through the sky:
Yet may we change Orlando's destiny!'"

"He who from dull repose short hours can steal,
Alone to wander mid the calm serene
Of a fair summer's midnight, and can feel
His soul accordant to that solemn scene,
May think how joyful, swift as thought, to wheel
From fleecy cloud to cloud, while all between
Is one pure flood of light, and dim and slow
Rolls the wide world of vapour far below.

"And now, o'er Roncesvalles' fatal plain
 Hovering, the wise enchanter bids descend
 His coursers, and awhile their speed restrain:
 Now far o'er hill and vale his eyes extend,
 Beyond ungifted vision's furthest strain:
 And, miles and miles around, space without end,
 Where'er the moonbeams fell, their sparkling light
 Glanced back from groves of steel, and scared the peaceful
 night.

"Yet not a breath disturbs the air; nor sound
 Of clashing arms, nor shout of revelry,
 Nor squadrons trampling o'er the hollow ground
 Give signal of the Moorish chivalry.
 Twice more the sun must walk his daily round
 And bathe his forehead in the Gascon sea,
 Ere yet the tallest pagan spear shall show
 Its glittering point to the devoted foe." P. 37, 38.

"Who wakes in Roncesvalles?"—The gentle, the unhappy
 Olivier alone is descried by the enchanter in his flight, standing in
 gloomy mood on the brow of a precipice. To him, breaking sud-
 denly and unknown upon him, he conveys the mysterious infor-
 mation of the imminent danger.

"Go, wake you eagle! for the aspiring flame
 Already mounts, and fires his royal nest;
 Treason hath writ in blood Orlando's name,
 And hell is busy with the coming feast—
 Go, wake you eagle! for the toils are spread,
 And the proud fowler marks him for the dead."

"This said, he sprang into his car, and high
 Soar'd in an instant out of mortal sight."

The Paladin, as soon as he recovers from the trance of sur-
 prise produced by so strange and alarming a visit, rouses Orlan-
 do from his slumbers with the cry of—To Arms—and informs
 him of the toils which treason has spread. With speed they climb
 the highest ground, but

"Above, below, around, on every side,
 They cast their eager and inquiring eyes;
 But void and waste extend the mountains wide,
 And void and waste the silent valley lies,
 As at the hour when the creator cried
 'Be spread, ye valleys! and ye mountains rise!'

'Oh, Oliver! what vision, wild and vain,
My friend, my brother! hath disturb'd thy brain?'

"Another day, another night are o'er,
And Oliver his watch tower mounts again:
The hills are void and silent as before,
And void and silent as before, the plain.
He warns Orlando of his fate once more,
And once again he finds his warning vain;
Then solitary and dejected strays
Till the third day-star o'er the mountains plays.

"Above, below, around, on every side,
He turns his eyes; and sees reflected shine
The beaming light from war's advancing tide;
Sees o'er the hills the interminable line
Of steel clad squadrons wind in martial pride,
Seeming in one bright girdle to confine
All that devoted vale, the closing stage,
To many a knight, of earth's loved pilgrimage." P. 40—41.

The oration of Orlando to his little band of brothers, and which "forms but a part (Mr. Merivale tells us) of that which is assigned to him by Pulci," is quite characteristic of the hero of old romance.

The third canto is occupied with the fearful and prodigious combat between this handful of christian heroes, as the faith of those times regarded them, and the whole Moorish host. The reader must bear in mind the circumstances of the age to which are to be referred the events and the sentiments with which they inspire the historian. The christian church was then, in a literal sense, a church militant; its heroes were those who drew the forbidden sword of outward violence; its most assured and revered martyrs, those who fell by Paynim hands in the field of murder. In the present instance, however, the hero acquires additional interest, as the devoted patriot, the victim of treachery. One of the most touching incidents in this canto, is that of Orlando's charging young Baldwin with being privy to the treachery of his father, the truth of which he learns from a fallen captive whose life he has spared.

"What! treason in my camp! among my friends—
My noble, generous friends!' he shuddering cried—
'Yes, look where now his onward course he bends,
That friend, to Poictiers' bloody race allied!
Hast thou not mark'd his gorgeous vest, where blends
The sun-bright gold with empire's purple pride?
That to the traitor sire Marsilius gave,
Alone, of all thy host, the traitor son to save!"

He meets with Baldwin, who, unsuspecting,

"Courts danger like a new and blushing bride,
And wonders why his eager suit she flies."

"I seek to-day among the brave to die,
And many a warrior by my lance lies slain:
But none against this arm their force will try,
I call, I threaten, to the fight in vain!
'False boy!' return'd the chief, 'no more they'll fly,
Lay but that gaudy garment on the plain—
Which to thy traitor sire Marsilius gave,
For which that traitor sold his son a slave!"

"If on this day," the unhappy youth replied,
'Thee and thy friends my father has betray'd,
And I am curst to live, this hand shall guide
Keen to his heart the parricidal blade;
But I, Orlando,'—thus in tears he cried,
'Was never, never, for a traitor made,
Unless I've earn'd the name in following thee
With true, with perfect love, o'er land and sea."

"Now to the conflict I return once more;
The traitor's name I shall not carry long.'
That fraudulent, fatal vest away he tore,
And said, 'My love to thee was firm and strong!
This heart no guile, this breast no treason bore;
Indeed, Orlando, thou hast done me wrong!'—
Then burst away—the hero mark'd his air
With altering heart, that droop'd at his despair." P. 63, 64.

We must give the stanzas which declare his fate.

"Orlando rous'd by war's re-echoing cries
Hastes to the charge: back fall the squadrons round:
And see where hapless Baldwin gasping lies,
Pierced to the heart by no dishonest wound!
'I am no traitor now!' he faintly cries,
Then sinks a stiffened corse upon the ground—
With bleeding soul Orlando saw him die.
'Thy fate is sealed; the unhappy cause am I!—"

"There is a time for wo—a peaceful hour,
When the sore-wounded heart may seek relief
For ill, past cure of every earthly power,
In the dissolving luxury of grief.
But when the blasts of war uproots the bower,
And strews the vale with many a wither'd leaf,

Joy to the mourner !—he no longer hears
In that rude storm his sighs, nor feels his starting tears." P. 65.

The remaining two cantos we must pass by, though they contain some passages of beauty not inferior to those which we have already given. In the fourth, Astaroth acquits himself of his task marvellously to our satisfaction.

The following passage, imitated from Dante, is exquisitely beautiful.

"'Twas now the hour when fond desire renews
To those who wander o'er the pathless main,
Raising unbidden tears, the last adieu
Of tender friends whom fancy shapes again :
When the late parted pilgrim who pursues
His lonely walk o'er some unbounded plain,
If sound of distant bells fall on his ear,
Seems the sad knell of his departed joys to hear.

Lights, numberless as by some fountain's side
The silly swain reposing (at the hour
When beams the day-star with diminished pride,
When the sun'd bee deserts each rifled flower,
And yields to humming gnats the populous void,)
Beholds in grassy lawn or leafy bower,
Or orchard plot, of glow-worms emeral bright,
Flamed in the front of that ambrosial night.

Vain fears the impious progeny of crime !
Hold no alliance with a scene so fair;
Remembrance claims the consecrated time,
And Love refin'd from every selfish care.
Thus, as they wheel their rapid course sublime
Through the mid realms of circumambient air,
In spirit they have reached the fatal place,
And strain their brethren in a last embrace." P. 82, 83.

The canto concludes with an apostrophe to later times : the allusion is singularly happy, from the coincidence of names and of place.

"Sleeps Arthur in his isle of Avalon ?
High-favour'd Erin sends him forth once more
To realize the dream of days far gone,
The wizard strains of old *Caer-merddhyn's* lore ;
Another Rowland brings his legions on,
The happy Rowland of an English shore ;
And thunders in the van with foot of flame
Scotland's romantic champion, gallant *Græmc*."

The death of Olivier, the three wondrous blasts which Orlando at length put forth from his miraculous horn, by the last of which it was burst in two, the confusion of the self-condemned Ganellon at the sound, and the horror at the spectral appearance of his son, the posthumous visitation of the enchanter to Charlemagne, whose prophetic rage was roused by that same dread blast of Clermont's horn, "To speak and breathe its last:"—all these truly romantic and picturesque incidents, and the miracles attending the death of Orlando, which are in true chivalrous and right catholic taste, we must be content thus briefly to refer to. They are *devoutly* translated from the Morgante Maggiore, and, therefore, rest on undoubted authority. The pathos, however, of the catastrophe is necessarily weakened, not to say destroyed, by the puerile improbability of the legendary fiction. The dignity of the hero is sacrificed to the mummery of canonization. Nothing can be more ridiculous in fiction, or more pitiable in grave narration, than a Roman Catholic saint. We should as soon feel disposed to sympathize with a gothic monument, or to melt into tears over a worn-eaten relic of antiquity. The pageantry of death only serves, in poetry, as in reality, to conceal the object; the pomp of circumstance which is introduced to conceal the nakedness of the simple fact, effectually quenches the feelings, and destroys the interest. We do not blame Mr. Merivale: he has given us, what we think most of our readers would have wished him to give, a faithful transcript of the old romance. Orlando dies *à la romanesque*, a death full as noble as any which Homer or Virgil has immortalized; and as poetical as, we believe, the death of a hero can be made. It is christianity alone which can render death sublime, and we do not look for much of either christianity or sublimity in a romance of the fourteenth century.

The reader will now be able to appreciate Mr. Merivale's performance. As a poet, there is little but the polished elegance of his diction and the smoothness of his versification, which it was allowed him to display. These, however, with that accurate conception of the spirit of the original, and that discriminative taste, which enabled a translator to transfuse the living ideas, instead of copying the mere form of expression, he appears in an eminent degree to possess. We confidently hope that he will be induced to give us other specimens of Italian genius in this intelligible and interesting form. There are many poets of that illustrious era, Dante himself not excepted, whose works, if reduced, like the books of the Sybil, to one third of their present bulk, would be increased to tenfold value: they would then come forth from the Medean process of translation in all the freshness of renovated youth.

A Series of Popular Essays, illustrative of Principles essentially connected with the Improvement of the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Heart. By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, Collagers of Glenburnie, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1813.

[From the Monthly Review.]

THE fair author of these volumes is deservedly admired for the moral, liberal, and religious turn of her several productions; which in general aim at the cultivation of the juvenile mind, and at the useful direction of early education. Not unknown as a novelist, but still more distinguished as a preceptress, she induces the young to approach her volumes with the hope of amusement, and even the old with the hope of instruction.—Her present work consists of five essays, or rather dissertations, subdivided into many chapters, and preceded by a general introduction, which details the plan of the undertaking.

Essay I. contains observations on the utility of the study of the mind, and on its connexion with the improvement of education. An abhorrence of mental labour is here given as the prevailing character of our times; but we are not aware of this idle and inattentive propensity. Young persons do not willingly attend to jargon, nor profess to understand those unmeaning phrases about abstract ideas, which some moralists of the pulpit and of the boarding-school frequently pour forth, with the emphasis of affected admiration: but to real instruction concisely given in plain words, respecting questions of science, or civil history, or geography, or natural philosophy, young persons are rarely averse. Nearly all complaints of dulness and inattention, that we have had the opportunity of investigating, had originated in the attempt of the teacher to make a parrot of the pupil, and to compel the repetition of words not understood, as if they were understood. Some metaphysicians have corrupted what may be called our moral literature, by introducing many terms which, having no prototype in the exterior world, can have no fixed, certain, and immutable signification. Writings which abound with abstract terms ought, for the most part, to be shunned by young persons; lest they should acquire a habit of using and of reasoning with words which they do not comprehend. Miss Hamilton is herself prone to listen too much to the metaphysicians, and seems to consider the mind as a something which is altogether the result of philosophical discipline; whereas the fact is, that our souls are born with us, and that one man is from his cradle strong in mind, and another weak;

that the arts of education cannot bestow intellect, though they may stock the memory, and may exercise the faculties on objects likely to engage a vital attention. Temper is still more obviously the result of physical causes than intellect; and it frequently obeys, especially in critical cases, its natural direction, in spite of all the hypocrisy which is concealed under the garb of politeness. If extravagances of disposition are to be corrected by discipline, this plan must require the incessant attention of a skilful superintendant; and whether it be ever worth while, or morally excusable, to sacrifice the entire time of a mature person, whose education has succeeded, in order to prevent inconvenience to another person, whose education is not likely to succeed, may be questioned.

The second essay inquires into the agency of attention in the development and cultivation of the intellectual powers; and this chapter contains juster and more valuable observations than the preceding. No doubt, attention is in a great degree voluntary; which degree may be increased by discipline; and it is evident that the information given by any one of our senses is obtained with much greater correctness, when it is received with exact attention, than when with a heedless or with a distracted perception. Were we to trust in personal consciousness for the theory of mind, we might suppose the soul to be coextensive with the body, mobile within it, elastic, and condensable by the will at any part of the organs of sensation to which the mind wishes to remove the seat of attention. In short, the soul would be considered as of a spiritual or gaseous form, held together by a powerful attraction of cohesion between the parts, but always ready to shift its centre of gravity, or focus of perception, into any place of its own substance. Wherever this convergence, or acumination, or accumulation, of soul takes place, an increased warmth is felt, and an increased power of detecting the contiguous, sensible phenomena. If the soul, bent on seeing a beautiful object, chooses to rush into the eye, the eyeball becomes in consequence somewhat more distended and more polished, and views with more complete distinctness the picture or the prospect under contemplation. If the soul, bent on hearing a fine melody, choose to rush into the ear, the organ becomes more elastic, and, after gratification, clammy. During anger, we may feel the soul rush into the fist, try every sinew there which may be wanted to wield a weapon, or to deal a blow, and prompt a chafing of the finger-ends. The phenomena of touch escape in a great degree the avowed notice of the clothed nations: but they strongly corroborate the doctrine of the soul's locomotive power, and of the increased sensibility of the part in which its head-quarters are assembled. Now it is very questionable whether attention consists in a *rapid* application of

the soul, or in an *exclusive* application of it to the sensible phenomena under contemplation. Is it accomplished by accustoming the soul to spring like lightning from eye to ear, to see with a glance and hear with a hint; or is it by accustoming the soul to a still, and patient, and gradual observation of one thing only, leaving it absent or asleep with respect to contending objects? Probably, exercise facilitates both the quickness and the selection of our notice.—But these are transcendental speculations.

A good illustration afforded by Miss H. is the use of cleanliness in evolving intellect:

“If we invariably find, that where habits of cleanliness and order have been established among the poor, the male and female children are, in the early period of life, equal to each other in point of intelligence; and that where contrary habits prevail, the girls evince a manifest inferiority, it must be to the difference, in respect to the habits of cleanliness and order, that we must look for an explanation of the circumstance. In the former case the attention requisite for preserving cleanliness, and neatness, and order, awakens the perceptions, and gives them perpetual exercise. It is on the female part of the family that these demands upon attention are particularly made. The consequence is, that the daughter of the cleanly peasant, having been taught from infancy to observe every slight alteration produced in the appearance of the objects around her, by any casual spot or stain, and having been compelled to attend to the proper place and situation of every article that pertains to the homely dwelling, acquires habits of observation and activity, which remain with her through every period of life. Destined as she is to labour for a subsistence, those habits are to her of obvious advantage. By the cultivated state of her perceptions she is enabled quickly to learn, and accurately to perform, every species of domestic work, as far as the performance of it requires only the use of her hands and eyes; and though in many branches of household economy, there is so much minute detail, and the objects of attention are so numerous, as to seem, at first view, extremely intricate, we find from experience, that where the perceptions are quick and accurate, none of those various branches escape attention. And as whatever has been an object of attention makes an impression on the memory, even when the parts of the business are multiplied and intricate, we shall find, that where the perceptions have been cultivated; as above described, it seldom happens that any are neglected or forgotten.”

Essay III. examines the effects, resulting from a peculiar direction of attention, on the power of imagination, and in producing the emotions of taste. This dissertation still continues to apply in detail, and to exemplify with considerable felicity, the use of attention; especially in forming the taste and empowering the fancy. To the works of Alison and of Dugald Stewart, many ob-

ligations are displayed and acknowledged. A certain tautology of sentiment, a disposition to repeat and re-echo the same fundamental propositions, accompanied indeed with new illustrations, and applied successively to other though parallel cases, but varied rather to the ear than to the intellect, forms the characteristic of Miss Hamilton's manner. She makes sentences as it were with a multiplying glass; every new facet shifts the position, or alters the dimension, or exhibits a reverse of the thing seen: yet the crowd of objects is merely ideal, and consists but in a polygraphic delineation of the one something to which its focus was first directed.

In the fourth Essay, Miss H. designs to combat the propensity to magnify the idea of self. The dialect of English metaphysics has not a convenient substitute for the French manner of using the word *egotism*. In its primary or proper signification, it implies an excessive use of the pronoun *I*, (in Latin, *ego*,) which, both in conversation and in letter-writing, is a natural but an unpolite practice. In its secondary or metaphoric sense, it designates an excessive regard for self, an arrogance of claim on a person's own behalf, which oversteps the limits of equity. If a man be too much occupied, and loudly occupied, about himself and his own concerns, he is guilty of egotism. It is against this fault that the present writer anxiously inveighs: she justly observes that the propensity to magnify the idea of self is distinct from selfishness and self-love; and that more of vanity than of interestedness is often mixed up with the failing. Like all the inherent tendencies of human nature, egotism has often a beneficial as well as an injurious operation; and the object of the present instructress is to teach not its extirpation, but its regulation. It is to be counteracted by exercising ourselves in magnifying the idea of others, and in giving a preference of attention to the claims not connected with self. These counsels are developed and detailed in a fifth essay, which is entitled an *Inquiry into the Means appointed by Providence for the Development and Cultivation of the Benevolent Affections*. It is divided into eight chapters, which constitute the mass of the second volume, and are terminated by a concluding summary, which attains a high degree of pious and religious fervour.

Great as is the merit of this long composition, we may not conceal from our readers that it exhibits an inclination to prolixity. Every thing is spun out; and to make a little staple of argument supply the longest possible thread of discourse seems to be the aim and ambition of the spinner. Paley's Natural Theology is a miracle of amplification: but here, with less of exemplary fact, and chiefly by the resources of methodical subdivisions, and of a

diction which may emphatically be called *prosing*, because it studiously shuns the picturesque or brilliant colouring of poetic eloquence, a larger succession of sheets is thickened into a heavy book. Were we employed to distil back to its essence this fluid mass, and to separate those elemental ideas which are here diluted and accommodated to the thirst of the multitude, we should observe that the first volume is employed to enforce the duty of *attention*; that the second is made to enforce the duty of diverting that attention *from self*; and that the pith, the substance, and the result of the whole, may consequently best be expressed and condensed in these two emphatic words : MIND OTHERS.

The study of works on female education may expediently be recommended not only to the mother but to the daughter. They inspire docility, and prepare superintendence. Indeed, it is not to the female world alone that they are likely to be useful : since commonly, as here, they contain a multitude of sage, benevolent, and familiar exhortations, practically sound and elegantly phrased, which are adapted not merely to be read in the parlour but to be proclaimed from the pulpit ; which on the week-day would instruct, and on the Sunday would properly amuse.

ORIGINAL.

History of the Expedition under the command of Captains Lewis and Clark, to the sources of the Missouri, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the River Columbia to the Pacific Ocean. Performed during the years 1804—5—6. By order of the government of the United States. Prepared for the press by Paul Allen, Esquire. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1814.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting in the narrative of the adventures of men, who, leaving the circle of civilized life, and cultivated nature, traverse unknown seas on a voyage of discovery, or break their way through the unvisited deserts of a continent, exploring the hidden sources of some immense river, or penetrating to the remote confines of an exterior ocean. The strange perils that continually await them, the privations, hardships, and suffering they are exposed to, and the fund of courage and fortitude necessary to encounter and surmount them, make them appear to us in the light of champions and heroes. We feel a deep concern in their personal safety ; are astonished at their fortunate escapes from apparently inevitable fatalities, and are filled with admiration at their enterprising spirit and persevering energy, while at the same time our curiosity is gratified, by the development of new views and traits of nature, and of her children.

We do not recollect any expedition of the kind more happily calculated to produce the effects above described, or which reflects more credit and honour on the adventurers than the one of which we now propose to give a brief account. Our object is not so much to attempt a criticism on the work, as to give a concise analysis of it for such of our readers as have not an opportunity of perusing the original, and for such as are desirous of becoming acquainted with the most remarkable places and incidents, without having leisure or perseverance to accompany our indefatigable travellers through all the intermediate stages and minute details of their long journey.

Mr. Jefferson, in his brief memoir of Captain Lewis, prefixed to these volumes, explains the motive and object of the expedition. In the year 1803, he remarks, the act of Congress for establishing trading houses with the Indian tribes being about to expire, some modifications were recommended by a confidential message of the president, and an extension of its views to the Indians of the Missouri. In order to prepare the way, it was proposed to send an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source; to cross the Rocky Mountains, and follow the best water communication that offered itself from thence to the Pacific ocean. This plan meeting with the approbation of congress, measures were accordingly adopted for carrying it into execution. Captain Lewis, who had been private secretary to Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to take the direction of the enterprise, and Captain Clarke was associated with him as second in command.

The party consisted of nine young men from Kentucky, fourteen soldiers of the United States' army who volunteered their services, two French watermen, an interpreter and a hunter, and a black man belonging to Captain Clarke. In addition to these, were seven soldiers and nine watermen, who were to accompany them only as far as the Mandan villages.

We can attempt at present only a mere sketch of the journey, touching on the principal events, and detailing a few of the most curious and interesting particulars.

On the 14th of May, 1804, the party began their journey, and entered the mouth of the Missouri with five boats, carrying with them a large supply of goods, and articles of different descriptions, intended as presents to be distributed among the various tribes of Indians they expected to meet with inhabiting the vast regions that separate the Mississippi from the Pacific. We all remember the Osages; the chieftains of which nation visited the principal cities of the United States ten or twelve years ago. They dwell on the banks of the Osage river, which discharges itself into the Missouri in about 133 miles from its mouth. This is the first tribe of Indians of which our travellers speak, and as the tradition of their origin is an instance of allegorical history somewhat curious and amusing, we shall select it as our first extract: we say allegorical, because it appears to be descriptive of the manner in

which a small obscure tribe became a powerful nation by emigration and alliance with another.

"In person the Osages are among the largest and best formed Indians, and are said to possess fine military capacities; but residing as they do in villages, and having made considerable advance in agriculture, they seem less addicted to war than their northern neighbours, to whom the use of rifles gives a great superiority. Among the peculiarities of this people, there is nothing more remarkable than the tradition relative to their origin. According to universal belief, the founder of the nation was a snail passing a quiet existence along the banks of the Osage, till a high flood swept him down to the Missouri, and left him exposed on the shore. The heat of the sun at length ripened him into a man; but with the change of his nature he had not forgotten his native seats on the Osage, towards which he immediately bent his way. He was, however, soon overtaken by hunger and fatigue, when happily the Great Spirit appeared, and giving him a bow and arrow showed him how to kill and cook deer, and cover himself with the skin. He then proceeded to his original residence, but as he approached the river, he was met by a beaver, who inquired haughtily who he was, and by what authority he came to disturb his possession. The Osage answered that the river was his own, for he had once lived on its borders. As they stood disputing, the daughter of the beaver came, and having by her entreaties reconciled her father to this young stranger, it was proposed that the Osage should marry the young beaver, and share with her family the enjoyment of the river. The Osage readily consented, and from this happy union there soon came the village and the nation of the Wasbasha, or Osages, who have ever since preserved a pious reverence for their ancestors, abstaining from the chase of the beaver, because in killing that animal, they killed a brother of the Osage. Of late years, however, since the trade with the whites has rendered beaver skins more valuable, the sanctity of these maternal relatives has visibly reduced, and the poor animals have nearly lost all the privileges of kindred." Vol. I. p. 8, 9.

After passing the Great Bend of the Missouri, and holding a very solemn and ceremonious council with the Ricara Indians, by whom they are treated with great kindness and hospitality, the party arrive among the old Mandan villages, the remains of which are scattered along each side of the river within a space of twen-

ty miles : almost all that remains of them is the surrounding wall, the fallen heaps of earth which covered the houses, and here and there human skulls, and the teeth and bones of men and different animals, which lay scattered over the surface of the ground—the melancholy vestiges of savage warfare ; for it seems that the Sioux, the various tribes of which great and warlike nation inhabit both sides of the Missouri under different names, drove the Mandans from their villages, and compelled them to retire forty miles higher up the river : instances of this kind frequently occur, and evince the instability of the Indian nations. The original seats of the Sioux were on the Mississippi, but they have gradually spread themselves abroad, and are now subdivided into numerous tribes, some of which still remain on the Mississippi, and all of them maintaining an intercourse and communication with each other.

It was in the neighbourhood of the present settlement of the Mandans, that our travellers found themselves under the necessity of suspending their journey on account of the increasing severity of the season, and of providing themselves with winter-quarters on the banks of the river. After some trouble in restoring peace and a good understanding between the Mandans and Ricaras, the latter of whom were continually instigated by the implacable Sioux to continue their hostilities with the former, the winter-quarters were completed, and the fort piqueted in, so that on Christmas day the flag of the United States was hoisted for the first time in these regions, and the day was passed in great festivity. The country abounding in buffalo, the principal difficulty in supplying themselves with provisions was, the severity of the cold and the depth of the snow, which occasionally subjected them to great sufferings, and often rendered it impracticable for the hunters to bring in the game they had killed. Being in the latitude of between 47° and 48° , the mercury was sometimes 30 and 40 degrees below zero, and the snow eighteen inches deep. The Indians hunt the buffalo on horseback with bows and arrows. Having encircled a herd, they gradually drive them into a plain, and then dashing in among them, discharge their arrows, till, by repeated strokes, they have inflicted the mortal wound, and killed the requisite number ; when the game being collected, the attend-

ants and squaws come up from the rear, and skin and dress the animals.

It has frequently been remarked, that the Indians, when they visit our cities and towns, discover or affect a great degree of indifference to the innumerable novelties that present themselves on every side. It is well known, however, that this is the case only upon their first arrival, and especially if their reception is formal and attended with parade, as we remember was the case with the Creeks and Osages. They consider it then as undignified, and unbecoming the solemnity of the occasion, to be gazing about, and suffering their attention to be diverted by objects in which they have no immediate interest. Their pride, too, at that moment, represses their curiosity, because they seem to be aware that too much wonder will expose their ignorance, and be too manifest an acknowledgment of their own inferiority. As soon, however, as all formalities are over, they then indulge their natural feelings, and evince as much curiosity and surprise as man is susceptible of in any situation whatever. The volumes now before us abound with instances of the activity of these feelings and emotions among the untutored inhabitants of the Missouri, the Rocky Mountains, and the Columbia. Among the Mandans, where the party wintered, the tools and operations of the blacksmith, in particular, excited the greatest curiosity and surprise; but what most attracted the attention and raised the astonishment of the Indians generally along the whole course of the Missouri, was Capt. Clarke's servant-man, York, a remarkably stout, athletic negro, around whom they flocked, and examined as a most extraordinary monster. Being something of a wag, for the sake of a little amusement, he told them that he had been a wild animal in the woods, and had been caught and tamed by his master; and then assuming an air of ferocity, he exhibited some feats of strength which made him appear to them really terrible.

It was the remark of an ancient philosopher, that were any one to be carried up into the heavens, he would be transported by the beauty and grandeur of the spectacle; but that his admiration and rapture would soon be succeeded by the most poignant regret, that he had no companion to share with him his delight: such, he adds, is the desire we feel to communicate to others the

strong emotions raised in our souls. The simple children of the wilderness, of whom we are now speaking, gave evidence that this is indeed a feeling inherent in human nature. In several instances, during the journey, as the travellers were about proceeding on their route, after a short halt, Capt. Lewis was importuned in the most urgent and anxious manner by some of the Indians who had come a little distance from the river, to delay their departure a little while, till the arrival of their wives and children, who were on their way from the village, in order that they might share with them the pleasure of having their curiosity gratified by a sight of the strangers, and particularly of the black man, whom they considered as a great medicine, the meaning of which will be presently explained.

There is something so whimsical in the religion of the Mandans, that we cannot take leave of them without giving the following account of it from the volume.

“The whole religion of the Mandans consists in the belief of one great spirit presiding over their destinies. This being must be in the nature of a good genius, since it is associated with the healing art, and the great spirit is synonymous with great medicine, a name also applied to every thing which they do not comprehend. Each individual selects for himself the particular object of his devotion, which is termed his medicine, and is either some invisible being, or, more commonly, some animal, which thenceforward becomes his protector or his intercessor with the great spirit; to propitiate whom every attention is lavished, and every personal consideration is sacrificed. ‘I was lately owner of seventeen horses,’ said a Mandan to us one day, ‘but I have offered them all up to my medicine, and am now poor.’ He had, in reality, taken all his wealth, his horses, into the plain, and turning them loose committed them to the care of his medicine, and abandoned them for ever. The horses, less religious, took care of themselves, and the pious votary travelled home on foot. Their belief in a future state is connected with this tradition of their origin: the whole nation resided in one large village under ground near a subterraneous lake: a grape-vine extended its roots down to their habitation, and gave them a view of the light: some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine, and were delighted with the sight of the earth, which they found covered with buffalo, and rich with every kind of fruits: returning with the grapes they had gathered, their countrymen were so pleased with

the taste of them that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region; men, women, and children, ascended by means of the vine; but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a corpulent woman, who was clambering up the vine, broke it with her weight, and closed upon herself and the rest of the nation the light of the sun. Those who were left on earth made a village below, where we saw the nine villages; and when the Maudans die, they expect to return to the original seats of their forefathers: the good reaching the ancient village by means of the lake, which the burden of the sins of the wicked will not enable them to cross." Vol. I. p. 138, 139.

The winter being over, and the river clear of ice, the party prepared to quit their encampment the beginning of April. They, in the first place, dismissed the fifteen additional soldiers and watermen, who were intended to accompany them no farther, and then embarking in six small canoes and two Perogues, to the number of thirty persons, continued their journey up the river. At the Mandan village, Captain Lewis had been so fortunate as to engage in his service, as an interpreter, a Canadian Frenchman, who had been among the Chayenne Indians on the Black mountains. His wife, with an infant at her breast, was a squaw, belonging to the tribe of Shoshonees, or Snake Indians, at the sources of the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains: she had been taken prisoner by the Minatarees when young, by whom she had been sold as a slave to her present husband, who had brought her up, and afterwards married her; as it was expected that the travellers, in the course of their route through the mountains, would meet with her nation, it was thought she would prove serviceable as an interpreter, and in conciliating the good will of her countrymen.

On the eighth day, they passed the remains of two recent encampments, which, from the hoops of small kegs found in them, they had reason to conclude had been used by the Assinniboin, as they are the only Indians on the Missouri who use spirituous liquors. They obtain it from the British company of traders, who have a factory on the Assinniboin river, about 150 miles to the north. They are so passionately fond of it, and so far from considering drunkenness as disgraceful, that the women and children are invited and permitted to join in the revels of brutal intoxi-

cation with their husbands and fathers. How disgraceful to civilized man, that, for the sake of a little profitable traffick, he should thus infuse a cruel poison into the veins of these untutored sons of the desert, withering all the hardy energies of their nature, and almost extinguishing in their breasts every latent principle of humanity.

Of the nature and products of the country through which the party was now passing, the following passage will afford, for the present, a sufficient description.

"We had travelled twenty-six miles through a country similar to that of yesterday, except that there were greater appearances of burnt hills, furnishing large quantities of lava and pumicestone, of the last of which we observed some pieces floating down the river, as we had previously done, as low as the Little Missouri. In all the copses of wood are the remains of the Assinniboin encampments; around us are great quantities of game, such as herds of buffalo, elk, antelopes, some deer and wolves, the tracks of bears, a curlue was also seen, and we obtained three beaver, the flesh of which is more relished by the men than any other food which we have. Just before we encamped we saw some tracks of Indians, who had passed twenty-four hours before, and left four rafts, and whom we supposed to be a band of Assinniboins, on their return from the war against the Indians on the Rocky Mountains." Vol. I. p. 190.

"The hills of the Missouri near this place exhibit large, irregular, broken masses of rocks and stones, some of which, although two hundred feet above the water, seem at some remote period to have been subject to its influence, being apparently worn smooth by the agitation of the water. These rocks and stones consist of white and gray granite, a brittle black rock, flint, limestone, freestone, some small specimens of an excellent pebble, and, occasionally, broken stratas of a black coloured stone like petrified wood, which make good whetstones. The usual appearances of coal, or carbonated wood, and pumicestone still continue, the coal being of a better quality, and when burnt affords a hot and lasting fire, emitting very little smoke or flame. There are large herds of deer, elk, buffalo, and antelopes in view of us: the buffalo are not so shy as the rest, for they suffer us to approach within one hundred yards before they run, and then stop and resume their pasture at a very short distance. The wolves to-day pursued a herd of them, and at length caught a calf that was unable to keep up with the

rest ; the mothers on these occasions defending their young as long as they can retreat as fast as the herd, but seldom returning any distance to seek for them." Vol. I. p. 193, 194.

By the beginning of May, they had ascended as high as Milk River, which they so called from the peculiar whiteness of the water, such as might be produced by a table spoonfull of milk in a dish of tea. The woods were now green, and the country on both sides of the Missouri abounded with herds of buffalo, deer, elk, antelopes, and of wolves, their constant attendants. The trees exhibited frequent instances of the enterprise and industry of the beaver ; and one tree, of nearly three feet in diameter, was seen completely gnawed through by these persevering animals. In another spot their ravages were so extensive, that the timber was prostrated for a space of three acres in front on the river and one in depth, and a great part of the trees had been removed, although some of them were as thick as the body of a man. The Indians had given them dreadful accounts of the strength and ferocity of the brown or grizzly bear, and they soon had an opportunity of realizing the description. In an encounter with two of these furious beasts, Captain Lewis was pursued by one of them after being wounded, a considerable distance before he could reload his rifle, when a shot from the hunter who accompanied him brought him to the ground. The wonderful tenacity of life in these animals, added to their immense size, renders them extremely formidable. Nothing but a shot through the brains will stop their career, and this is a very difficult operation, on account of two large muscles which cover the side of the forehead, and the sharp projection of the centre of the frontal bone, which is also very thick. The following instances will more particularly display the nature and character of these lords of the Missouri.

"About five in the afternoon one of our men who had been afflicted with biles, and suffered to walk on shore, came running to the boats with loud cries and every symptom of terror and distress : for some time after we had taken him on board he was so much out of breath as to be unable to describe the cause of his anxiety, but he at length told us that about a mile and a half below he had shot a brown bear, which immediately turned and was in close pursuit of him ; but the bear being

badly wounded could not overtake him. Captain Lewis with seven men immediately went in search of him, and having found his track followed him by the blood for a mile, and found him concealed in some thick brushwood, and shot him with two balls through the skull. Though somewhat smaller than that killed a few days ago, he was a monstrous animal, and a most terrible enemy : our man had shot him through the centre of the lungs, yet he had pursued him furiously for half a mile, then returned more than twice that distance, and with his talons had prepared himself a bed in the earth two feet deep and five feet long, and was perfectly alive when they found him, which was at least two hours after he received the wound." Vol. I. p. 214.

" Towards evening the men in the hindmost canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river : six of them, all good hunters, immediately went to attack him, and concealing themselves by a small eminence came unperceived within forty paces of him : four of the hunters now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs : the furious animal sprang up and ran openmouthed upon them ; as he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which breaking his shoulder retarded his motion for a moment ; but before they could reload he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and before they reached it he had almost overtaken them : two jumped into the canoe ; the other four separated, and concealing themselves in the willows fired as fast as each could reload : they struck him several times, but instead of weakening the monster each shot seemed only to direct him towards the hunter, till at last he pursued two of them so closely, that they threw aside their guns and pouches, and jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river ; the bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot him in the head and finally killed him : they dragged him to the shore, and found that eight balls had passed through him in different directions ; the bear was old and the meat tough, so that they took the skin only, and rejoined us at camp." Vol. I. p. 216, 217.

They now passed the Muscle Shell River, which, the Indians informed them, takes its rise in the first chain of the Rocky Mountains, and a few days afterwards, Captain Lewis, having ascended a lofty hill on the north side of the Missouri, caught a distant view of their snowy summits ; the object of their long cherished hopes, and the reward of half their toils. The country had now become

desert and barren; no timber was to be seen, but some thinly scattered pine, spruce, and dwarf cedar on the summits, or along the sides of hills, and the appearance of coal, burnt earth, pumice-stone, and quartz, was frequent and abundant. But after advancing a few miles, the country assumed a totally different aspect: the hills retired from both sides of the river, which now expanded itself to three times its former breadth, interspersed with beautiful islands, covered with cotton wood. The low grounds appeared to be rich and fertile; the hills, of diminished size, opened into three broad valleys, extending to the north, and exhibiting all the beauties of vegetation, enhanced by the contrast of the dreary wilds they had just passed, in emerging from the last ridges of the black mountains.

A natural curiosity soon afterwards presented itself, so vast and picturesque in its scenery, that nothing less than the full description, extracted literally from the journal, can do justice to the subject.

"At nine miles we came to a high wall of black rock rising from the water's edge on the south, above the cliffs of the river: this continued about a quarter of a mile, and was succeeded by a high, open plain, till three miles farther a second wall, two hundred feet high, rose on the same side. Three miles further a wall of the same kind, about two hundred feet high and twelve in thickness, appeared to the north: these hills and river cliffs exhibit a most extraordinary and romantic appearance: they rise in most places nearly perpendicular from the water, to the height of between two and three hundred feet, and are formed of very white sandstone, so soft as to yield readily to the impression of water, in the upper part of which lie imbedded two or three thin horizontal stratas of white freestone insensible to the rain, and on the top is a dark rich loam, which forms a gradually ascending plain, from a mile to a mile and a half in extent, when the hills again rise abruptly to the height of about three hundred feet more. In trickling down the cliffs, the water has worn the soft sandstone into a thousand grotesque figures, among which, with a little fancy, may be discerned elegant ranges of freestone buildings, with columns variously sculptured, and supporting long and elegant galleries, while the parapets are adorned with statuary: on a nearer approach they represent every form of elegant ruins; columns, some with pedestals and capitals entire, others mutilated and prostrate, and some rising pyramidally over each other till

they terminate in a sharp point. These are varied by niches, alcoves, and the customary appearances of desolated magnificence: the illusion is increased by the number of martins, who have built their globular nests in the niches, and hover over these columns; as in our country they are accustomed to frequent large stone structures. As we advance there seems no end to the visionary enchantment which surrounds us. In the midst of this fantastic scenery are vast ranges of walls, which seem the productions of art, so regular is the workmanship: they rise perpendicularly from the river, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, varying in thickness from one to twelve feet, being equally broad at the top and below. The stones of which they are formed are black, thick, and durable, and composed of a large portion of earth, intermixed and cemented with a small quantity of sand, and a considerable proportion of talk or quartz. These stones are almost invariably regular parallelipeds of unequal sizes in the wall, but equally deep, and laid regularly in ranges over each other like bricks, each breaking and covering the interstice of the two on which it rests; but though the perpendicular interstice be destroyed, the horizontal one extends entirely through the whole work: the stones, too, are proportioned to the thickness of the wall in which they are employed, being largest in the thickest walls. The thinner walls are composed of a single depth of the paralleliped, while the thicker ones consist of two or more depths: these walls pass the river at several places, rising from the water's edge much above the sandstone bluffs which they seem to penetrate; thence they cross in a straight line on either side of the river, the plains over which they tower to the height of from ten to seventy feet, until they lose themselves in the second range of hills: sometimes they run parallel in several ranges near to each other, sometimes intersect each other at right angles, and have the appearance of walls of ancient houses or gardens." Vol. I. p. 238, 239.

Continuing their ascent up the stream, they arrived at a point where a large river, running from the north, formed a junction with the Missouri; and it now became a business of much importance, to ascertain which of these two streams is the river which the Minatree Indians call Ahmateahza, or Missouri, and which they described as approaching very near the great river (now called the Columbia) running into the Pacific ocean. The consequence of mistaking their route at this immense distance from the commencement of their journey, they being now two thousand five hundred

miles from the mouth of the Missouri, it was apprehended, would prove fatal to the great purpose of the expedition. Should they unfortunately pursue the wrong branch of these confluent streams, and of course be obliged to return, it was feared that the travelling season might be over, and their men become too much disheartened to render that active and zealous support, which they had hitherto afforded their leaders. It was determined, therefore, to detach two parties in order to explore both branches, while others were sent out to penetrate the country, and endeavour to discover, from the rising grounds, the bearings of the two streams. Captains Lewis and Clarke, in the mean time, ascended together some high grounds at the fork of the rivers, and the following is a short description of the prospect which opened to their view.

“We had a very extensive prospect of the surrounding country : on every side it was spread into one vast plain covered with verdure, in which innumerable herds of buffalo were roaming, attended by their enemies the wolves : some flocks of elk also were seen, and the solitary antelopes were scattered with their young over the face of the plain. To the south was a range of lofty mountains, which we supposed to be a continuation of the South mountain, stretching themselves from southeast to northwest, and terminating abruptly about southwest from us. These were partially covered with snow ; but at a great distance behind them was a more lofty ridge completely covered with snow, which seemed to follow the same direction as the first, reaching from west to the north of northwest, where their snowy tops were blended with the horizon. The direction of the rivers could not however be long distinguished, as they were soon lost in the extent of the plain.” Vol. I. p. 243.

Great doubt and anxiety still remaining on the subject, Captains Lewis and Clarke deemed it expedient to take upon themselves the business of personally exploring the uncertain streams. Each being accompanied with a party of five men, they set out and extended their researches up both rivers, for several days, to a considerable distance. The result of Captain Lewis's observations was, that the stream to the north was not the true Missouri, and it was therefore determined to pursue the southern branch until they should reach either the mountains or the falls, the latter of which

had been described to them by the Indians below. Captain Lewis therefore set out the next morning with a small advance party, leaving the rest with Captain Clarke, employed in preparing, what the Missouri traders call *Caches* or hiding holes, for depositing their heavy baggage until their homeward journey.

On the third day after his departure Captain Lewis had the sublime gratification of discovering, and of being the first to behold, the magnificent scene which is thus described :

“ In this direction Captain Lewis had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water, and as he advanced, a spray which seemed driven by the high southwest wind arose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Towards this point he directed his steps, and the noise increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri. Having travelled seven miles after first hearing the sound, he reached the falls about twelve o'clock ; the hills as he approached were difficult of access, and two hundred feet high : down these he hurried with impatience, and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object, which since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert, unknown to civilization.

“ The river immediately at its cascade is three hundred yards wide, and is pressed in by a perpendicular cliff on the left, which rises to about one hundred feet, and extends up the stream for a mile ; on the right, the bluff is also perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or a hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice of at least eighty feet. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself with a more rapid current, but being received as it falls by the irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below, forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation. This spray is dissipated into a thousand shapes, sometimes flying up in columns of fifteen or twenty feet, which are then oppressed by larger masses of the white foam, on all which the sun impresses the brightest colours of the rainbow.

“ From the falls he directed his course southwest up the river : after passing one continued rapid, and three small cascades, each three or

four feet high, he reached, at the distance of five miles, a second fall. The river is about four hundred yards wide, and for the distance of three hundred throws itself over to the depth of nineteen feet, and so irregularly that he gave it the name of the Crooked Falls. From the southern shore it extends obliquely upwards about one hundred and fifty yards, and then forms an acute angle downwards nearly to the commencement of four small islands close to the northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards, the water glides down a sloping rock with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall. Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward: while viewing this place Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and crossing the point of a hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature: the whole Missouri is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile. Over this it precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet to the perpendicular depth of fifty feet, whence, dashing against the rocky bottom, it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presented was indeed singularly beautiful, since, without any of the wild, irregular sublimity of the lower falls, it combined all the regular elegancies which the fancy of a painter would select to form a beautiful waterfall. The eye had scarcely been regaled with this charming prospect, when, at the distance of half a mile, Captain Lewis observed another of a similar kind: to this he immediately hastened, and found a cascade stretching across the whole river for a quarter of a mile with a descent of fourteen feet, though the perpendicular pitch was only six feet. This, too, in any other neighbourhood, would have been an object of great magnificence, but after what he had just seen it became of secondary interest: his curiosity being however awakened, he determined to go on, even should night overtake him, to the head of the falls. He therefore pursued the southwest course of the river, which was one constant succession of rapids and small cascades, at every one of which the bluffs grew lower, or the bed of the river became more on a level with the plains. At the distance of two and a half miles he arrived at another cataract of twenty-six feet. The river is here six hundred yards wide, but the descent is not immediately perpendicular, though the river falls generally with a regular and smooth sheet; for about one third of the descent a rock protrudes to a small distance, receives the water in its passage, and gives it a curve. On the south side is a beau-

tiful plain, a few feet above the level of the falls; on the north the country is more broken, and there is a hill not far from the river. Just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river well covered with timber. Here, on a cottonwood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it, and which is further secured by the mist rising from the falls. This solitary bird could not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls, which now proves to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height." Vol. I. p. 260—264.

The rapids and cascades above the falls extend in one continued series to the distance of about seven miles, two and a half miles above which, the Medicine River, one hundred and thirty-seven yards in width, descending from the northwest, forms a junction with the Missouri, and the united streams are then hurried and precipitated adown the rapids, falls, and cascades, in one continued series of from twelve to fourteen miles, making a descent of three hundred and fifty-two feet in that distance: the scene is the most wild and romantic of the kind, that can be imagined. The river, which is fourteen hundred yards wide, at the head of the rapids, is compressed into half that width in its first descent; it then approaches a precipice of forty-eight feet high, over which it pitches with a contracted current of four hundred and seventy-three yards; then recovering itself, it flows on with a more gradual descent, till it approaches the great cataract, when, gathering strength from its confined channel, which is now only two hundred and eighty yards wide, it rushes over the fall to the depth of eighty-eight feet.

It became necessary now to have recourse to a portage of eighteen miles, from the bottom of the rapids below the falls, to the head of the rapids and cascades above. For this purpose the canoes were hauled on shore, a part of the baggage deposited in a *Cache*, and carriages were made with truck wheels to transport the remainder, together with the canoes. In this manner they proceeded to travel across the land with great difficulty and fatigue, till they arrived near an island in the river, which they called White Bear Island, and where they encamped.

Since their arrival at the falls, they had repeatedly heard a strange thundering noise proceeding from the mountains. It was heard at different periods of the day and night; sometimes when the air was still and the sky clear, and consisted of one stroke only, or of five or six reports in quick succession like the discharge of a six pounder at about three miles distance. The Minataree Indians had frequently spoken of this noise like thunder, which they said the mountains made, and some of the watermen of the party also said, that the Pawnees and Ricaras gave the same account of a noise heard in the Black Mountains to the westward of them. The watermen had a notion that these noises were occasioned by the bursting of the rich and ripe mines of silver in the bosom of the mountains.

Having constructed some additional canoes to carry the baggage, instead of the large boat they had been obliged to abandon at the portage, they resumed their journey, and soon afterwards came to the entrance of a beautiful river, winding through a charming valley, in which numerous herds of buffalo were feeding, and which, in honour of the secretary of the navy, they called Smith's River.

They had now entered within the first ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and became very anxious to meet with the Shoshonees, or Snake Indians, for the purpose of obtaining from them the necessary information as to the course they were to pursue in order to fall in with some of the branches of the Columbia. Captain Clarke therefore set out by land with three men, and followed the course of the river, on the north side, while the rest, under the direction of Captain Lewis, continued to urge their way up the stream, when their astonishment was excited by a display of natural scenery of the most grand and majestic description.

"For more than thirteen miles we went along the numerous bends of the river, and then reached two small islands; three and three quarter miles beyond which is a small creek in a bend to the left, above a small island on the right side of the river. We were regaled about ten o'clock, P. M. with a thunder-storm of rain and hail, which lasted for an hour, but during the day in this confined valley, through which we are passing, the heat is almost insupportable; yet whenever we obtain a glimpse of the lofty tops of the mountains we

are tantalized with a view of the snow. These mountains have their sides and summits partially varied with little copses of pine, cedar, and balsam fir. A mile and a half beyond this creek the rocks approach the river on both sides, forming a most sublime and extraordinary spectacle. For five and three quarter miles these rocks rise perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of nearly twelve hundred feet. They are composed of a black granite near its base, but from its lighter colour above, and from the fragments, we suppose the upper part to be flint of a yellowish brown and cream colour. Nothing can be imagined more tremendous than the frowning darkness of these rocks, which project over the river and menace us with destruction. The river, of one hundred and fifty yards in width, seems to have forced its channel down this solid mass, but so reluctantly has it given way that during the whole distance the water is very deep even at the edges, and for the first three miles there is not a spot except one of a few yards, in which a man could stand between the water and the towering perpendicular of the mountain: the convulsion of the passage must have been terrible, since at its outlet there are vast columns of rock torn from the mountain which are strewed on both sides of the river, the trophies as it were of the victory. Several fine springs burst out from the chasms of the rock, and contribute to increase the river, which has now a strong current, but very fortunately we are able to overcome it with our oars, since it would be impossible to use either the cord or the pole. We were obliged to go on some time after dark, not being able to find a spot large enough to encamp on, but at length, about two miles above a small island in the middle of the river, we met with a spot on the left side, where we procured plenty of lightwood and pitchpine. This extraordinary range of rocks we called the gates of the Rocky Mountains. We had made twenty-two miles, and four and a quarter miles from the entrance of the gates. The mountains are higher to-day than they were yesterday. We saw some big-horns, a few antelopes and beaver, but since entering the mountains have found no buffalo: the otter are however in great plenty: the mosquitoes have become less troublesome than they were." Vol. I. p. 310, 311.

Two days after passing through these tremendous adamantine gates, they were delighted to find that the Indian woman Sacajawea, the wife of the interpreter, began to recognise her native country, and their spirits were cheered by being told by her, that the three forks of the Missouri were at no great distance. No

Indians had as yet made their appearance, but the flags were kept hoisted in the canoes to apprise the natives, in case they should be seen, that they were white men, and friendly. Captain Clarke and his small detachment, still proceeding on shore in advance, continued to explore the mountains and valleys in the vicinity of the river with the hope of meeting with the Indians; nothing however could be discovered but some tracks of horses, and here and there an Indian path. The difficulty of ascending the stream struggling through the rocky passes of the mountains, became very great, on account of the rapidity of the current, and the frequent rapids and obstructions in the channel; and the men, by their unremitting exertions, were every day losing their strength. On the 28th of July, however, they reached the place where the Missouri divides itself into three branches; the two largest of which being each ninety yards wide, and so perfectly similar in character and appearance, that it became impossible to decide which was the greater or the real Missouri. They were induced to discontinue for the present the name of Missouri, and gave to the southwest branch the name of Jefferson, in honour of the projector of the expedition; the middle branch they called Madison River, after the secretary of state, and the other, which was a little below, they named Gallatin River. These rivers run with great rapidity, and throw out large volumes of water; their beds are formed of smooth pebble and gravel, and their waters are perfectly transparent.

Captain Lewis still continuing with his exploring party to make excursions in various directions, and by ascending the high grounds, to make observations as to the course and bearings of the streams, finally concluded that the middle river was the most likely to lead them to the country of the Shoshonees. This stream they therefore began to ascend; and for upwards of one hundred and fifty miles continued to struggle with all the various difficulties incident to ripples, reefs, and shallows, which they encountered at every two or three hundred yards; at the former of which they were obliged to haul the canoes along with ropes, and at the latter places to drag them over the sand and stones with the greatest labour. The hunters were continually sent out in search of deer and antelopes, and were seldom unsuccessful.

ful. They were sometimes, however, led off so far in the chase as to lose their way for several days, and in one instance one of them was absent for fifteen days before he was able to rejoin his companions. Geese and ducks were frequently seen, but difficult to procure, and the fruit they generally found were currants of every colour, goose and service berries. The banks of the river were in many places covered with rose bushes and briars, but so little timber was to be met with, that often when they encamped to cook their food, they were obliged to use willow branches for fuel.

Repeated endeavours were now made, by sending out detachments, to discover the Indians, who, they began to imagine, had got alarmed at the firing of the guns, and had retired farther into the mountains from an apprehension that their old enemies, the Minatarees, were approaching. Captain Lewis with two of the hunters proceeded in advance through the wide bottom along the left bank of the river, and soon afterwards fell in with an Indian road or horse path leading towards a point where the river entered the mountain. This they followed for about fifteen miles, till they reached a level valley, which finally expanded into a beautiful and spacious plain about ten miles long and six in width, surrounded on all sides by gently waving hills, intersected by several little rivulets from the mountains, each bordered by a wide meadow. The whole prospect was bounded by these mountains, which nearly surrounded it, so as to form a beautiful cove sixteen or eighteen miles in diameter. The interesting scene which soon after occurred is thus related in the original.

"Captain Lewis again proceeded on early, but had the mortification to find that the track which he followed yesterday soon disappeared. He determined, therefore, to go on to the narrow gate or pass of the river which he had seen from the camp, in hopes of being able to recover the Indian path. For this purpose he waded across the river, which was now about twelve yards wide, and barred in several places by the dams of the beaver, and then went straight forward to the pass, sending one man along the river to his left, and another on the right, with orders to search for the road, and if they found it to let him know by raising a hat on the muzzle of their guns. In this order they went along for about five miles, when Captain Lewis perceived,

with the greatest delight a man on horseback at the distance of two miles coming down the plain towards them. On examining him with the glass, Captain Lewis saw that he was of a different nation from any Indians we had hitherto met: he was armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows; mounted on an elegant horse without a saddle, and a small string attached to the under jaw answered as a bridle. Convinced that he was a Shoshonee, and knowing how much of our success depended on the friendly offices of that nation, Captain Lewis was full of anxiety to approach without alarming him, and endeavour to convince him that he was a white man. He therefore proceeded on towards the Indian at his usual pace: when they were within a mile of each other the Indian suddenly stopt; Captain Lewis immediately followed his example, took his blanket from his knapsack, and holding it with both hands at the two corners, threw it above his head and unfolded it as he brought it to the ground as if in the act of spreading it. This signal, which originates in the practice of spreading a robe or a skin, as a seat for guests to whom they wish to show a distinguished kindness, is the universal sign of friendship among the Indians on the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. As usual, Captain Lewis repeated this signal three times: still the Indian kept his position, and looked with an air of suspicion on Drewyer and Shields, who were now advancing on each side. Captain Lewis was afraid to make any signal for them to halt, lest he should increase the suspicions of the Indian, who began to be uneasy, and they were too distant to hear his voice. He, therefore, took from his pack some beads, a looking-glass, and a few trinkets, which he had brought for the purpose, and leaving his gun, advanced unarmed towards the Indian. He remained in the same position till Captain Lewis came within two hundred yards of him, when he turned his horse and began to move off slowly; Captain Lewis then called out to him, in as loud a voice as he could, repeating the word, *tabba bone!* which in the Shoshonee language means white man; but, looking over his shoulder, the Indian kept his eyes on Drewyer and Shields, who were still advancing, without recollecting the impropriety of doing so at such a moment, till Captain Lewis made a signal to them to halt: this Drewyer obeyed, but Shields did not observe it, and still went forward: seeing Drewyer halt, the Indian turned his horse about as if to wait for captain Lewis, who now reached within one hundred and fifty paces, repeating the word *tabba bone*, and holding up the trinkets in his hand, at the same time stripping up the sleeve of his shirt to show the colour of his skin, the Indian

suffered him to advance within one hundred paces, then suddenly turned his horse, and giving him the whip, leaped across the creek and disappeared in an instant among the willow bushes : with him vanished all the hopes which the sight of him had inspired of a friendly introduction to his countrymen." Vol. I. p. 354—356.

While the main body still persevered in their laborious route up the river, which they had now pursued for two thousand five hundred miles, and which began to grow almost innavigable from its shallowness, Captain Lewis and his two men, for the two following days, continued to reconnoitre the country, in hourly expectation of having a more sociable interview with the natives than at their last rencontre. Horse tracts were frequently seen, and in many places the ground was torn up, as if by the Indians in digging roots. Proceeding on a few miles farther, and still in advance of the boats, though occasionally leaving and again approaching the river, they at length struck into a large plain Indian path winding along the foot of a mountain, and approaching obliquely the main stream.

" The road was still plain, and as it led them directly on towards the mountain the stream gradually became smaller, till, after going two miles, it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. As they went along their hopes of soon seeing the waters of the Columbia arose almost to painful anxiety, when, after four miles from the last abrupt turn of the river, they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains which recede on each side, leaving room for the Indian road. From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest water of the Missouri. They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labours and all their difficulties. They left reluctantly this interesting spot, and pursuing the Indian road through the interval of the hills, arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains

partially covered with snow, still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and, at the distance of three quarters of a mile, reached a handsome bold creek of clear cold water running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia; and after a few minutes followed the road across steep hills and low hollows till they reached a spring on the side of a mountain: here they found a sufficient quantity of dry willow brush for fuel, and therefore halted for the night; and having killed nothing in the course of the day, supped on their last piece of pork, and trusted to fortune for some other food to mix with a little flour and parched meal, which was all that now remained of their provisions." Vol. I. p. 359, 360.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

On the genius and character of Hogarth; with some remarks on a passage in the writings of the late Mr. Barry.

[From the Reflector.]

ONE of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, the *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*, which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall in an old-fashioned house in — shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me, has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer satires, (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with any thing of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in *Timon of Athens*.

I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered "*Shakspeare*:" being asked which he esteemed next best, replied, "*Hogarth*." His graphic representations are indeed books; they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read.

In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the *Timon of Athens* of Shakspeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with

driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The levee of the Rake, which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters, in both.

The concluding scene in the *Rake's Progress* is, perhaps, superior to the last scenes of *Timon*. If we seek for something of kindred excellence in poetry, it must be in the scenes of Lear's beginning madness, where the King, and the Fool, and the Tom-o' Bedlam, conspire to produce such a medley of mirth checked by misery, and misery rebuked by mirth; where the society of those "strange bed-fellows," which misfortunes have brought Lear acquainted with, so finely sets forth the destitute state of the monarch, while the lunatic bans of the one, and the disjointed sayings, and wild but pregnant allusions of the other, so wonderfully sympathize with that confusion, which they seem to assist in the production of, in the senses of that "child-changed father."

In the scene in Bedlam, which terminates the *Rake's Progress*, we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. Here is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it must have asked to destroy such a building;—and here is the gradual, hurtless lapse into idiocy, of faculties, which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile. The mad taylor, the poor driveller that has gone out of his wits (and truly he appears to have had no great journey to go to get past their confines) for the love of *Charming Betty Careless*—these half-laughable, scarce-pitiable objects take off from the horror which the principal figure would of itself raise, at the same time that they assist the feeling of the scene by contributing to the general notion of its subject:—

Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
What art, that pleasure giv'et, and pain?
Tyranny of Fancy's reign!
Mechanic Fancy, that can build
Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!

Shapes of horror, that would even
 Cast doubts of mercy upon heaven.
 Shapes of pleasure, that, but seen,
 Would split the shaking sides of spleen.

Is it carrying the spirit of comparison to excess to remark that in the poor kneeling, weeping female, who accompanies her seducer in his sad decay, there is something analogous to Kent, or Caius, as he delights rather to be called, in *Lear*—the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspeare has conceived—who follows his royal master in banishment, that had pronounced *his* banishment, and, forgetful at once of his wrongs and dignities, taking on himself the disguise of a menial, retains his fidelity to the figure, his loyalty to the carcass, the shadow, the shell, and empty husk of Lear?

In the perusal of a book, or of a picture, much of the impression which we receive depends upon the habit of mind which we bring with us to such perusal. The same circumstance may make one person laugh, which shall render another very serious; or in the same person the first impression may be corrected by after-thought. The misemployed, incongruous characters at the *Harlot's Funeral*, on a superficial inspection, provoke to laughter; but when we have sacrificed the first emotion to levity, a very different frame of mind succeeds, or the painter has lost half his purpose. I never look at that wonderful assemblage of depraved beings, who, without a grain of reverence or pity in their perverted minds, are performing the sacred exteriors of duty to the relics of their departed partner in folly, but I am as much moved to sympathy from the very want of it in them, as I should be by the finest representation of a virtuous death-bed surrounded by real mourners, pious children, weeping friends—perhaps more by the very contrast. What reflections does it not awake, of the dreadful heartless state in which the creature (a female too) must have lived, who in death wants the accompaniment of one genuine tear. That wretch who is removing the lid of the coffin to gaze upon the corpse with a face which indicates a perfect negation of all goodness or womanhood—the hypocrite parson and his demure partner—all the fiendish group—to a thoughtful mind present a moral emblem more affecting than if the poor friendless carcass had been depicted as thrown out to the woods, where wolves had assisted at its obsequies, itself furnishing forth its own funeral banquet.

It is easy to laugh at such incongruities as are met together in this picture—incongruous objects being of the very essence of laughter—but surely the laugh is far different in its kind from that thoughtless species to which we are moved by mere farce

and grotesque. We laugh when Ferdinand Count Fathom, at the first sight of the white cliffs of Britain, feels his heart yearn with filial fondness towards the land of his progenitors, which he is coming to fleece and plunder—we smile at the exquisite irony of the passage—but if we are not led on by such passages to some more salutary feeling than laughter, we are very negligent perusers of them, in book or picture.

It is the fashion with those who cry up the great historical school in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would alone *unvulgarize* every subject which he might choose. Let us take the lowest of his subjects, the print called *Gin Lane*. Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view; and, accordingly, a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons would, perhaps, have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the *Plague at Athens*. Disease and Death, and bewildering Terror, in *Athenian garments*, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, within the "limits of pleasurable sensation." But the scenes of their own St. Giles's, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet, if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended, as it was, to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one—which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessaries, take one colour, and serve to one effect. Every thing in the print, to use a vulgar expression, *tells*. Every part is full of "strange images of death." It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as any thing which Michael Angelo ever drew, but every thing else in the print, contributes to bewilder and stupify—the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about, in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of frenzy which goes forth over the whole composition. To show the poetical and almost prophet-

ical conception in the artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures, which he has strewed in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shows you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell, in which, by direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius. Shakspeare, in his description of the Painting of the Trojan War, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, has introduced a similar device, where the painter made a part stand for the whole :

For much imaginary work was there,
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

This he well calls *imaginary work*, where the spectator must meet the artist in his conceptions half way ; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists show every thing distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it.

When I think of the power displayed in this (I will not hesitate to say) sublime print, it seems to me the extreme narrowness of system alone, and of that rage for classification, by which, in matters of taste at least, we are perpetually perplexing instead of arranging our ideas, that would make us concede to the work of Poussin, above mentioned and deny to this of Hogarth, the name of a grand serious composition.

We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings, or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought shown by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between

them; or whether, in fact, from that very common life a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from what we are pleased to call history.

I entertain the highest respect for the talents and virtues of Reynolds, but I do not like that his reputation should overshadow and stifle the merits of such a man as Hogarth, nor that to mere names and classifications we should be content to sacrifice one of the greatest ornaments of England.

I would ask the most enthusiastic admirer of Reynolds, whether in the countenances of his *Staring* and *Grinning Despair*, which he has given us for the faces of Ugolino and dying Beaufort, there be any thing comparable to the expression which Hogarth has put into the face of his broken-down Rake in the last plate but one of the *Rake's Progress*,* where a letter from the manager is brought to him to say that his play "will not do." Here all is easy, natural, undistorted; but, withal, what a mass of wo is here accumulated!—the long history of a misspent life is compressed into the countenance as plainly as the series of plates before had told it; here is no attempt at Gorgonian looks, which are to freeze the beholder, no grinning at the antique bed-posts, no face-making, or consciousness of the presence of spectators in or out of the picture, but grief kept to a man's self, a face retiring from notice, with the shame which great anguish sometimes brings with it—a final leave taken of hope—the coming on of vacancy and stupefaction—a beginning alienation of mind, looking like tranquillity. Here is matter for the mind of the beholder to feed on for the hour together—matter to feed and fertilize the mind. It is too real to admit one thought about the power of the artist who did it. When we compare the expression in subjects which so fairly admit of comparison, and find the superiority so clearly to remain with Hogarth, shall the mere contemptible difference of the scene of it being laid in the one case in our Fleet or King's Bench Prison, and in the other in the State Prison of Pisa, or the bedroom of a cardinal—or that the subject of the one has never been authenticated, and the other is matter of history—so weigh down the real points of the comparison, as to induce us to rank the artist who has chosen the one scene or subject (though confessedly inferior in what constitutes the soul of his art) in a class from which we exclude the better

* The first face, perhaps, in all Hogarth for serious expression. That which comes next to it, I think, is the jaded morning countenance of the Debauchee, in the second plate of the *Marriage Alameda*, which lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as any thing in *Ecclesiastes*.

genius (who has happened to make choice of the other) with something like disgrace?*

The Boys under Demoniackal Possession, of Raphael and Dominichino, by what law of classification are we bound to assign them to belong to the great style in painting, and to degrade into an inferior class the *Rake* of Hogarth, when he is the Madman in the Bedlam scene? I am sure he is far more impressive than either. It is a face which no one who has seen can easily forget. There is the stretch of human suffering to the utmost endurance, severe bodily pain, brought on by strong mental agony, the frightful, obstinate laugh of madness—yet all so unforced and natural, that those who never were witness to madness in real life, think they see nothing but what is familiar to them in this face. Here are no tricks of distortion, nothing but the natural face of agony. This is high tragic painting, and we might as well deny to Shakspeare the honours of a great tragedian, because he has interwoven scenes of mirth with the serious business of his plays, as refuse to Hogarth the same praise for the two concluding scenes of the *Rake's Progress*, because of the Comic Lunatic† which he has thrown into the one, or the Alchymist that he has introduced in the other, who is paddling in the coals of his furnace, keeping alive the flames of vain hope within the very walls of the prison to which the vanity has conducted him, which have taught the darker lesson of extinguished hope to the desponding figure who is the principal person of the scene.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds, somewhere in his lectures, speaks of the *presumption* of Hogarth in attempting the grand style in painting, by which he means his choice of certain Scripture subjects. Hogarth's excursions into Holy Land were not very numerous, but what he has left us in this kind have at least this merit, that they have expression of *some sort or other* in them—the *Child Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter*, for instance, which is more than can be said of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Repose in Egypt*, painted for Macklin's Bible, where, for a Madonna, he has substituted a sleepy, insensible, unmotherly girl, one so little worthy to have been selected as the mother of the Saviour, that she seems to have neither heart nor feeling to entitle her to become a mother at all. But, indeed the race of Virgin Mary painters seems to have been cut up, root and branch, at the Reformation. Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to that admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe, and wonder approaching to worship, with which the Virgin Mothers of L. da Vinci and Raphael (themselves, by their divine countenances, inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in the person of their Heaven-born Infant.

† There are of madmen, as there are of fame,
All humour'd not alike. We have here some
Soapish and fantastic, play with a feather;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others again we have, like angry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untamable as flies.

Honest Whore.

It is the force of these kindly admixtures which assimilates the scenes of Hogarth and of Shakspeare to the drama of real life, where no such thing as pure tragedy is to be found: but merriment and infelicity, ponderous crime and feather-light vanity, like twi-formed births, disagreeing complexions of one intexture, perpetually unite to show forth motley spectacles to the world. Then it is that the poet or painter shows his art, when, in the selection of these comic adjuncts, he chooses such circumstances as shall relieve, contrast with, or fall into, without forming a violent opposition to, his principal object. Who sees not that the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, the Fool in *Lear*, have a kind of correspondency to, and fall in with, the subjects which they seem to interrupt, while the comic stuff in *Venice Preserved*, and the doggerel nonsense of the Cook and his poisoning associates in the *Rollo* of Beaumont and Fletcher, are pure, irrelevant, impertinent, discords—as bad as the quarrelling dog and cat under the table of the *Lord* and the *Disciples at Emmaus* of Titian?

Not to tire the reader with perpetual reference to prints which he may not be fortunate enough to possess, it may be sufficient to remark, that the same tragic cast of expression and incident, blended in some instances with a greater alloy of comedy, characterizes his other great work, the *Marriage Alamode*, as well as those less elaborate exertions of his genius, the prints called *Industry* and *Idleness*, the *Distrest Poet*, &c. forming, with the *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*, the most considerable, if not the largest, class of his productions—enough surely to rescue Hogarth from the imputation of being a mere buffoon, or one whose general aim was only to *shake the sides*.

There remains a very numerous class of his performances, the object of which must be confessed to be principally comic. But in all of them will be found something to distinguish them from the droll productions of Bunbury and others. They have this difference, that we do not merely laugh at, we are led into long trains of reflection by them. In this respect they resemble the characters of Chaucer's *Pilgrims*, which have strokes of humour in them enough to designate them, for the most part, as comic, but our strongest feelings still is wonder at the comprehensiveness of genius which could crowd, as poet and painter have done, into one small canvass so many diverse yet coöperating materials.

The faces of Hogarth have not a mere momentary interest, as in caricatures, or those grotesque physiognomies which we sometimes catch a glance of in the street, and, struck with their whimsicality, wish for a pencil and the power to sketch them down; and forget them again as rapidly—but they are permanent, abiding

ideas. Not the sports of Nature, but her necessary, eternal classes. We feel that we cannot part with any of them, lest a link should be broken.

It is worthy of observation, that he has seldom drawn a mean or insignificant countenance.* Hogarth's mind was eminently reflective; and, as it has been well observed of Shakspeare, that he has transfused his own poetical character into the persons of his drama, (they are all more or less *poets*,) Hogarth has impressed a *thinking character* upon the persons of his canvass. This remark must not be taken universally. The exquisite idiotism of the little gentleman in the bag and sword, beating his drum, in the print of the *Enraged Musician*, would of itself rise up against so sweeping an assertion. But I think it will be found to be true of the generality of his countenances. The knifegrinder and Jew flute-player, in the plate just mentioned, may serve as instances instead of a thousand. They have intense thinking faces, though the purpose to which they are subservient by no means required it; but, indeed, it seems as if it was painful to Hogarth to contemplate mere vacancy or insignificance.

This reflection of the artist's own intellect from the faces of his characters, is one reason why the works of Hogarth, so much more than those of any other artist, are objects of meditation. Our intellectual natures love the mirror which gives them back their own likenesses. The mental eye will not bend long with delight upon vacancy.

Another line of eternal separation between Hogarth and the common painters of droll or burlesque subjects, with whom he is often confounded, is the sense of beauty, which, in the most unpromising subjects, seems never wholly to have deserted him. "Hogarth himself," says Mr. Coleridge,† from whom I have borrowed this observation, speaking of a scene which took place at Ratzeburg, "never drew a more ludicrous distortion, both of attitude and physiognomy, than this effect occasioned: nor was there wanting beside it one of those beautiful female faces which the same Hogarth, in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet, so often and so gladly introduces as the central figure in a crowd of humorous deformities, which figure (such is the power of true genius) neither acts, nor is meant to act, as a contrast, but diffuses through all,

* If there are any of that description, they are in his *Strolling Players*, a print which has been cried up by Lord Orford as the richest of his productions, and it may be, for what I know, in the mere lumber, the properties, and dead furniture of the scene, but in living character and expression it is (for Hogarth) lamentably poor and wanting; it is, perhaps, the only one of his performances at which we have a right to feel disgusted.

† The Friend, No. XVI.

and over each of the group, a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness; and even when the attention is no longer consciously directed to the cause of this feeling, still blends its tenderness with our laughter; and *thus prevents the instructive merriment at the whims of nature, or the foibles or humours of our fellow men, from degenerating into the heart-poison of contempt or hatred.*" To the beautiful females in Hogarth, which Mr. C. has pointed out, might be added the frequent introduction of children (which Hogarth seems to have taken a particular delight in) into his pieces. They have a singular effect in giving tranquillity, and a portion of their own innocence, to the subject. The Baby riding in its mother's lap, in the *March to Finchley*, (its careless, innocent face placed directly behind the intriguing, time-furrowed countenance of the treason-plotting French priest,) perfectly sobers the whole of that tumultuous scene. The Boy Mourner winding up his top with so much unpretending insensibility in the plate of the *Harlot's Funeral*, (the only thing in that assembly that is not a hypocrite,) quiets and soothes the mind that has been disturbed at the sight of so much depraved man and woman-kind.

I had written thus far, when I met with a passage in the writings of the late Mr. Barry, which, as it falls in with the *vulgar notion* respecting Hogarth, which this Essay has been employed in combating, I shall take the liberty to transcribe, with such remarks as may suggest themselves to me in the transcription, referring the reader, for a fuller answer, to that which has gone before :

"Notwithstanding Hogarth's merit does undoubtedly entitle him to an honourable place among the artists, and that his little compositions, considered as so many dramatic representations, abounding with humour, character, and extensive observations on the various incidents of low, faulty, and vitious life, are very ingeniously brought together, and frequently tell their own story with more facility than is often found in many of the elevated and more noble inventions of *Rafaele*, and other great men; yet it must be honestly confessed, that in what is called knowledge of the figure, foreigners have justly observed, that Hogarth is often so raw and unformed, as hardly to deserve the name of an artist. But this capital defect is not often perceivable, as examples of the naked and of elevated nature but rarely occur in his subjects, which are, for the most part, filled with characters, that in their nature tend to deformity; besides, his figures are small, and the jonctures, and other difficulties of drawing that might occur in their limbs, are artfully concealed with their clothes, rags, &c. But what would atone for all his defects, even if they were twice told, is his admirable fund of invention, ever inexhaustible in its resources; and his satire, which is always sharp and perti-

ment, and often highly moral, was (except in a few instances, where he weakly and meanly suffered his integrity to give way to his envy) seldom or never employed in a dishonest or unmanly way. Hogarth has been often imitated in his satirical vein, sometimes in his humorous; but very few have attempted to rival him in his moral walk. The line of art pursued by my very ingenious predecessor and brother academician, Mr. Penny, is quite distinct from that of Hogarth, and is of a much more delicate and superior relish; he attempts the heart, and reaches it, whilst Hogarth's general aim is only to shake the sides; in other respects, no comparison can be thought of, as Mr. Penny has all that knowledge of the figure and academical skill which the other wanted. As to Mr. Bunbury, who has so happily succeeded in the vein of humour and caricature, he has for some time past altogether relinquished it, for the more amiable pursuit of beautiful nature: this, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when we recollect that he has, in Mrs. Bunbury, so admirable an exemplar of the most finished grace and beauty continually at his elbow. But, (to say all that occurs to me on this subject,) perhaps, it may be reasonably doubted whether the being much conversant with Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice, in many of his works, is not rather a dangerous, or, at least, a worthless pursuit; which, if it does not find a false relish and a love of, and search after, satire and buffoonery in the spectator, is at least not unlikely to give him none. Life is short; and the little leisure of it is much better laid out upon that species of art which is employed about the amiable and the admirable, as it is more likely to be attended with better and nobler consequences to ourselves. These two pursuits in art may be compared with two sets of people with whom we might associate; if we give ourselves up to the Foots, the Kenricks, &c. we shall be continually busied and paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty, and vitious in life; whereas, there are those to be found, with whom we should be in the constant pursuit and study of all that gives a value and a dignity to human nature." [Account of a Series of Pictures in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at the Adelphi, by James Barry, R. A. Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy; reprinted in the last quarto edition of his works.]

"——it must be honestly confessed, that in what is called knowledge of the figure, foreigners have justly observed," &c.

It is a secret well known to the professors of the art and mystery of criticism, to insist upon what they do not find in a man's works, and to pass over in silence what they do. That Hogarth did not draw the naked figure so well as Michael Angelo, might be allowed, especially as "examples of the naked," as Mr. Barry acknowledges, "rarely (he might almost have said never) occur in his subjects;" and that his figures under their draperies do

not discover all the fine graces of an Antinous or an Apollo, may be conceded likewise; perhaps it was more suitable to his purpose to represent the average forms of mankind in the mediocrity (as Mr. Burke expresses it) of the age in which he lived: but that his figures in general, and in his best subjects, are so glaringly incorrect as is here insinuated, I dare trust my own eye so far as positively to deny the fact. And there is one part of the figure in which Hogarth is allowed to have excelled, which these foreigners seem to have overlooked, or, perhaps, calculating from its proportion to the whole, (a seventh or an eighth, I forget which,) deemed it of trifling importance; I mean the human face; a small part, reckoning by geographical inches, in the map of man's body; but here it is that the painter of expression must condense the wonders of his skill, even at the expense of neglecting the "jonctures and other difficulties of drawing in the limbs," which it must be a cold eye that in the interest so strongly demanded by Hogarth's countenances has leisure to survey and censure.

"The line of art pursued by my very ingenious predecessor and brother academican, Mr. Penny."

The first impression caused in me by reading this passage was an eager desire to know who this Mr. Penny was. This great-surpasser of Hogarth in the "delicacy of his relish," and the "line which he pursued," where is he, what are his works, what has he to show? In vain I tried to recollect, till, by happily putting the question to a friend, who is more conversant in the works of the illustrious obscure than myself, I learnt that he was the painter of a *Death of Wolfe* which missed the prize the year that the celebrated picture of West on the same subject obtained it; that he also made a picture of the *Marquis of Granby relieving a Sick Soldier*; moreover, that he was the inventor of two pictures of *Suspended and Restored Animation*, which I now remember to have seen in the exhibition some years since, and the prints from which are still extant in good men's houses. This, then, I suppose, is the line of subjects in which Mr. Penny was so much superior to Hogarth. I confess, I am not of that opinion. The relieving of poverty by the purse, and the restoring a young man to his parents, by using the methods prescribed by the Humane Society, are doubtless very amiable subjects, pretty things to teach the first rudiments of humanity; they amount to about as much instruction as the stories of good boys that give away their custards to poor beggar-boys in children's books, or the tale of Carlo the Dog. But, good God! is

this *milk for babes* to be set up in opposition to Hogarth's moral scenes, his *strong meat for men*? As well might we prefer the fulsome verses upon their own goodness to which the gentlemen of the Literary Fund annually sit still with such shameless patience to listen, to the satires of Juvenal and Persius, because the former are full of tender images of Worth relieved by Charity, and Charity stretching out her hand to rescue sinking Genius, and the theme of the latter is men's crimes and follies, with their black consequences—forgetful, meanwhile, of those strains of moral pathos, those sublime heart-touches, which these poets (in *them* chiefly showing themselves poets) are perpetually darting across the otherwise appalling gloom of their subject—consolatory remembrancers, when their pictures of guilty mankind have made us even to despair for our species, that there is such a thing as virtue and moral dignity in the world, that her unquenchable spark is not utterly out—refreshing admonitions, to which we turn for shelter from the too great heat and asperity of the general satire.

And is there nothing analogous to this in Hogarth? nothing which “attempts and reaches the heart?”—no aim beyond that of “shaking the sides?” If the kneeling, ministering female, in the last scene of the *Rake's Progress*, the Bedlam Scene, of which I have spoken before, and have dared almost to parallel it with the most absolute idea of virtue which Shakspeare has left us, be not enough to disprove the assertion; if the sad endings of the Harlot and the Rake, the passionate heart-bleeding entreaties for forgiveness which the adulterous wife is pouring forth to her assassinated and dying lord in the last scene but one of the *Marriage Alamode*—if these be not things to touch the heart, and dispose the mind to a meditative tenderness; is there nothing sweetly conciliatory in the mild, patient face and gesture with which the wife seems to allay and ventilate the feverish, irritated feelings of her poor, poverty-distracted mate (the true copy of the *genus irritabile*) in the print of the *Distrest Poet*? or if an image of maternal love be required, where shall we find a sublimer view of it than in that aged woman in *Industry and Idleness*, (Plate V.) who is clinging with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished to her brutal, vice-hardened child, whom she is accompanying to the ship which is to bear him away from his native soil, of which he has been adjudged unworthy; in whose shocking face every trace of the human countenance seems obliterated, and a brute beast's to be left instead, shocking and repulsive to all but her who watched over it in its cradle before it was so sadly altered, and feels it must belong to her while a pulse by the vindictive laws of his country shall be suffered to

continue to beat in it. Compared with such things, what is Mr. Penny's "knowledge of the figure and academical skill which Hogarth wanted?"

With respect to what follows concerning another gentleman, with the congratulations to him on his escape out of the regions of "humour and caricatura," in which it appears he was in danger of travelling side by side with Hogarth, I can only congratulate my country, that Mrs. Hogarth knew *her* province better than by disturbing her husband at his pallet, to divert him from that universality of subject, which has stamped him, perhaps, next to Shakspeare, the most inventive genius which this island has produced, into the "amiable pursuit of beautiful nature," i. e. copying, ad infinitum, the individual charms and graces of Mrs. H.

"Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice."

"Paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty, and vicious."

A person unacquainted with the works thus stigmatized, would be apt to imagine, that in Hogarth there was nothing else to be found but subjects of the coarsest and most repulsive nature. That his imagination was naturally unsweet, and that he delighted in raking into every species of moral filth. That he preyed upon sore places only, and took a pleasure in exposing the unsound and rotten parts of human nature;—whereas, with the exception of some of the plates of the *Harlot's Progress*, which are harder in their character than any of the rest of his productions, (the *Stages of Cruelty* I omit, as mere worthless caricaturas, foreign to his general habits, the offspring of his fancy in some wayward humour,) there is scarce one of his pieces where vice is most strongly satirized, in which some figure is not introduced upon which the moral eye may rest satisfied; a face that indicates goodness, or, perhaps, mere good humouredness and carelessness of mind (negation of evil) only, yet enough to give a relaxation to the frowning brow of satire, and keep the general air from tainting. Take the mild, supplicating posture of patient Poverty, in the poor woman that is persuading the pawnbroker to accept her clothes in pledge, in the plate of *Gin Lane*, for an instance. A little does it, a little of the good nature overpowers a world of bad. One cordial, honest laugh of a Tom Jones absolutely clears the atmosphere that was reeking with the black, putrifying breathings of a hypocrite Blifil. One homely, expostulating shrug from Strap, warms the whole air which the suggestions of a gentlemanly ingratitude from his friend Random had begun to freeze. One "Lord

bless us" of Parson Adams, upon the wickedness of the times, exorcises and purges off the mass of iniquity which the world-knowledge of even a Fielding could cull out and rake together. But of the severer class of Hogarth's performances, enough, I trust, has been said to show that they do not merely shock and repulse; that there is in them the "scorn of vice," and the "pity" too; something to touch the heart, and keep alive the sense of moral beauty; the "*lacrymæ rerum*," and the sorrowing by which the heart is made better. If they be bad things, then is satire and tragedy a bad thing; let us proclaim at once an age of gold, and sink the existence of vice and misery in our speculations; let us

Wink, and shut our apprehensions up
From common sense of what men were and are:

let us *make believe*, with the children, that every body is good and happy; and, with Dr. Swift, write panegyrics upon the world.

But that larger half of Hogarth's works which were painted more for entertainment than instruction, (though such was the suggestiveness of his mind, that there is always something to be learnt from them,) his humorous scenes—are they such as merely to disgust and set us against our species?

The confident assertions of such a man as I consider the late Mr. Barry to have been, have that weight of authority in them which staggers, at first hearing, even a long preconceived opinion. When I read his pathetic admonition concerning the shortness of life, and how much better the little leisure of it were laid out upon "that species of art which is employed about the amiable and the admirable;" and Hogarth's "method" proscribed as a "dangerous or worthless pursuit," I began to think there was something in it; that I might have been indulging all my life a passion for the works of this artist, to the utter prejudice of my taste and moral sense; but my first convictions gradually returned, a world of good-natured English faces came up one by one to my recollection, and a glance at the matchless *Election Entertainment*, which I have the happiness to have hanging up in my parlour, subverted Mr. Barry's whole theory in an instant.

In that inimitable print, (which, in my judgment, as far exceeds the more known and celebrated *March to Finchley*, as the best comedy exceeds the best farce that ever was written,) let a person look till he be saturated, and when he has done wondering at the inventiveness of genius which could bring so many charac-

ters (more than thirty distinct classes of face) into a room, and set them down at table together, or otherwise dispose them about, in so natural a manner, engage them in so many easy sets and occupations, yet all partaking of the spirit of the occasion which brought them together, so that we feel that nothing but an election time could have assembled them; having no central figure or principal group, (for the hero of the piece, the candidate, is properly set aside in the levelling indistinction of the day, one must look for him to find him,) nothing to detain the eye from passing from part to part, where every part is alike instinct with life—for here are no furniture-faces, no figures brought in to fill up the scene, like stage choruses, but all dramatis personæ; when he shall have done wondering at all these faces so strongly characterized, yet finished with the accuracy of the finest miniature; when he shall have done admiring the numberless appendages of the scene, those gratuitous doles which rich genius flings into the heap, when it has already done enough, the over-measure which it delights in giving, as if it felt its stores were exhaustless; the dumb rhetoric of the scenery—for tables, and chairs, and joint-stools in Hogarth are living and significant things; the witticisms that are expressed by words, (all artists but Hogarth have failed when they have endeavoured to combine two mediums of expression, and have introduced words into their pictures,) and the unwritten numberless little allusive pleasantries that are scattered about; the work that is going on in the scene, and beyond it, as is made visible to the “eye of mind,” by the mob which choaks up the door way, and the sword that has forced an entrance before its master; when he shall have sufficiently admired this wealth of genius, let him fairly say what is the *result* left on his mind. Is it an impression of the vileness and worthlessness of his species? or is not the general feeling which remains, after the individual faces have ceased to act sensibly upon his mind, a *kindly one in favour of his species*? was not the general air of the scene wholesome? did it do the heart hurt to be among it? Something of a riotous spirit to be sure is there, some worldly-mindedness in some of the faces, a Doddingtonian smoothness which does not promise any superfluous degree of sincerity in the fine gentleman who has been the occasion of calling so much good company together; but is not the general cast of expression in the faces of the good sort? do they not seem cut out of the *good old rock*, substantial English honesty? would one fear treachery among characters of their expression? or shall we call their honest mirth and seldom-returning relaxation by the hard names of vice and profligacy? That poor country fellow that is grasping his staff, (which, from that difficulty of feeling them-

selves at home which poor men experience at a feast, he has never parted with since he came into the room,) and is enjoying, with a relish that seems to fill all the capacities of his soul, the slender joke, which that facetious wag, his neighbour, is practising upon the gouty gentleman, whose eyes the effort to suppress pain has made as round as rings—does it shock the “dignity of human nature” to look at that man, and to sympathize with him in the seldom-heard joke which has unbent his care-worn, hard-working visage, and drawn iron smiles from it? or with that full-hearted cobbler, who is honouring with the grasp of an honest fist the unused palm of that annoyed patrician, whom the license of the time has seated next him.

I can see nothing “dangerous” in the contemplation of such scenes as this, or the *Enraged Musician*, or the *Southwark Fair*, or twenty other pleasant prints which come crowding in upon my recollection, in which the restless activities, the diversified bents and humours, the blameless peculiarities of men, as they deserve to be called, rather than their “vices and follies,” are held up in a laughable point of view. All laughter is not of a dangerous or soul-hardening tendency. There is the petrifying sneer of a demon, which excludes and kills love, and there is the cordial laughter of a man, which implies and cherishes it. What heart was ever made the worse by joining in a hearty laugh at the simplicities of Sir Hugh Evans or Parson Adams, where a sense of the ridiculous mutually kindles and is kindled by a perception of the amiable? That tumultuous harmony of singers that are roaring out the words, “The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne,” from the opera of *Judith*, in the third plate of the series, called the *Four Groups of Heads*, which the quick eye of Hogarth must have struck off in the very infancy of the rage for sacred oratorios in this county, while “Music yet was young,” when we had done smiling at the deafening distortions which these tearers of devotion to rags and tatters, these takers of heaven by storm, in their boisterous mimicry of the occupations of angels, are making—what unkindly impression is left behind, or what more of harsh or contemptuous feeling, than when we quietly leave Uncle Toby and Mr. Shandy riding their hobby-horses about the room? The conceited, long-backed sign-painter, that with all the self-applause of a Raphael or Corregio (the twist of body which his conceit has thrown him into has something of the Corregiesque in it) is contemplating the picture of a bottle which he is drawing from an actual bottle that hangs beside him, in the print of *Beer Street*—while we smile at the enormity of the self-delusion, can we help loving the good humour and self-complacency of the fellow? would we willingly wake him from his dream?

I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their natures repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy-water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them besides, that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face—they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the countenances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tedium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett or Fielding.

POETRY.

LINES BY LORD BYRON.

NOT PUBLISHED IN ANY EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

[The occasion of these lines was this: The Regent had collected a gallery of portraits of the principal living British beauties, executed by a distinguished foreign artist. One of these, Lady Jersey, lately happened to fall under the displeasure of the prince, and her picture was ignominiously dismissed from the collection.]

When the vain triumph of th' imperial lord
Whom servile Rome obeyed, and yet abhorr'd,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,
That left a likeness of the brave and just;
What most admir'd each scrutinizing eye,
Of all that deck'd the passing pageantry,
What spread from face to face that wond'ring air?
The thought of BRUTUS, *for he was not there.*
That *absence* prov'd his worth; that absence fix'd
His mem'ry on the longing mind unmix'd,
And more decreed his glory to endure
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our admiring gaze
Search for thy form in vain, and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictur'd charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thy own had rendered less;
If he, THAT VAIN OLD MAN, whom truth admits,
Heir of his father's * * * *
If his corrupted eye and wither'd heart
Could with thy gentle image bear to part,

* Probably the blank is to be thus supplied:
"Heir of his father's throne and shatter'd wit."

That tasteless shame be his, and our's the grief,
 To gaze on beauty's band, without its *chief* :
 Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,
 We lose that portrait, but preserve our hearts.
 What can his vaunted gallery now disclose ?
 A garden, with all flowers except the rose :
 A *fount*, that only wants its living stream ;
 A *night*, with every star, save Dian's beam ;
 Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be
 That turn from tracing them to dream of thee.
 And more on that recall'd resemblance pause
 Than all he shall not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,
 With all that virtue asks of homage, thine :
 The symmetry of youth, the grace of mien,
 The eye that gladdens, and the brow serene,
 The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,
 Which shades, yet shows, that forehead more than fair,
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws
 A spell that will not let our looks repose,
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew
 Some charm that well rewards another view ;
 These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
 Albeit too dazzling *for a dotard's sight* ;
 And these must wait till every charm is gone ;
 To please the paltry heart that pleases none :
 'That dull cold sensualist whose sickly eye
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by,
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
 Its hate of freedom's loveliness and thine.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the last year the Massachusetts Historical Society have published two vols. 8vo. of about 300 pages each, being the first and second volumes of a new series of their collections. They are printed in an unostentatious manner, and, like the former volumes, consist of republications of scarce old tracts, together with various original papers; the whole forming a curious miscellany of information on many points of the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical history of the United States, and especially of New England.

The following are the principal articles of the first volume. A discourse by the Hon. John Davis, delivered on the anniversary commemoration of the first landing at Plymouth; this is a brief, but very pleasing, sketch of the history and characters of the venerable fathers of Massachusetts, neither aspiring to the rhetorical pomp of formal declamation, nor descending into the minuteness of mere antiquarian detail. A narrative of Bacon's and Ingram's rebellion in Virginia, in 1675, from an old manuscript—exceedingly amusing from the quaintness and antiquated affectation of its style. An account of the fires in Boston and its vicinity since 1701, arranged in chronological order, and drawn up with whimsical minuteness. A paper, written in 1773, on the state of religious liberty in New-York; an unpleasant memorial of the angry feelings and bitter controversial spirit of those times. A history of medical science in Massachusetts, by Dr. Bartlett, containing a minute account of the medical institutions, &c. of that state. Topographical sketches of several townships of Massachusetts. A sensible paper on the cultivation of the oak for ship timber, by the late Gen. Lincoln. A sketch of the early ecclesiastical history of Massachusetts by the late Dr. Elliot of Boston, embracing that period in which the infant colony was agitated by a controversy between the strict congregational party and that leaning towards presbyterianism. This is followed by a memoir of the life and character of Dr. Elliot, a pleasing tribute to the memory of an amiable, modest, and learned man, who has deserved well of the literature of his country. His eulogist styles him the "Jortin of New England"—this coming, as it does, from a scholar and a man of taste, is high praise indeed. The moderation, the candour, the various scholarship, the unstudied pleasantry, the *mitis sapientia* of Dr. Jortin, have justly gained him one of the most enviable reputations which can be acquired by genius and learning. The volume also contains a sensible and polite letter from Bishop Watson, and some short biographical sketches of the Rev. Charles Morton, Rev. John Lathrop, the late Gov. Sullivan, Rev. Wm. Emerson, and Isaac Lothrop, Esq.

The second volume begins with an elaborate report on the present state of the Indians of the western parts of the United States, judiciously compiled from various authentic sources. It is followed by a

republishing of Johnson's history of the wonder-working providence in New England, a very rare book, originally printed in 1654; and an extract from the life of John Dutton, giving an account of his visit to Boston in 1685; very entertaining as well from the brisk and lively style of its narrative as from the view of the society and manners of those times, which it affords. These are succeeded by a collection of papers on the episcopal controversy in Connecticut in 1722, and a tract on a second controversy on the same subject in 1740; historical and topographical accounts of Brookline and Charlestown, Massachusetts, and Amherst, New Hampshire; some documents relating to the history of the revolution, among which is a journal by Major Meigs of the expedition under Montgomery and Arnold against Quebec—several bills of mortality, and other short miscellaneous papers, and a brief memoir of the late I. S. Buckminster, a scholar and a man of genius of whom New England has indeed a right to be proud.

As a whole, these volumes are very creditable to the society. They form a mass of curious information and valuable materials for the historian and geographer, though mixed with some antiquarian rubbish and grave trifling.

Eastburn, Kirk & Co. New-York, propose to publish, by subscription, an original work by A. G. Whitney, A. M. entitled *Synonyma Anglica*, or a Dictionary of English Synonymes, in one vol. 8vo. The object of this work is, to consider and define the various classes of words, which are esteemed and used as synonymous; to furnish the writers and speakers of our language the means of using it with propriety, and to prevent those mistakes in the choice of terms, which originate in ignorance of the precise shades of difference of various words which are supposed to mean the same thing. Every scholar will acknowledge the utility and necessity of a complete Dictionary of English Synonymes. Such a work is still a desideratum in English literature. An appendix will be added containing a view of the force and meaning of all those terminations of words which recur often enough to form a class. This plan, obvious as it may appear, is, we believe, original. As we have long ago declared war against puffing prospectuses we cannot omit observing that Mr. W.'s is sensible and modest.

I. T. Buckingham, Boston, proposes to publish, by subscription, Gregory's Translation of Bishop Lowth's lectures on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews. It will be elegantly printed in two vols. 8vo. at the price of four dollars the set to subscribers. He also contemplates printing a handsome edition of Lowth's Isaiah, in one vol. 8vo. price to subscribers three dollars. The long-established reputation of the works of the elegant Lowth can receive no increase from our panegyric; any recommendation of them to scholars or theologians would be superfluous: but we believe that they are little known in this country to mere general readers and students of elegant literature. Surely no general scholar should be ignorant of a work whose merit could wring from Gibbon (a critic not very partial either to the

subject of these lectures, or the University in which they were delivered) the confession that "at Oxford Dr. Lowth, with equal eloquence and erudition, has executed his task in his *incomparable prælections* on the poetry of the Hebrews."

Richards and Mallory, Georgetown, have in the press an elegant miniature edition of "Sturm's Reflections on the Works of God," translated by Dr. Balfour, in three volumes, embellished with engravings by the first American artists.

Eastburn, Kirk & Co. announce a journal of travels in Great Britain in 1811 and 1812, by a French gentleman now resident in the United States.

A collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions, with occasional notes. By the Rev. Timothy Alden, A. M. Member of the Massachusetts and N. Y. Historical Societies, &c. New-York. 1814. 5 vols. 18mo.

The plan of this work is judicious enough. By collecting epitaphs and subjoining to them succinct, historical, and biographical notices, an opportunity of preserving some memorial of many characters, not of sufficient consequence to figure in history, but yet too respectable to be altogether forgotten; such for instance as many of the presidents and professors of our colleges, of the learned clergy, the judges of the colonial or state courts, the first founders of new settlements, or the benefactors of public institutions. Mr. Alden has, however, lessened the interest and value of his book by overloading it with many epitaphs, inscriptions, and genealogies which appear to us wholly uninteresting and useless. Yet we cannot refuse him the praise of great industry, zeal, and accuracy, and of a most minute acquaintance with the early and local history of New England and the middle states. He seems to have the true spirit of an antiquarian. His own country is hardly worthy of him; our humble antiquities of eighty or a hundred years afford no scope for his resolute application and indefatigable curiosity. He should be engaged in grappling with the worm-eaten manuscripts and dusty folios of the Bodleians or the Vatican, and rivalling the Pecks, and Irelands, and Nichols's of Europe. The most melancholy consideration with respect to our own antiquities is, that we have not only no monuments of antiquity now, but we are in a fair way of never having any, except upon paper. There is a terrible rage among us for having every thing spruce, and new-painted, and fresh, as if of yesterday's erection, and we accordingly destroy the few substantial remains of the labours of our sires, and supply their places with stucco, plaster, and artificial stone work.

There is another circumstance which mortified us not a little in cursorily looking over these volumes. We mean the evident inferiority in purity and elegance of the Latin epitaphs of late date, to the older ones. This would seem to be indicative of a decay of classical learning in this country. We believe the fact is, that our classical learning was for many years on the decline, but that it is now again

rapidly reviving. Yet perhaps these scanty specimens of Latin composition are hardly to be taken as a fair general standard. Mr. Alden terms these five volumes "the first pentade" of his work, and intimates that he intends shortly to publish another series.

John Bristed, Esq. has commenced a very extensive course of lectures, which he intends to continue during the present year. They are delivered in Columbia college, New-York. The following is the general outline of his plan.

The first and second courses will be addressed to students of all classes, whether in training for either of the learned professions, for the pursuits of general scholarship, or for the employments of active life. The third and fourth courses will be addressed exclusively to students of law.

The first course will contain an exposition of the more general elements of metaphysical inquiry, of historical information, of political economy, and of moral philosophy. The second course will consist of practical applications of the elementary truths and general principles contained in the first course, to national history, to government, and to eloquence. The third course will present an outline of the various legal codes, by which civilized nations have been, and are now governed; especially, of the common, of the civil, and of international law; together with references to the chief elementary writers, and to judicial decisions. The fourth course will follow faithfully the tracks of Blackstone's Commentaries, threading his marginal authorities, noticing the occasional errors into which he has fallen, and pointing out in what instances the American law, constitutional, statute, and common, coincides with, or differs from the municipal law of England.

The chief attention will be paid to the law of America, as its evidences exist in the constitution, the statutes, and the reporters of the state of New-York; next, as these evidences are to be found in the federal constitution, the statutes, and reporters of the United States. After which, a general view will be given of the constitutions, statutes, and reports in some of the other principal states, particularly of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas; in order to discover how far they run parallel with or oppose the municipal law of England.

In the *first* course it is not intended to deliver a systematic series of lectures on the abstract elements of metaphysics, of moral philosophy, of history, or of political economy. This has long since been done by some of the most distinguished scholars and philosophers of Europe. It is therefore the design of the lecturer to profit by the labours of these great men, and to seize the prominent principles of these four grand departments of human inquiry, for the purpose of illustrating their power and effect, by presenting their motives and results, embodied into action, in biographical and characteristic sketches of illustrious individuals, who, by the efforts of talents, learning, and perseverance, have triumphed over the obstacles of early destitution, and the absence of all friendly encouragement,

have forced their way upward from the darkness of obscurity into the day-dawn of eminence while living; and, when dead, have left behind them imperishable monuments of their fame, shining as beacons, to light succeeding students of kindred genius and industry, to the same harbour of renown.

It is intended also to illustrate the force and consequences of the leading principles of these kindred pursuits, by a reference to those great facts recorded in history, which materially affect the destinies of nations, in accelerating or retarding their progress to social improvement. So that, if the design of the lecturer can be accomplished, this first course shall, by twining together the chief lights of metaphysics, of moral philosophy, history, and political economy, trace out a path-way of practical instruction; by following which the student may be assisted in developing his own native talents, whatever may be their original force and extent, to their utmost limits of expansion and strength.

It is also hoped to lay down such primary principles, and to deduct such ultimate truths, as may give to entire communities some intelligible hints, by receiving, and acting upon which, they may follow the best and safest, if not the only, roads that gradually conduct nations from the midnight of barbarism and weakness, into the meridian splendour of civilization, intelligence, and permanent potentiality.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Sir Everard Home has communicated to the Royal Society, a paper on the effect of different injuries in the Brain upon Sensation. The attempts to determine the functions of the different parts of the brain not having been attended with success, Sir Everard conceives that it would promote the advancement of physiology if medical men were to collect together, and arrange the effects produced by different diseases or injuries of the brain. The present paper contains the result of his own practice. It is divided into ten sections. 1. On the effect of water accumulated in the ventricles. Water accumulated in the ventricles, even to the amount of $6\frac{1}{2}$ ale points, does not destroy the faculties, provided the bones of the cranium be not united, and the head enlarge according to the accumulation. A curious case was related of a young man whose head had increased enormously, and who retained his faculties entire, except some inconveniences from the size and weight of the head. He was in his nineteenth year, and the head was 33 inches in circumference. When the bones of the cranium, being united, prevent the head from enlarging, the accumulation of water in the ventricles destroys the faculties, and produces idiotism and death. 2. On the effects of concussion. It occasions nausea and vomiting, giddiness, and apoplectic fits, which return at in-

tervals for some time. 3. On the enlargement of the blood-vessels of the brain. It occasions violent headaches, watchfulness, and disorders of the bowels. The beating of the arteries of the brain has been supposed essential to the exertion of the senses; but John Hunter retained his senses after the heart had apparently ceased to beat. 4. On the extravasation of blood. It produces similar effects to the accumulation of water; coma, nausea, apoplexy. 5. On the effects of the formation of pus. It occasions melancholy, lowness of spirits, and mania, with incessant talking. 6. On the effects of external pressure. The depression of the skull occasions loss of memory, the incapacity of using the proper conversation, &c. all which disappear when the cause is removed. 7. Internal pressure from tubercles produces similar effects. 8. Hydatids in the brain occasion bowel complaints, and a comatose state of the rectum and bladder. 9. Wounds in the brain occasion no symptom whatever, nor the destruction of any of the faculties. When a fungous excrescence of the brain takes place through a hole in the skull, the esophagus becomes so sensible as to prevent swallowing solids, from the pain which they occasion. 10. Injuries of the spinal marrow in the neck occasion paralysis of all the parts of the body below the injury.

A paper by Smithson Tennant, Esquire, describes an easier mode of procuring potassium than the process of Gay-Lussac and Thénard. The method is this:—A piece of gun-barrel, about 18 inches long, shut at one end, is covered with a lute composed of raw and baked Stourbridge clay. A piece of gun-barrel, about 9 inches long, open at both ends, is made to slip into the upper end of the first gun-barrel. The lower end of this piece has a narrow opening. It may be fixed on with sealing-wax, or any common lute. Over the open end a third tube, or cap of tin plate, is luted, having a perforated cork, through which passes a bent tube of safety. A mixture of caustic potash and iron turnings is put into the bottom of this gun-barrel, and it is then heated violently, for about an hour, in a common smith's forge. The potassium is found sublimed pure in the interior iron tube.

Hancock's Improvement in the construction of Carriages, and in the application of a material, hitherto unused in their construction.

The new material employed by Mr. Hancock is whalebone, which being ferruled at certain distances to counteract its tendency to split longitudinally, and inserted in the parts to which it is attached, prevents their sustaining any injury from those concussions to which carriages are liable. The spokes of the wheels, for the construction of which he gives particular directions, are of this substance. The carriage itself is made nearly in the usual manner, except that in gigs a piece of whalebone is put between the iron under the shafts, and it is otherwise introduced to strengthen and brace the vehicle, as may appear necessary in the different forms on which carriages may be constructed. The springs are made of steel, with bone round, under, or upon them, or of whalebone only. The body has no other novelty

than the occasional introduction of the same material; and the heads, hoods, or roofs are composed of cotton, silk, or leather, with whalebone, iron, steel, cane, or wood, to strain or raise them. The patentee makes his wheels upright, that is, without dishing.

According to this mode of construction, the elasticity is much more pleasant than that of steel. Springs of that metal, if made to carry much weight, recover so suddenly after bending as frequently to throw the person riding out of the carriage; and to this recoil, and not to the first shock, many of the fatal accidents which occur are to be attributed. Whalebone being more pliant, does not recoil so speedily, and springs made of it cannot be broken.

French Theatre.—Extract of a letter from Paris.—At the *Theatre des Vaudevilles*, I saw *Le Rout de Paris*; ou, *les Allants et les Venants*, the most pleasant farce I have witnessed for a long time. There is an actor here who beats Matthews hollow—M. Joly; he personated ten different characters one after the other, and all of them admirably; he was on the stage almost the whole of the piece; and the quickness with which he changed his dress was surprising. The look of each of the characters was so totally different, that you would hardly believe they were all sustained by the same man. Among the characters he supported was an English *Milord*, who entered the inn at which the scene was laid, with *Milady*. The Lord and Lady were dressed admirably. The Lord was a gouty man about forty-five years of age, and splenetic; his Lady a dashing woman of twenty, who had assured him that Paris was the only place to cure his gout. Their bad French was delightful: the Lord entered, talking to his servant without:—“*Allez, doucement, petit Williams; ne fatiguez pas le cheval; nous nous arreter nous ici, pour le déjeuner.*” The innkeeper’s wife then asked them what they would have for breakfast; the lady chose milk, and the lord—“*Pour moi, le BIFSTICK.*” The lady complained of the length of their journey, to which the lord assented—“*Goddem, yes, Milady; le chemin, il est plein de longueur.*” All this amused the Parisians excessively; the actors were interrupted with bursts of laughter, and the people near us looked every minute at us, to see how we relished it. I was almost in hysterics. Milord said his wife spoke French very well: “*Mais pour moi, Goddem, yes, je ne suis pas fort pour le parlement.*” At last the lord got into a terrible passion at the landlady saying that the French gentlemen would be very fond of his wife, and vowed he would pay only *one guinea* for his breakfast. This astonished *Madame la hotellerie*, “*What,*” said she, “*a guinea! 25 francs!*” “*Ah,*” he replied, “*that will teach you to say the French will love my wife; elle n’aime que moi.*” Exit in a rage. Before the lady had time to follow, and while you heard her husband outside calling her, Joly, the actor, entered again, as a French beau, quizzing the Englishman he had just passed. The change was wonderful. The actress who played *Milady* was dressed à l’*Anglaise*, in a cottage bonnet; and, I can assure you, looked much prettier than all the French women with their horrible bonnets, two feet high.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS.

SELECT REVIEWS.	POETRY.
Memoirs of Algernon Sydney, . . . 177	Hero and Leander, 258
Life and writings of Hugh Blair, D. D. &c. 188	DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
Paradise of Coquettes, 204	Miss Huntley's Poems—Wheaton's Di- gest—Spafford on Wheel Carriages —Proposed Theological publica- tions, &c. 262
ORIGINAL.	FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.
Review of Lewis and Clarke's Travels, 210.	Todd's Johnson's Dictionary—Blu- menbach's Natural History—Exhi- bitions of Pictures at Amsterdam and Zurich, 263
Biographical Sketch of Thomas Camp- bell, 234	
Notice of Susanna Wright, 250	
SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.	
Singular prediction, 253	
Another Zerah Colburn, 257	

Memoirs of Algernon Sydney.—By George Wilson Meadley, with an Appendix, 8vo. pp. xv. 400. price 12s. London, Craddock and Joy, 1813.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THE name of Algernon Sydney ranks among the most famous of which his country can boast, yet, as Mr. Meadley remarks, 'his personal history has hitherto been little known.' His life was not distinguished either by extraordinary actions or romantic sufferings. In the field he was brave, but he never rose to a rank sufficiently high to lead an army; in the cabinet he was an able negotiator, but he never filled a more elevated situation than that of joint-commissioner to the court of Denmark; in parliament he gained no formidable ascendancy by eloquence or incorruptness; in private life he was the younger son of a nobleman, who espoused the contrary party in politics; and having never been married.

he had no family influence at his command, and only a small, precarious fortune, barely competent to his maintenance. His whole grandeur, and power, and celebrity, therefore, arose out of his personal character, and were sustained by his severe and inflexible republican virtues. Great he might have been in any situation, which afforded room for a superior mind to display itself; but, except in his last hour, he was never in such a situation. During the civil war he was an inferior officer, and had no other opportunity of signalizing himself than by his courage. Afterward he lived many years a voluntary exile in Italy and France, among people whom he despised; and when, in his latter days, he settled at home, that very love of his country, which before caused him to flee from it, made him miserable in it, from an irreconcilable abhorrence of its base and profligate government under Charles II. His end, indeed, was a death glorious to himself, because it was suffered with a magnanimity not to be surpassed, while it was inflicted with shameless and determined injustice. To these circumstances, however, he owes his immortality on earth; and but for these, it is evident that he would have been remembered merely as one of those who acted a part above the vulgar in the iron age of the Stuarts, when royal prerogative and popular innovation had their long and sore, their first and last military struggle in Britain, till, at the revolution of 1688, being happily counterbalanced, both were, we trust, for ever disarmed of their mortal weapons. In all previous civil wars, from those between the Britons, and the Saxons, to those between the Houses of York and Lancaster, there was not one in which the people themselves were otherwise engaged, than as the agents or instruments of princes and nobles; and in the issue they became as much the spoil of the conquerors as the fields which they cultivated. But in the contest between Charles I. and his parliament, and in the sudden insurrection that dispossessed James II. of the throne which he had forfeited, every man that drew a sword, drew it for himself; and every spectator of the strife had a personal feeling in the quarrel, and an individual interest in the event, not waiting with indifference till he fell to the lot of the strongest, but like a rational, independent being, choosing his own master, and submitting to laws made by those whom he had appointed not so much to legislate over him, as to legislate *in his stead*. It was in the early part of this period that Sydney flourished, and in the malignant interval of insecure repose between the Rebellion and the Revolution, that he was murdered by the forms of law. Great, indeed, must have been the weight of his character, and the influence of his example, since poor, uncountenanced by his family, in banishment abroad, and in retirement at home, he was ever an object of great fear and

hatred to a weak and tyrannical court, and his ruin seemed so necessary to its safety, as to be worth accomplishing by means the most foul, the most cowardly and cruel. To this splendid departure, after a clouded career, he owes the preëminence of being one in the Triumvirate of Patriots, whose memories are united in the popular sentiment of "*The cause for which HAMPDEN bled in the field, and RUSSEL and SYDNEY on the scaffold.*" Yet still,

‘ Stat magni nominis umbra ;’

and the volume before us will add nothing to the glory of that mighty name, by detailing the personal history of him who left it behind ; for admirable always, and exemplary often, as the conduct of Sydney appears at this calm distance from the scene which he adorned, we suspect that his character is more exalted, by indistinct association in the minds of most people, than it will in reality seem to merit, when it is better known. In proportion as *the particulars* of the lives of illustrious men are multiplied in their biography, the nearer they are brought down to the ordinary standard, by being seen more frequently in situations in which they *can* act only an ordinary part : on the other hand, men of small note, but of sterling excellence, are exalted by being thus drawn out of obscurity, and suddenly exhibited in the light of their own virtues. We will venture to say, that Colonel Hutchinson's actions were greater, and his sufferings more severe, than those of Algernon Sydney : whether he was a man of equal qualities we will not here inquire ; yet, till the memoirs written by his incomparable Lady were published, from the narrowness of the sphere in which he moved, he was barely recorded in the nomenclature of republicans. Had not Sydney been canonized by his political martyrdom, we are persuaded his fame would have been nearly as circumscribed as that of Hutchinson was, before the beautiful Spirit of his Lady, after the lapse of a century and a half, rising from the tomb, led him forth for the admiration of posterity.

We shall offer a brief sketch of Sydney's life, extracted from these memoirs, and accompanied with such reflections as may rise out of the incidents as they occur.

Algernon Sydney was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and grand-nephew of the renowned Sir Philip Sydney. One family has rarely, in two generations, added two such names to the Worthies of their country. Algernon was born in 1622. At the early age of ten, he was taken abroad by his father, and spent much of his youth in Denmark, France, and Italy. His

stern love of country, which in him was rather a Platonic sentiment than a cherished passion, is the more remarkable, as it can scarcely be said to have grown in its native soil. Having been trained under the eye of his father for the army, he accompanied his brother to Ireland at the age of nineteen as captain of a troop of horse, in which service, it is said, he distinguished himself against the rebels with extraordinary zeal and activity. On his return to England, finding the King and the Parliament dividing the nation between them with the sword, each fiercely asserting his right, Sydney, though his father adhered to the royal cause, took part with the insurgents; and being appointed to the command of a troop in the army of the Earl of Manchester, he gallantly exposed himself at the battle of Marston Moor. Being wounded, and falling among the enemy, he was rescued by a soldier who rushed from the ranks of Cromwell's regiment, and having brought him off, nobly refused to make himself known, or to accept any reward, being content with having deserved, and with having declined, the glory of a name in after ages. Sydney, on his recovery, was advanced to a regiment in Sir Thomas Fairfax's army. '*Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum,*' was the motto which he chose for his banner:

—' *Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
' Ense petit placidam sub libertate, quietam,*'

was the memorial which he afterwards wrote in the *Album* at Copenhagen, and these were the watchwords of his life:—the sacred love of his country gave energy to his hand, whether he opposed tyrants with the sword or with the pen. We are not disposed to lavish unqualified praise on his principles or his conduct. The character of Sydney must be admired at a distance, and his example must be held up as worthy of imitation only under circumstances in which to imitate it would be deemed High Treason: but High Treason would then be a virtue—a virtue of necessity, as it was at the glorious Revolution of 1688.

When it was determined to bring the King to trial, Sydney was appointed one of the commissioners, and attended several of the previous consultations; but he retired into the country before the unhappy monarch was arraigned. He, however, approved of the sentence; and when, at Copenhagen, after the Revolution, it was observed to him one day, in company, that he had not been *guilty* of the late King's death, he indignantly replied, '*Guilty!* do you call that *guilt*? Why it was the justest and bravest action that ever was done in England, or anywhere else.' But when, during his exile, a plan to assassinate the Prince of Wales

was submitted to him, he promptly prevented the execution of it, and thus preserved the life of *him* who, afterwards, when he was Charles II., took his own.

Cromwell, under the title of protector, having seized the sovereignty, Sydney, an enemy to tyrants of every name, retired to the Hague, where he became acquainted with De Witt, the celebrated Dutch statesman, in whom he found a kindred spirit. At the restoration of the Long Parliament he returned to England, and accepted an appointment, with two distinguished persons, to mediate a peace between Denmark and Sweden. This gave him an opportunity of displaying his peculiar talents greatly to the honour of his country as well as of himself. Would that there were ~~now~~ so spirited, upright, and unyielding a champion of justice to mediate peace between Sweden and Denmark's "better half," (Norway,) recently divorced by the one, and violently wooed by the other! By the time this negotiation was concluded, Charles II. had been restored to the throne of his father, and Sydney, though strongly urged by General Monk to return, not deeming himself safe, retired to Italy. In a letter to a friend, written at the very commencement of Charles's reign, he sagaciously anticipates its evils and its errors.

"But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish, oppressed; luxury and lewdness set up in its height, instead of the piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army, corrupted; the people enslaved; all things vendible; no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means, as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see that all I love in the world is sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court-arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me." Pp. 77, 78.

We shall not follow the fugitive patriot in his long wanderings, during which he was a curious and interested spectator of the intrigues and contentions of foreign cabinets. The death of Cardinal Mazarine, prime minister of France, in 1661, caused great speculation concerning the person and politics of his successor. Sydney, after mentioning in a letter several who had been talked

of as candidates, thus shrewdly developes the character of the French court.

“ If the king would take one of the *squadronne volante*, it were easy to find a man that would be without exception in his person, and perfectly free from any interest prejudicial to that of France. But nothing is more improbable, than that a man known only by reputation, should be chosen for so great a work. I speak in this the fancies of others. I have no other opinion of my own, than that he will be chosen that can find most favour with the ladies, and that can with most dexterity reconcile their interests, and satisfy their passions. I look upon their thoughts as more important than those of the king and all his council; and their humour as of more weight than the most considerable interest of France; and those reasons which here appear to be of most force will not be at all regarded.” P. 113.

In France, there had been, for ages, a law called the *Salic Law*, by which females are cut off from the inheritance of the throne; yet not only the above quotation, but the whole history of that country proves, that no nation has been more frequently or more flagrantly under female government—and consequently under the caprice of the most worthless and shameless part of the sex.

But while the governments and manners of foreign lands were subjects of amusement or speculation to Sydney in his exile, his heart was secretly bleeding for the degradation of his own country. During this long period, his circumstances were narrow, the supplies of money which he received from his offended father being few and uncertain. Resigning himself patiently to his hard fortune, he sometimes enjoyed a degree of happiness, which his persecutors might have envied. He thus beautifully describes his leisure at Belvedere, where Pope Innocent, for a time, allowed him apartments.

“ Nature, art, and treasure can hardly make a place more pleasant than this. The description of it would look more like poetry than truth. A Spanish lady, coming not long since to see this house, seated on a large plain, out of the middle of a rock, and a river brought to the top of the mountain, with the walks and fountains, ingeniously desired those that were present not to pronounce the name of our Saviour, lest it should dissolve this beautiful enchantment. We have passed the solstice, and I have not yet had occasion to complain of heat, which in Rome is very excessive, and hath filled the town with sickness, especially that part of it where I lived. Here is what I look for, health, quiet, and solitude. I am with some eagerness fallen to reading, and find so much satisfaction in it, that though I every morning see the sun rise, I never go abroad until six or seven of the clock at night; yet cannot I be so sure of my temper, as to know certainly how long this manner of life will please me. I cannot but rejoice a

little to find, that when I wander as a vagabond through the world, forsaken of my friends, and known only to be a broken limb of a shipwrecked faction; I find humanity and civility from those who are in the height of fortune and reputation. But I do also well know, I am in a strange land, how far those civilities do extend, and that they are too airy to feed or clothe a man." P. 129.

The following passage shows a mind rich in its own resources, which finds time most precious when it has the greatest portion of it at his own disposal, and of least value when it is shared with company and tumult. Vulgar minds are the most occupied in a crowd—great minds when they are alone.

"He that is naked, alone, and without help in the open sea, is less unhappy in the night, when he may hope the land is near, than in the day, when he sees it is not, and that there is no possibility of safety. Whilst I was at Rome, I wrote letters without much pain, since I had not so divided my time as to be very sensible of losing an hour or two: now I am alone, time grows much more precious unto me, and I am very unwilling to lose any part of it." P. 130.

Retiring into the north of Europe, he meditated a plan to enter the service of the Emperor of Germany, with a body of troops, which he proposed to raise among his old republican companions at home. For this strange purpose he solicited his father's intercession, to obtain for him an assurance of his being permitted to reside a few months with his family, till he could convey himself, and others who were in the same condition, so far from England, that, to use his own expression, 'those who hate us may give over suspecting us.' The plan was rejected; and being driven to extremity, Sydney, with some of his banished comrades, urged, first the Dutch, and afterwards the French Government, to invade England for the purpose of restoring the Commonwealth. This project also came to nothing, and Sydney was allowed afterwards to live quietly ten years, under the avowed protection of Louis XIV. An anecdote is related of him, strikingly characteristic of his haughty and stubborn independence, at the time when he was enjoying an asylum, and perhaps experiencing the bounty of this self-willed monarch.

"The King of France having taken a fancy to a fine English horse, on which he had seen him mounted at a chase, requested that he would part with it at his own price. On his declining the proposal, the king, determined to take no denial, gave orders to tender him money or to seize the horse. Sydney, on hearing this, instantly took a pistol and shot it, saying, 'that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves.'" P. 151.

During this period of rest from persecution, it is said he composed his *Discourses concerning Government*, which were not published till after his death, and yet it is understood that they cost him his life; garbled passages from these abstract speculations having been perverted at his trial into substantial treason. From this work, which has been more renowned than read, we shall copy a description of France, under the reign of its most splendid monarch. The picture, drawn by this keen eye-witness, is indeed loathsome and horrible, but, on the whole, it is without doubt a faithful delineation.

“Notwithstanding the present pride of France, the numbers and warlike inclinations of that people, the bravery of the nobility, extent of dominion, convenience of situation, and the vast revenues of their king, his greatest advantages have been gained by the mistaken counsels of England, the valour of our soldiers unhappily sent to serve him, and the strangers of whom the strength of his armies consists: which is so unsteady a support, that many, who are well versed in affairs of this nature, incline to think, he subsists rather by little arts, and corrupting ministers in foreign courts, than by the power of his own armies; and that some reformation in the counsels of his neighbours might prove sufficient to overthrow that greatness, which is grown formidable to Europe; the same misery to which he has reduced his people, rendering them as unable to defend him, upon any change of fortune, as to defend their own rights against him.”

“We have already said enough to obviate the objections that may be drawn from the prosperity of the French monarchy. The beauty of it is false and painted. There is a rich and haughty king, who is blessed with such neighbours as are not likely to disturb him, and has nothing to fear from his miserable subjects. But the whole body of that state is full of boils, and wounds, and putrid sores: there is no real strength in it. The people are so unwilling to serve him, that he is said to have put to death above fourscore thousand of his own soldiers, within the space of fifteen years, for flying from their colours: and, if he were vigorously attacked, little help could be expected from a discontented nobility, or a starving and despairing people.”

“Notwithstanding the seeming prosperity of France, the warlike temper of that people is so worn out by the frauds and cruelties of corrupt officers, that few men enlist themselves willingly to be soldiers; and, when they are engaged or forced, they are so little able to endure the miseries to which they are exposed, that they daily run away from their colours, though they know not whither to go, and expect no mercy if they are taken. The king has in vain attempted to correct this humour, by the severity of martial law. But men's minds will not be forced; and though his troops are perfectly well armed, clothed, and exercised, they have given many testimonies of little worth.”

"Though I do not delight to speak of the affairs of our own time, I desire those who know the present state of France to tell me whether it were possible for the king to keep that nation under servitude, if a vast revenue did not enable him to gain so many to his particular service, as are sufficient to keep the rest in subjection. And if this be not enough, let them consider, whether all the dangers that now threaten us at home, do not proceed from the madness of those, who gave such a revenue, as is utterly disproportionable to the riches of the nation, unsuitable to the modest behaviour expected from our kings, and which in time will render parliaments unnecessary to them."

"France, in outward appearance, makes a better show: but nothing in this world is more miserable than that people under the fatherly care of their triumphant monarch. The best of their condition is like asses and mastiff dogs; to work and fight; to be oppressed and killed for him; and those among them who have any understanding, well know that their industry, courage, and good success, is not only unprofitable, but destructive to them; and that, by increasing the power of their master, they add weight to their own chains." Pp. 216—221.

In 1677, by the court interest of the earl, his father, he obtained permission to visit England for the purpose of arranging his private affairs; but though he avowed his determination to return to France *as soon as he had settled a chancery suit*, this very condition insured him a permanent residence. His father dying soon after his arrival, and having never been cordially reconciled to Algernon's public conduct, bequeathed him legacies to the amount of little more than five thousand pounds, part of which his brother litigated with him, but it was finally decided in his favour. On this slender provision, with some property of no great value, which he had previously enjoyed, independent of his father, Sydney spent the remainder of his days as an exile in his native land, his affections being manifestly alienated from it, and fixed on a Utopia, that existed in the creation of his own mind. He repeatedly attempted, however, to get into parliament, and though his attempts were as repeatedly frustrated by court influence and intrigue, he fearlessly raised his voice in public against those measures of the government which appeared to him most pernicious. Suspected, hated, and feared, as he knew himself to be, there was certainly more intrepidity than prudence in this patriotic forwardness; it was like living on a scaffold, and laying his head on the block, in desperate scorn of the executioner's axe, to try how often he could escape the blow, by lifting it up again. Nor did he shrink from meeting his direst enemy, the king, face to face. On one occasion,

"Understanding that he had been accused to the king, as engaged in a plot of the *non conformists*, he obtained an audience, and clearly exposed the absurdity of the charge; since nothing, he maintained, could be more repugnant to his feelings, than a measure which must eventually unite the papists and the crown. Yet his enemies persevered in their attacks, and, if the wretched scheme had not miscarried, designed to involve him in the *meal tub plot*. And, when he was merely looking over a balcony, to see what passed at an election of sheriffs, he was indicted for a riot in the city." P. 171.

Between the time of "*the Meal Tub Plot*," the lure which he escaped, and that of "*the Rye House Plot*," that by which he was betrayed, he made himself conspicuous by opposing, with his utmost influence, the scheme of an alliance meditated by Sir William Temple and others, between England, Holland, and Spain, against France. In the progress of this affair, he is accused of having accepted two sums of money, of five hundred guineas each, from Barillon, a French minister at the court of London. On what conditions, or for what services, these sums were paid to him, or whether they were ever paid to him at all, cannot now be very clearly ascertained. That he was not a solitary pensioner on the bounty of France, appears from his answer to the ambassador D'Avaux, when soliciting his interest to prevent the alliance above mentioned. "While the king of France," said he, "is assisting the king of England with sums of money, which may at once render him independent of the parliament, and subservient to a foreign country, an alliance with the states general may, in turn, become expedient to control his power." Of M. Barillon, who is thus immortalized for having corrupted the most haughty and unbending republican of the age, Sydney himself humorously and contemptuously says:

"You know, Monsieur de Barillon governs us, if he be not mistaken; but he seems not to be so much pleased with that, as to find his *embonpoint* increased, by the moistness of our air, by frequently clapping his hands upon his thighs, showing the delight he hath in the sharpness of the sound, that testifies the plumpness and hardness of his flesh; and certainly, if this climate did not nourish him better than any other, the hairs of his nose, and nails of his fingers, could not grow so fast, as to furnish enough of the one to pull out, and of the other to cut off, in all companies, which being done, he picks his ears with as good a grace as my Lord La." P. 182.

Having already greatly extended this article, we hasten over the lesser incidents of Sydney's life, to notice, in very few words, his arrest, trial, and execution, in 1683, under the pretence of his being concerned in the Rye House Plot; a real or pretended

scheme for the assassination of the king and the Duke of York, on their return from Newmarket. Sydney, Lord William Russell, the younger Hampden, Lord Grey, and a weak being called Lord Howard, who afterwards turned evidence against his comrades, had frequently held private meetings, which were suspected to be for the purposes of maturing plans to overthrow the royal authority, and re-establish the commonwealth. Sydney's intimacy with these persons gave a colour to his arrest as an accomplice in the Rye House Plot, with which he appears to have had not even the slightest connexion. Disdaining to flee, though his intended apprehension was publicly spoken of, he permitted himself and his papers to be seized. Had he concealed or destroyed the latter, even Judge Jefferies must have failed to convict him; and though *with* these writings none but a Jefferies *could* have convicted him, yet in such hands they were converted into warrants for his execution. Treason was deduced from his thoughts—his unuttered thoughts, for they were unpublished—since it could not be deduced either from his conduct or conversation; and his speculative theories concerning government in the abstract, were interpreted into acts of conspiracy years after they had been composed, during which time they had slumbered in his study, when his persecutors themselves brought them to light, and were the first and the only promulgators of them, in his life time! Sydney defended himself with undaunted fortitude, and unanswerable arguments; but he was finally condemned, not because he was found guilty, but because *he was to be* condemned. The circumstances of the trial are given at great length in this volume, and to it we must refer those of our readers who are curious to understand the merits of the case. We will remark by the way, (as we have no room for particular criticism,) that Mr. Meadley, the author, has few pretensions as a writer, except to tolerable industry, and a plain style of narrative: there is nothing striking either in his reasoning or reflections. Of his hero we must take leave rather abruptly. In the short interval between his trial and execution, Sidney drew up an appeal to posterity on the injustice of his fate. We feel pleasure in quoting the following passage, as better evidence of the faith that was in him, than any thing we have found in his previous conduct or writings.

“I know that my Redeemer lives; and, as he hath, in a great measure, upheld me in the day of my calamity, hope that he will still uphold me by his spirit in this last moment; and, giving me grace to glorify him in my death, receive me into the glory prepared for those that fear him when my body shall be dissolved.”

We remember nothing in the life or death of any political confessor, more sublime or affecting than Sydney's reply to the executioner, while his head was on the fatal block;—his last words were worthy of the lips of a martyr.

“On the morning of the 7th of December, the sheriffs again proceeded to the tower, and, about ten o'clock, receiving Sydney from the hands of the lieutenant, after signing and sealing counterparts of the indenture for his delivery, conducted him on foot, to the place of execution on Tower-hill. He was attended only by two of his brother's servants. He ascended the scaffold with a firm, undaunted mien, worthy of the man who set up Marcus Brutus for his model. He gave a paper, containing a manly vindication of his innocence, to the sheriffs, observing, that ‘he had made his peace with God, and had nothing more to say to men:’ but he declined either reading, or having it read to the multitude, and offered to tear it, if it was not received. He then pulled off his hat, coat, and doublet, saying that ‘he was ready to die, and would give them no further trouble.’ He gave three guineas to the executioner, and perceiving the fellow grumble, as if the sum was inadequate, desired a servant to give him a guinea or two more. He then kneeled down, and, after a solemn pause of a few moments, calmly laid his head upon the block. Being asked by the executioner if he should rise again, he replied intrepidly, ‘not till the general resurrection;—strike on.’ The executioner obeyed his mandate, and severed his head from his body at a blow.”

An Account of the Life and Writings of Hugh Blair, D. D. F. R. S. E. one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. By the late John Hill, LL. D. F. R. S. E. 8vo. pp. 227.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THERE appears to be some cause for apprehension, lest the extravagant admiration once lavished on Dr. Blair, should decline, by degrees, into a neglect that will withhold even common justice. No productions so celebrated at first, as his Sermons, have, perhaps, ever come in so short a time to be so nearly forgotten. Even before the conclusion of the series, the public enthusiasm and avidity had begun to languish, and the last volume seemed only announced in order to attend the funeral of its predecessors. The once delighted readers excused the change of their taste by pretending, and, perhaps, believing, that a great disparity was ob-

servable between the two prior volumes and those which followed them. The alleged inferiority might possibly exist in a certain degree; but the altered feeling was in a much greater degree owing to the recovery of sober sense, from the temporary inebriation of novelty and fashion; and the recovery was accompanied by a measure of that mortification which seeks to be consoled by prompting a man to revenge himself on what has betrayed him into the folly.

As a critical writer, however, Dr. Blair has suffered much less from the lapse of years. His lectures have found their place, and established their character, among a highly respectable rank of books, and will always be esteemed valuable as an exercise of correct taste, and an accumulation of good sense, on the various branches of the art of speaking and writing. It was not absolutely necessary they should bear the marks of genius; it was not indispensable that they should be richly ornamented; but yet we can by no means agree with this biographer, that ornament would have been out of the place, and that the dry style which prevails throughout the lectures is the perfection of excellence in writings on criticism. It has been often enough repeated that such a bare, thin style is the proper one for scientific disquisitions, of which the object is pure truth, and the instrument pure intellect: but in general criticism, so much is to be done through the intervention of taste and imagination, that these faculties have a very great right to receive some tribute, of their own proper kind, from a writer who wishes to establish himself in their peculiar province. And the writings of Dryden, Addison, and Johnson, will amply show what graces may be imparted to critical subjects by a fine imagination, without in the least preventing or perplexing the due exercise of the reader's understanding. We are not so absurd as to reproach Dr. Blair for not having a fine imagination; but we must censure his panegyrist for attempting to turn this want into merit. Philosophical criticism, indeed, like that of Lord Kames, and Dr. Campbell, which attempts to discover the abstract principles, rather than to illustrate the specific rules of excellence in the fine arts—and between the object of which, and of Dr. Blair's criticism, there is nearly the same difference as between the office of an anatomist who dissects, or a chemist who decomposes beautiful forms, and an artist who looks at and delineates them—may do well to adhere to a plainer language; but the biographer has judiciously withdrawn all claims, in behalf of Dr. Blair, to the character of a philosophical critic. He has acknowledged, and even exposed, the slightness of the professor's observations on the formation of language. He has not, however, said one word of the irreligious inconsistency and folly of professing a zealous adherence to reve-

lation, and, at the same time, labouring to deduce the very existence of language in a very slow progress, from inarticulate noises, the grand original element of speech, as it seems, among the primeval gentlefolk, at the time when they went on all-four, and grubbed up roots, and picked up acorns. Our readers will remember the happy ridicule of a part of this theory, in one of Cowper's letters, in which he humorously teaches one of these clever savages to make the sentence, "Oh, give me apple." They may find the system ably and argumentatively exploded in Rousseau's Discourses on the Inequality of Mankind. While this part of the lectures is given up to deserved neglect, we think the work will, on the whole, always maintain its character, as a comprehensive body of sensible criticism, and of very valuable directions in the art of writing. We agree with this biographer, in admiring especially the lectures on the subject of style.

But it is rather on the unrivalled excellence of the sermons that Dr. Hill seems inclined to found the assurance of Dr. Blair's celebrity in future times. In order to persuade ourselves into the same opinion, we have been reading again some of the most noted of those performances. And they possess some obvious merits of which no reader can be insensible. The first is, perhaps, that they are not too long. It is not impertinent to specify this first, because we can put it to the consciences of our readers, whether, in opening a volume of sermons, their first point of inspection relative to any one which they are inclined to choose for its text or title, is not to ascertain the length. The next recommendation of the doctor's sermons, is a very suitable, though scarcely ever striking, introduction, which leads directly to the business; and opens into a very plain and lucid distribution of the subject. Another is a correct and perspicuous language; and it is to be added, that the ideas are almost always strictly pertinent to the subject. This, however, forms but a very small part of the applause which was bestowed on these sermons during the transient day of their fame. They were then considered by many as examples of true eloquence; a distinction never perhaps attributed, in any other instance, to performances marked by such palpable deficiencies and faults.

In the first place, with respect to the language, though the selection of words is proper enough, the arrangement of them in the sentence is often in the utmost degree stiff and artificial. It is hardly possible to depart further from any resemblance to what is called a living, or spoken style, which is the proper diction, at all events, for popular addresses, if not for all the departments of prose composition. Instead of the thought throwing itself into words, by a free, instantaneous, and almost unconscious action, and passing off in that easy form, it is pretty apparent

there was a good deal of handicraft employed in getting ready proper cases and trusses, of various but carefully-measured lengths and figures, to put the thoughts into, as they came out, in very slow succession, each of them cooled and stiffened to numbness in waiting so long to be dressed. Take, for example, such sentences as these: "Great has been the corruption of the world in every age. Sufficient ground there is for the complaints made by serious observers at all times, of abounding iniquity and folly." "For rarely, or never, is old age contemned, unless when, by vice or folly, it renders itself contemptible." "Vain, nay, often dangerous, were youthful enterprises, if not conducted by aged prudence." "If dead to these calls you already languish in slothful inaction," &c. "Smiling very often is the aspect, and smooth are the words, of those who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of others." "Exempt, on the one hand, from the dark jealousy of a suspicious mind, it is no less removed, on the other, from that easy credulity which, &c." "Formidable, I admit, this may justly render it to them who have no inward fund," &c. "Though such employments of fancy come not under the same description with those which are plainly criminal, yet wholly unblamable they seldom are." "With less external majesty it was attended, but is, on that account, the more wonderful, that under an appearance so simple, such great events were covered."

There is also a perpetual recurrence of a form of the sentence, which might be occasionally graceful, or tolerable, when very sparingly adopted, but is extremely displeasing when it comes often; we mean that construction in which the quality or condition of the agent, or subject, is expressed first, and the agent or subject itself is put to bring up the latter clause. For instance, "Pampered by continual indulgence, all our passions will become mutinous and headstrong." "Practised in the ways of men, they are apt to be suspicious of design and fraud," &c. "Injured or oppressed by the world, he looks up to a judge who will vindicate his cause."

In the second place, there is no texture in the composition. The sentences appear often like a series of little independent propositions, each satisfied with its own distinct meaning, and capable of being placed in a different part of the train, without injury to any mutual connexion, or ultimate purpose of the thoughts. The ideas relate to the subject generally, without specifically relating to one another. They all, if we may so speak, gravitate to one centre, but have no mutual attraction among themselves. The mind must often dismiss *entirely* the idea in one sentence, in order to proceed to that in the next; instead of feeling that the second, though distinct, yet necessarily retains the first still

in mind, and partly derives its force from it; and that they both contribute, in connexion with several more sentences, to form a grand complex scheme of thought, each of them producing a far greater effect, as a part of the combination, than it would have done as a little thought standing alone. The consequence of this defect is, that the emphasis of the sentiment, and the crisis or conclusion of the argument, comes no where; since it cannot be in any single insulated thought, and there is not mutual dependence and coöperation enough to produce any combined result. Nothing is proved, nothing is enforced, nothing is taught by a mere accumulation of self-evident propositions, most of which are necessarily trite, and some of which, when they are so many, must be trivial. With a few exceptions, this appears to us to be the character of these sermons. The sermon, perhaps, most deserving to be excepted, is that, "On the Importance of Religious Knowledge to Mankind," which exhibits a respectable degree of concatenation of thought, and deduction of argument. It would seem as if Dr. Blair had been a little aware of this defect, as there is an occasional appearance of remedial contrivance; he has sometimes inserted the logical signs *for* and *since*, when the connexion or dependence is really so very slight or unimportant that they might nearly as well be left out. We will select an example of the uncombined sort of composition, which we have attempted to describe :—

"For life never proceeds long in a uniform train. It is continually varied by unexpected events. The seeds of alteration are everywhere sown; and the sunshine of prosperity commonly accelerates their growth. If your enjoyments be numerous, you lie more open on different sides to be wounded. If you have possessed them long, you have greater cause to dread an approaching change. By slow degrees prosperity rises; but rapid is the progress of evil. It requires no preparation to bring it forward. The edifice, which it cost much time and labour to erect, one inauspicious event, one sudden blow, can level with the dust. Even supposing the accidents of life to leave us untouched, human bliss must still be transitory; for man changes of himself. No course of enjoyment can delight us long. What amused our youth, loses its charm in our maturer age; as years advance, our powers are blunted and our pleasurable feelings decline. The silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, until at length the period comes when all must be swept away. The prospect of this termination of our labours and pursuits is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. *Our days are a hand's breadth, and our age is as nothing.* Within that little space is all our little enterprise bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares, with contention and strife. We project great designs, entertain high hopes, and then leave our plans unfinished, and sink into oblivion." (Sermon on the Proper Estimate of Human Life.)

"We suffer ourselves to be dazzled by unreal appearances of pleasure. We follow, with precipitancy, whithersoever the crowd leads. We admire, without examination, what our predecessors have admired. We fly from every shadow at which we see others tremble. Thus, agitated by vain fears and deceitful hopes, we are hurried into eager contests, about objects which are in themselves of no value. By rectifying our opinions, we would strike at the root of the evil. If our vain imaginations were chastened, the tumult of our passions would subside." (Sermon on the Government of the Heart.)

"At the same time this rational contempt of death must carefully be distinguished from that inconsiderate and thoughtless indifference with which some have affected to treat it. This is what cannot be justified on any principle of reason. Human life is no trifle which men may play away at their pleasure. Death, in every view, is an important event. It is the most solemn crisis of the human existence. A good man has reason to meet it with a calm and firm mind. But no man is entitled to treat it with ostentatious levity. It calls for manly seriousness of thought. It requires all the recollection of which we are capable," &c. (Sermon on Death.)

If, in the next place, we were to remark on the figures introduced in the course of these sermons, we presume we should have every reader's concurrence that they are, for the most part, singularly trite; so much so, that the volumes might be taken, more properly than any other modern book that we know, as comprising the whole common-places of imagery. A considerable portion of the produce of imagination was deemed an indispensable ingredient of eloquence, and the quota was, therefore, to be had in any way and of any kind. But the guilt of plagiarism was effectually avoided, by taking a portion of what society had long agreed to consider as made common and free to all that want and choose. When, occasionally, there occurs a simile or metaphor of the writer's own production, it is adjusted with an artificial nicety, bearing a little resemblance to the labour and finish we sometimes see bestowed on the tricking out of an only child. It should, at the same time, be allowed, that the consistency of the figures, whether common or unusual, is in general accurately preserved. The reader will be taught, however, not to reckon on this as a certainty. We have just opened on the following sentence: "Death is the gate which, at the same time that it closes on this world, *opens* into eternity." (Sermon on Death.) We cannot comprehend the construction and movement of such a gate, unless it is like that which we sometimes see in place of a stile, playing loose in a space between two posts; and we can

hardly think so humble an object could be in the author's mind, while thinking of the passage to another world.

With respect to the general power of thinking displayed in these sermons, we apprehend that discerning readers are coming fast toward an uniformity of opinion. They will all cheerfully agree that the author carries good sense along with him, wherever he goes; that he keeps his subjects distinct; that he never wanders from the one in hand; that he presents concisely very many important lessons of sound morality; and that in doing this he displays an uncommon knowledge of the more obvious qualities of human nature. He is never trifling or fantastic; every page is sober, and pertinent to the subject; and resolute labour has prevented him from ever falling in a mortifying degree below the level of his best style of performance. He is seldom below a respectable mediocrity, but, we are forced to admit, that he very rarely rises above it. After reading five or six sermons, we become assured that we most perfectly see the whole compass and reach of his powers, and that, if there were twenty volumes, we might read on through the whole, without ever coming to a bold conception, or a profound investigation, or a burst of genuine enthusiasm. There is not in the train of thought a succession of eminences and depressions, rising towards sublimity, and descending into familiarity. There are no peculiarly striking short passages, where the mind wishes to stop awhile to indulge its delight, if it were not irresistibly carried forward by the rapidity of the thought. There are none of those happy reflections back on a thought just departing which seem to give it a second and a stronger significance, in addition to that which it had most obviously presented. Though the mind does not proceed with any eagerness to what is to come, it is seldom inclined to revert to what is gone by; and any contrivance in the composition to tempt it to look back with lingering partiality to the receding ideas, is forborne by the writer; quite judiciously, for the temptation would fail.

A reflective reader will perceive his mind fixed in a wonderful sameness of feeling throughout a whole volume; it is hardly relieved a moment, by surprise, delight, or labour, and, at length, becomes very tiresome; perhaps a little analogous to the sensations of a Hindoo while fulfilling his vow to remain in one certain posture for a month. A sedate formality of manner is invariably kept up through a thousand pages, without the smallest danger of ever luxuriating into a beautiful irregularity. We never find ourselves in the midst of any thing that reminds us of nature, except by that orderly stiffness which she forswears; or of freedom, except by being compelled to go in the measured paces of a dull

procession. If we manfully persist in reading on, we at length feel a torpor invading our faculties, we become apprehensive that some wizard is about turning us into stones, and we can break the spell only by shutting the book. Having shut the book, we feel that we have acquired no definable addition to our ideas; we have little more than the consciousness of having passed along through a very regular series of sentences and unexceptionable propositions; much in the same manner as, perhaps, at another hour of the same day, we have the consciousness or remembrance of having just passed along by a very regular painted palisade, no one bar of which particularly fixed our attention, and the whole of which we shall soon forget that we have ever seen.

The last fault that we shall allege, is some defect on the ground of religion; not a deficiency of general seriousness, nor an infrequency of reference to the most solemn subjects, nor an omission of stating sometimes, in explicit terms, the leading principles of the theory of the Christian Redemption. But we repeatedly find cause to complain that, in other parts of the sermon, he appears to forget these statements, and advances propositions which, unless the reader shall combine with them modifications which the author has not suggested, must contradict those principles. On occasions, he clearly deduces, from the death and atonement of *Christ*, the hopes of futurity, and consolations against the fear of death; and then, at other times, he seems most cautious to avoid this grand topic, when adverting to the approach of death, and the feelings of that season, and seems to rest all the consolations on the review of a virtuous life. We have sometimes to charge him also with a certain adulteration of the Christian moral principles, by the admixture of a portion of the worldly spirit. As a friend to Christianity, he wished her to be a little less harsh and peculiar than in her earlier days, and to show that she had not lived so long in the genteelest world in the creation, without learning politeness. Especially it was necessary for her to exercise due complaisance when she attended *him*, if she felt any concern about his reputation, as a companion of the fashionable, the sceptical, the learned, and the affluent, and a preacher to the most splendid congregation in the whole country. It would seem that she meekly took these delicate hints, and adopted a language which no gentleman could be ashamed to repeat, or offended to hear. The sermons abound with specimens of this improved dialect, but we cannot be supposed to have room here for quotations; we will only transcribe a single short sentence from the Sermon on Death:—"Wherever religion, virtue, or true honour call him forth to danger, life ought to be hazarded without fear." (Vol. ii. p. 244.) Now, what is the meaning of this word "ho-

nour," evidently here employed to denote something distinct from virtue, and, therefore, not cognizable by the laws of morality? Does the reverend orator mean, that to gain fame, or glory, as it is called, or to avert the imputation or suspicion of cowardice, or to maintain some trivial punctilio of precedence or arrogant demand of pride, commonly called a point of honour, between individuals or nations, or to abet, as a matter of course, any cause rendered honourable by being adopted by the higher classes of mankind—a Christian ought to hazard his life? Taken as the ground of the most awful duty to which a human being can be called, and yet thus distinguished from religion and morality, what the term means can be nothing good. The preacher did not, perhaps, exactly know what he intended it to mean; but it was a term in high vogue, and, therefore, well adapted to be put along with religion and virtue to qualify their uncouthness. It was no mean proof of address to have made these two surly puritans accept their sparkish companion. If this passage were one among only a few specimens of a dubious language, it would be scandalous in us to quote it in this particular manner; but as there are very many phrases cast after a similar model, we have a right to cite it as an instance of that tincture of the unsound maxims of the world, which we have asserted to be often perceptible in these sermons. This might be all in its place in the sermons of the despicable Yorick; but it is disgusting to hear a very grave divine blending, with Christian exhortations, the loathsome slang of duelling lieutenants, of gamblers, of scoffers at religion, of consequential fools who believe their own reputation the most important thing on earth, and, indeed, that the earth has nothing else to attend to, and of men whose rant about, perhaps, the glory of dying for their country, is mixed with insults to the Almighty, and imprecations of perdition on their souls.

This doubtful and accommodating quality was one of the chief causes, we apprehend, of the first extraordinary popularity of these Sermons. A great many people of gayety, rank, and fashion, have occasionally a feeling that a little easy quantity of religion would be a good thing; because it is too true, after all, that we cannot be staying in this world always, and when one goes out of it, why, there may be some hardish matters to settle in the other place. The prayer-book of a Sunday is a good deal, to be sure, toward making all safe, but then it is really so tiresome; for penance it is very well, but to say one likes it, one cannot for the life of one. If there were but some tolerable religious thing that one could read now and then without trouble, and think it about half as pleasant as a game of cards, it would be comfortable. One should not be so frightened about what we must all come to some

time.—Now, nothing could have been more to the purpose than these sermons; they were welcomed as the very thing. They were unquestionably about religion, and grave enough in all conscience; yet they were elegant; they were so easy to comprehend throughout, that the mind was never detained a moment, to think; they were undefiled by methodism; they but little obtruded peculiar doctrinal notions; they applied very much to high life, and the author was evidently a gentleman; the book could be discussed as a matter of taste, and its being seen in the parlour excited no surmise that any one in the house had been lately converted. Above all, it was most perfectly free from that disagreeable and mischievous property attributed to the eloquence of Pericles, that it “left stings behind.”

With these recommendations, aided by the author's reputation as an elegant critic, and by his acquaintance with persons of the highest note, the book became fashionable; it was circulated that Lord Mansfield had read some of the sermons to their majesties; peers and peeresses without number were cited, as having read and admired; till at last, it was almost a mark of vulgarity not to have read them, and many a lie was told to escape this imputation, by persons who had not yet enjoyed the advantage. Grave elderly ministers, of much severer religious views than Dr. Blair, were, in sincere benevolence, glad that a work had appeared, which gave a chance for religion to make itself heard among the dissipated and the great, to whom ordinary sermons, and less polished treatises of piety, could never find access. Dainty young sprigs of theology, together with divers hopeful young men and maidens, were rejoiced to find that Christian truth could be attired in a much nicer garb than that in which it was exhibited in Beveridge, or in the Morning Exercises at Cripplegate.

If the huzzas attending the triumphal entry of these Sermons had not been quite so loud, the present silence concerning them might not have appeared quite so profound. And if there had been a little more vigour in the thought, and any thing like nature and ease in the language, they might have emerged again into a respectable and permanent share of the public esteem. But, as the case stands, we think they are gone or going irrevocably to “the vault of the Capulets.” Such a deficiency of ratiocination, combined with such a total want of original conception, is in any book incompatible with its staying long in the land of the living. And as to the style, also, of these performances, there were not wanting, even in the hey-day and riot of their popularity, some doctors, cunning in such matters, who thought the dead monotony of the expression symptomatic of a disease that must end fatally.

We should apologize to our readers for having gone on thus far

with our remarks, without coming to the work which has given the occasion for introducing them.

This volume has disappointed our expectation of finding a particular account of the Life of Dr. Blair, enlivened with anecdotes illustrative of his character. Nearly half of it is occupied, not in criticising, but actually in epitomising, the Doctor's writings, a labour of which it is impossible to comprehend the necessity or use, except to make up a handsome-looking volume. Several of the most noted of the sermons are individually dissected, in a tedious manner, and compared with several of the sermons on the same subjects, in the volumes of some of the celebrated French preachers, but without any critical remarks of consequence. The other half of the book does relate mainly to the man himself, but is written much more in the manner of a formal academical eulogy, than of any thing like a lively and simple memoir. It is not florid, but it is as set and artificial as the composition of Dr. Blair himself; and, indeed, seems a very good imitation, or, at least, resemblance. Except in the acknowledgment of one or two slight weaknesses, as we are taught to deem them in the Doctor's character, it is a piece of laboured and unvaried panegyric, carried on from page to page, with a gravity which becomes at length perfectly ludicrous. Hardly one circumstance is told in the language of simple narrative; every sentence is set to the task of applause. Even Dr. Blair himself, whose vanity was extreme, would have been almost satisfied, if such an exhibition of his qualities and talents had been written in time to have been placed in his view. As we are afraid that the rich encomiums would suffer from our phlegmatic feelings a considerable deterioration, while passing through our hands in the way of abridgment, it is but reasonable that we should let the learned biographer speak of his beloved master in his own language:—

“During the eleven years that he continued minister of the Canon-gate, his reputation as a preacher was continually growing. The gay and the serious, the opulent and the needy, the learned and the illiterate, vied with each other in eagerness to profit by those instructions, which were alike useful, and which the art of the preacher rendered alike agreeable to them all. By the elegance of his compositions, the taste of the critic was gratified; and by their piety, the faith of the Christian was confirmed. He made the precepts of religion to reach the heart by a channel in which their course was not to be resisted. When such sentiments gained admission by his eloquence into breasts in which they were strangers, they assumed their native authority; and they made even the ungodly feel and confess their influence.

“It was not, however, to be supposed, that such professional merit as Mr. Blair's could stop at any point in the line of his preferment but

the highest. In the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis his pretensions could not lie concealed. He was translated from the Canongate to that church in the city of Edinburgh which is called *Lady Yester's*, on the 11th of October, 1754, and from thence to the High Church, on the 15th of June, 1758.

"When a Scottish clergyman reaches the station last mentioned, the career of his professional ambition is understood to be over. It is then his province to preach before the Judges of the land, and to instruct the most learned and respectable audience which his country can present. Mr. Blair's talents for pulpit eloquence could now display themselves to advantage. Every thing tended to fire that laudable ambition, which even in him gave confidence to modesty, and which led him on to that eminence which he so justly deserved." P. 18, 19, 20.

"Such are the outlines of the characters of those distinguished preachers, both in Great Britain and France, with whom Dr. Blair is entitled to be compared. Each preacher, in each country, exhibits, in a certain degree, the merits and the defects of its style of preaching, as well as those that belong to himself. We might be accused of partiality to the country to which Dr. Blair long did honour, were we to affirm, that he had surpassed the splendid beauties of Massillon, Bossuet, and Flechier, or the clear and ingenious reasoning of Clarke, Barrow, and Butler. In the medium between the extremes to which each set may have bent, he seems to have been desirous to find a place. He wished to temper the glow of passion with the coolness of reason, and to give such scope only to the imagination of his audience, as would leave the exercise of their judgment unimpaired. He tried to accommodate his discussions to the apprehension of those whom he addressed; and, when called to elucidate the mysteries that bear to be inquired into, he enlivened the dark research by the brilliancy of a well-regulated fancy. The reception which his sermons have met with throughout Europe, after being translated into different languages, proves equally the merit of the preacher, and the candour of his judges. Even those in this country who envy his fame, hold it prudent to be silent, and to seem to set every thing like jealousy asleep. They are afraid to encounter that tide of public opinion, by which they are sure they would be borne down. In France, his Sermons were never said to be inanimate; nor were they, in Britain, by good judges, said to be superficial. In both countries they have, at once, given pleasure to the gay, and consolation to the serious.—By such a mixture of beauty and usefulness, as the world never before witnessed in their line, they have given fashion to a kind of reading that had long been discarded. They have stopped even the voluptuary in his career, and made him leave the haunts of dissipation, that he might listen to the preacher's reproof." P. 153, 154, 155.

"In no situation did Dr. Blair appear to greater advantage than in the circle of his private friends. This circle, however, was not very numerous. Though his benevolence was general and extensive, yet

he was cautious in bestowing the marks of his esteem. With the foibles of his friends, if venial, he was not apt to be offended. He could make the person who had the weakness, first laugh at it in others, and then bring it home to himself. By a happy mixture of gentleness and pleasantry, he gave instruction without giving offence; and, while indulging a species of wit, in which there was no sarcasm, he seemed happy in curing trifling defects.

"In his intercourse with his friends, too, he discovered the most amiable condescension. To those whom he esteemed, he committed himself freely, and without reserve; and he took no liberty with them which he was not ready to grant. By no affected restraint did he ever put them in mind of his superiority, of which, during his social hours, he seemed utterly unconscious. Had he thus unbended himself in the presence of strangers, which he never did, they would have been unable to reconcile what they saw with what they heard of him. They would have been like those who beheld Agricola upon his return from Britain, whom Tacitus describes thus:—"*Multi quærerent fœdum pauci interpretarentur.*" P. 156, 157.

"Though Dr. Blair was susceptible of flattery, and received it with a satisfaction which he was at no pains to hide, yet he was, in a high degree, modest and unassuming. The impetuous arrogance by which some would force themselves into consequence, he scorned to imitate. He knew perfectly, at the same time, what was due to himself, and would have felt the denial of that attention, which he thought it beneath him to court. His uncommon success in life, and the flattery to which he was daily accustomed, never produced in him the weakness of insolence. He had wisdom enough to see the real grounds of superiority among men. The false claims of the arrogant and the proud he would have scorned to gratify; and while he respected those friends only who respected themselves, he established a dominion in their hearts which nothing could ever shake.

"Though in the highest degree capable of advising others, yet he never did so, but when he knew that it was agreeable to them. An obtruded advice he held as an insult to those to whom it was offered. His opinion, when asked, he gave with diffidence, and he stated carefully the reason upon which that opinion was founded. He was more apt to encourage than to mortify the persons consulting him; and often blamed the timidity which prevented them from judging and acting for themselves." P. 164, 165.

"From the situation of the country a few years before Dr. Blair's death, he appeared in a light that endeared him more than ever to the worthy and discerning part of the community. Of his ability as a scholar, and his amiableness as a man, he had long given unequivocal proofs; but his loyalty as a subject, and his faithful attachment to the British constitution, had till then no opportunity of showing themselves. The opinion of a person of his eminence served, in such time, as a guide to the simple. Many, who could not judge correctly upon political subjects, were ready to be directed by him, whose sentiments upon religious topics they believed to be unerring. He de-

clared from his pulpit, that no man could be a good Christian that was a bad subject. The opinions of those French philosophers, who wished to destroy subordination, and to loosen the restraints of law, he rejected with abhorrence. He regarded those men as the authors of incalculable mischief to every country upon earth, as well as to that which unhappily gave them birth. He beheld them as disturbing the peace of the world, which, with an insidious appearance of benevolence, they pretended to promote.

"Sentiments like these from the mouth of such a man, and spoken at such a time, could not fail to be productive of the happiest effects on the public mind. Even with all the energy which his majesty's ministers possessed, the task of stemming the torrent which then threatened to overwhelm the nation, was by no means easy. Though few among the learned in Scotland were suspected of any desire to betray the cause of their country, yet even among them, patriotic zeal appeared in very different degrees. In the encouragement of this capital virtue which both reason and religion recommend, Dr. Blair took a decided and an active share. No mean disposition to temporize upon his own part, or to avail himself of connexions, future and casual, interfered with what he felt to be his duty at the time. The state, he saw, then needed the countenance and support of all its members; and in the moment of its exigency, he was ready to do what he could. The firmness and vigour which he then displayed were worthy of the descendant of that illustrious ancestor, who was mentioned at the beginning of this work. From his age and his profession, it could not be supposed that he was to take arms in his country's defence; but to the side which he so strenuously espoused, he gave all that weight which is attached to the opinion of an honest man.

"During the crisis now spoken of, the connexion between Lord Melville and Dr. Blair grew more and more intimate. It was indeed apparent to many, that in proportion as his lordship withdrew his friendship from some others of the men of letters in Scotland he bestowed it the more largely upon him." P. 191—194.

To avoid several pages of extracts, we must remark, that Dr. Blair was something of a beau, and very fond of novel reading. Every reader will be surprised and provoked to find so very small a share of personal history. It is well known that we are not in general to look for many incidents and adventures in the life of a scholar and clergyman; but we should have supposed that a period of 83 years might have furnished more matters of fact than what could be comprised in a quarter of that number of pages. Those which are here afforded consist of little beside the notice and dates of the two or three more obscure preferments of Dr. Blair, on his road to what is described as the summit of ecclesiastical success and honour, the High Church of Edinburgh; his appointment as Professor of Belles Lettres; his failure of being

placed in the situation of Principal in the University of Edinburgh, which he expected to receive from the pure gratitude and admiration of his country, without any solicitation, and the important circumstance of preaching his last sermon. This circumstance will be henceforward inserted, we trust, with its precise date, in all chronicles of the memorable things of past times; for it is enlarged on here, as if it had been one of the most momentous events of the century. He died December 27th, 1800, in the 33d year of his age, and the 59th of his ministry.

The Doctor's successful progress through life was on the whole adapted to gratify, one should think almost to satiety, that love of fame which his biographer declares, in so many words, to have been his ruling passion; nor had the passion which Dr. Hill does *not* say, was second in command, the love of money, any great cause to complain.

We sincerely wish to persuade ourselves that, with all his labour of encomium, this Dr. Hill has done less than justice to his subject. For if we are to take his representation as accurate and complete, we have the melancholy spectacle of a preacher of religion, whose grand and uniform object, in all his labours, was advancement in the world. This is clearly the only view in which his admiring friend contemplates those labours. The preacher's *success* is constantly dwelt on with delight; but this success always refers to himself, and his own worldly interests, not to any religious influence exerted on the minds of his inferior, and afterwards his splendid, auditories. His evangelical office is regarded as merely a professional thing, in which it was his happiness to surpass his competitors, to attain the highest reputation, to be placed in a conspicuous station, to obtain a comparative affluence, to be most sumptuously flattered by the great, and to be the intimate friend of Hume, Smith, Home, Ferguson, and Robertson. There is hardly a word that attributes to the admired preacher any concern about promoting the Christian cause, the kingdom of Christ, or the conversion of wicked men—in short, any one of those sublime objects for which *alone* the first magnanimous promulgators of Christianity preached, and laboured, and suffered. It is easy to see that, though Dr. Blair's reputed eloquence had been made the mean of imparting the light, and sanctity, and felicity, of religion, to 10,000 poor wicked peasants, yet if he had not sought and acquired high distinction in polished society, his learned biographer would have been utterly disinclined to celebrate him, as deeming him either a grovelling spirit, incapable of aiming at a high object, or the victim of malignant stars that forbade him to attain it. We could make plenty of citations to acquit ourselves of injustice in this representation: there are many passages of a quality similar to the following:—

"His lordship, (Chief Baron Orde,) in his official capacity, was a regular hearer of the Doctor's sermons, while his court sat, and there was no one better qualified to judge of the preacher's merit. This merit, too, was never more conspicuous than when it was honoured with the approbation of the venerable Judge. Dr. Blair's literary reputation was there thoroughly established. And the unwearied labour he underwent in his closet, while composing his Sermons, was repaid by the admiration of a discerning audience." P. 187.

The Doctor is commonly reputed to have had a tolerably sufficient attachment to self. He might have higher motives for clinging so fast to the patronage of Lord Melville, but it is irksome to hear of his being "so much indebted to that patron's munificence," with the addition of the fulsome cant, that "every favour which he received (from his patron) was *multa dantis cum laude*, and did honour to the hand that bestowed it." This patron is presumed to have been at the bottom of the pension of 200*l.* granted from the public treasury.

In reading so many things about patronage, and munificence, and protection, and advancement, and success, it cannot fail to occur to any reader of sense to ask, with a sentiment very indignant in one reference, or very compassionate in the other—if all this was necessary to Dr. Blair with a small family, and with all the internal means attributed to him of advancing his interests, what is to become of ever so many hundred hapless clergymen, in Scotland and elsewhere, who have large families, slender livings, and no General Frazers, Chief Barons, and Lord Melvilles to "protect" them, no means of getting into the High Church of Edinburgh, no chance of attracting the notice of royalty, and a pension of 200*l.*, and no hope of collecting tribute by means of a literary reputation "extending beyond the bounds of the British empire?"

We are particularly grateful for the comparative shortness of this production: to have gone over the customary extent of seven or eight hundred pages, if filled with such needless abridgments of books, and with eulogy so dry and so glaring, would have been a pilgrimage, only not quite so formidable as that of Bruce from Chendi to Syene.

The Paradise of Coquettes. A Poem in Nine Parts.
pp. 256. London.

[From the North British Review.]

THE very attractive Poem, whose title we have just transcribed, has been cast upon the world without a name to protect it, and we are left at liberty to conjecture whether the author be a veteran or recruit in the service of the Muses.—In general, we believe, the age and standing of a poet may be guessed nearly as well from an acquaintance with his works, as a knowledge of his person; but in the present instance, our faith in this principle has been so fairly shaken, that we must get rid of the difficulty, by urging the old apology, that every rule is liable to exceptions. If the author has written much, we think he writes too well to be nameless, and if he has written but little, we are surprised he writes so correctly. He has all the gallantry and enthusiasm of a nursling of the Nine, and yet appears to be too well skilled in the arts of the *beau monde* for a youth; and he moreover hints in his preface, that the old and experienced are the best qualified to judge of the merit of his performance.

The first part is entirely prefatory, and relates principally to the author himself; it contains, however, some of the best and most feeling passages in the whole poem. The second part opens with a very pleasing description of morning, from which a natural transition is made to a defence of the late hours of fashionable beauty, and a description of the opposite offices which morning performs in the high and low rank of life. At the dawn of day in London, Zephyra, the heroine, is introduced to the reader, as returning from an evening party, and indulging in a soliloquy on the disappointments and slights which she had suffered. A number of other topics are then alluded to; after which Zephyra prepares to bid farewell to coquetry, and consoles herself for the defeat that has forced her upon this resolution, by indulging in anticipations of the "happier life of her whose love is confined to one." The second part having concluded with Zephyra's vow of abjuration, the third opens with a description of the Genius of Coquetry, who appears at the critical moment, to apprize his distinguished disciple of the noble character of the votaries of coquetry; and to admonish her to recall her vow, and reassume that character that had already distinguished, and would still distinguish her. In the fourth canto, Zephyra, recovering from the awe with which the presence of the Genius had inspired her, and restored to all the graces of her natural and habitual character,

coquets with the very Genius of Coquetry himself. She then proceeds to request a glimpse of her future triumphs, but is checked by the Genius, who represents to her the evil consequences that would result from such an indulgence. In the fifth canto, the Genius proposes to favour her with a sight of the paradise, in which, after earthly coquetries have ceased, the immortal coquette renews, and continues through immortality, the delights which she only began in the drawing rooms and groves below. Zephyra is accordingly invested with the "cestus of levity," by the aid of which she ascends with the Genius to paradise. The sixth part is wholly occupied with a description of the Star of Paradise, and of the allegorical sentinels that guard its gates, namely, Death and the Genius of Oblivion. The seventh is purely geographical, and contains a very minute, and, for any thing we know to the contrary, a very accurate account of the figure, dimensions, climate, population, botany, and mineralogy of the Star of Paradise. In the eighth part, the heroine discovers; that the joys of Paradise, however vivid and varied, still bear an affinity to the occupations and pleasures of earth; and that the dances of the Star are almost the only thing in which its inhabitants can boast of being original. After visiting all the places of note in Elysium, and witnessing the homage paid to her celestial sisters, our terrestrial coquette gets quite angry at her own invisibility—the only circumstance that prevents her from eclipsing them all—and determines to return home, thinking, with some reason, that there is more pleasure in coquetting *in propria persona* on earth than *incognita* in heaven. The Genius having consented to allow her to depart, very politely escorts her to the frontiers of his dominions, where she seats herself once more in the cestus of levity, which, without the aid of compass or quadrant, lands her safe in her lodgings in Pall Mall, and then disappears, to the great astonishment of herself and waiting maid.

In the ninth and last division of his subject, the author returns to truth and nature, and glances at a number of topics, which, by being amplified and extended, would furnish matter for a far more interesting poem than that which he has produced.

The following address to woman, in which the author anticipates her praise when he shall no longer be alive to enjoy it, is undoubtedly the most feeling, if not the most beautiful passage in the whole poem:—

" So though no marble seraph seem to rise,
Cold from my tomb to guide me to the skies,
Warm living Angels there shall bend and shed
The tears I love upon my conscious bed.

There, if the simplest wild-flower of the spring,
 Through the low grass its dewy radiance fling,
 Soft hands shall stoop the hallowed gem to bear,
 Yet almost shrink and start to pluck it there ;
 And when some other lyre—when mine is mute—
 Shall to these strains the votive numbers suit,
 Catch all the worship, and, with sweeter song,
 But not with fonder heart, the theme prolong ;
 When the proud Bard the glowing verse shall swell,
 And beauty hang attentive o'er his spell ;
 Even while she smiles delighted and repays
 The tuneful homage with her warmest gaze,
 A sudden sadness to her eye shall start,
 And strains long loved shall float around her heart ;—
 The master's hand shall pause :—his glance shall see
 The half-shed tear, and know 'twas given to me." P. 23.

The address to morning, in the opening of the second canto, is also extremely good ; but as our extracts must be select, rather than numerous, we shall pass over that passage, to make room for a part of the heroine's soliloquy, in her meditated abjuration of coquetry. Were the author not too refined to follow the old-fashioned practice of giving a moral to his piece, he had an excellent opportunity of accomplishing this purpose, in the speech he puts into Zephyra's mouth upon this occasion. But this, we suppose, would have been inconsistent with his plan of delineating that "perfect coquetry, the spirit of which never sleeps while the eye and the mind are awake." In the passage we are about to lay before our readers, Zephyra, instead of bidding a sincere adieu to the poisoned pleasures of coquetry, and a cordial welcome to the calm joys of wedlock, infuses into her catalogue of the comforts of her new condition, something of that querulousness which we might expect to lurk in the mind of a virgin who flies to a nunnery, as a dernier resort, and determines to veil for ever from the eyes of men those charms which they had not the sense to admire when they were blessed with the opportunity.

"O happy, when by practice I succeed,
 And, *without yawning*, love in every deed ;
 When, by his side my daily round I walk,
 His silence sweet, and sweeter still his talk ;—
 Hear him, like nature's judge, expound her laws,
 Meek with moralities, and sage with laws ;
 Or moralize myself, tho' half too young,
 And wonder at the wisdom of my tongue ;—
 In fields where scarce a weed upon the sod
 Has grown unmarked, and tracks for ever trod ;
 Mid trees unchanged, since last we wander'd by,
 And constant flowers that never seem to die ;

Call him at every turn some charm to see,
 Which *fifty* times he earlier marked for me :
 Or when dear winter lengthens pleasure's day,
 When routs contend, and chariots stop the way,
 Sit the long noiseless night without desire,
 And gaze on him, the kitten, and the fire.
 Those joys I yet may learn before my grave,
 Which virtue gives—at least which virtue gave—
 Gave in the days, when never beau was rude,
 And all our great-great-grandmothers were good."

The genius of a poet is perhaps evinced in nothing so much as the choice and management of his imagery. An author who abounds in clumsy similies and illustrations, we are ever inclined to rank among those of whom all hope is vain ; but one whose every eccentricity adds new radiance to his picture, may be said to exhibit symptoms of immortality.—In illustrating a sentiment, shortening an argument, or brightening an obscurity, *nothing is half so powerful as masterly and well-supported similitudes*. Like the globe and microscope, they assist and compensate the weakness of our faculties, and make the mind familiar with what is almost incomprehensible from its magnitude, or invisible from its minuteness. The similes in the present work, though seldom brilliant, are always elegant, and commonly just ; and their want of vividness is owing, we imagine, not so much to a deficiency in original vigour, as to that dissipation of strength which is often the effect of an excessive refinement. The following example, however, is a striking exception to this general character, and is maintained throughout with the greatest delicacy and beauty :—

" So, when serene, the noontide radiance glows,
 On some calm bank, which rocks and woods enclose,
 Where long embower'd in gloom, the sunny rill,
 Glad sparkling in the beam, though bright, is chill :
 On that warm sod, uncrossed by wanderer's path,
 Some youthful, blushing sweetness dares the bath
 Half bold, half-trembling, her last vesture thrown,
 Safe from all view, yet shrinking from her own,
 Even in the flood, as if one veil to save,
 With hurrying haste she stoops beneath the wave.
 'Then seeks the slopy turf, and bends all right,
 Her dark locks glistening o'er her neck of light ;
 With what sweet glow the renovating beam
 Repays the shivering chilness of the stream :
 Life owns, in every pulse, the freshening power,
 And one short shudder warms thro' many an hour.

Such is that shivering fear, when lovers fly;
 Such that warm transport, when again they sigh:
 'Tis quickened pleasure all—with livelier dance,
 The kindling spirit throbs to every glance—
 Each voice has double love, and smiles unfold
 More tenderness than smiles were deemed to hold."

There are many more pretty, and even beautiful passages in this poem; but in those quoted we have tried to exhibit the author in his happiest phasis, and should now submit to the judgment of the reader a few specimens of an opposite character. Fortunately, however, the task is much more difficult, as it is more disagreeable, than the former. Although the general effect of this piece, from the defects in the plan already pointed out, is heavy and uninteresting, in justice it must be admitted, that the worst parts of it are only of a negative character. In the few attempts the author has made at humour, he has been, we think, generally unsuccessful; and the tone of the following paragraph, which is a palpable imitation of the Knight's speech in the conclusion of the third canto of the "Rape of the Lock," appears to us decidedly vulgar:—

"Sooner shall maids who loathe a single bed,
 Elope to *Doctor's Commons* to be wed,
 And some gay new gallant, too fondly seen,
 Find proctors and divorce at *Gretna Green*:—
 Sooner shall man, who, in the marriage rite,
 Boasts rule and lordship, be a husband quite;
 And brides, who vow to honour and obey,
 The oath remember, and renounce the sway:—
 Each Opera box at midnight prayer be seen,
 And sermons be what novels long have been;
 Even fashion's fickle self to change forget,
 And turns a quaker—ere I turn coquette." P. 61.

The following is still more unfortunate, and certainly does not impress us with a very high idea of the politeness or taste of the speaker, who is no less a personage than the Genius of Coquetry:—

"Perhaps—for who could 'scape such drowsy lot—
 Thy very art of conquest half forgot,
 Even thou, in sloth habitual, lost to fame,
 Might'st sink scarce brighter than some nursery dame,
 Who rocks her bantling, pickles pods in state,
 And cooks the caudle of her gouty mate." P. 109.

The author of this poem is upon the whole, however, a writer of no ordinary cast. His sentiments have not the general character of being very correct; but he has evidently a great knowledge of human character, and a habitual skill in discriminating all its varieties. He possesses some humour, and more wit; but both are so much refined by mere ingenuity, and entangled in the circumlocutions and redundancies of his style, that, in this respect, he resembles that class of writers whom Burns compared to the spinsters of his country, "who drew the thread so fine, that it is neither fit for warp nor woof." In point of diction and the structure of his verse he comes nearer to Rogers than any other contemporary poet: only he wants that mellow raciness which greater energy with equal delicacy imparts to the Pleasures of Memory. If he had Pope in his eye, which we think is pretty evident, he has imitated him very skillfully, and has had the good sense to avoid those many artificial prettinesses by which that author's writings are depreciated. The poetry of the *Paradise of Coquettes* is, in short, just such as might have been expected from a man of genius, who has wantoned his hours in the gay meridian of the drawing room; who devotes his life rather to the service of the ladies than the muses. It is polished, though not pithy; and elegant, though not interesting. But take him as he is, it is seldom indeed that the paradise of fashion has been able to boast of so poetical, and, at the same time, so acute an observer of its modes and peculiarities; and had he only been somewhat less bewildered by a fancy for celestial machinery, and aimed at pleasing the ninety-nine instead of the one in the hundred, we are confident that he would have ranked, not only among the more popular, but among the more useful and truly genuine poets of the present day.

ORIGINAL.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

(CONTINUED FROM p. 149.)

The next day Captain Lewis resumed the road which led through a long descending valley for several miles, when they discovered two women, a man, and some dogs, on an eminence about a mile before them. A small flag was immediately unfurled, with which Captain Lewis advanced. The persons on the hill at first sat down as if to wait for him, but as he approached, the females first retreated, and the man, though he staid till Captain Lewis was within a hundred yards of him, also went off without regarding the words of friendly greeting which he addressed to him according to the instructions of the interpreter. The dogs, however, were less shy, and came close to him: he therefore thought of tying a handkerchief with some beads round the neck of one of them, and then let them go, in order to convince the fugitives of his friendly intentions; but they would not suffer themselves to be touched, and soon ran off. The two hunters now joined Captain Lewis, and they continued to follow the road.

“It was dusty and seemed to have been much used lately both by foot passengers and horsemen. They had not gone along it more than a mile, when, on a sudden, they saw three female Indians, from whom they had been concealed by the deep ravines which intersected the road till they were now within thirty paces of each other; one of them, a young woman, immediately took to flight, the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing we were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and, holding down their heads, seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them. The same habit of holding down the head and inviting the enemy to strike, when all chance of escape is gone, is preserved in Egypt to this day. Captain Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and advancing towards them, took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the word *tabba bone!* at the same time stripping up his shirt sleeve to prove that he was a white man, for his hands and face had become, by constant exposure, quite as dark as their own. She appeared im-

mediately relieved from her alarm, and Drewyer and Shields how coming up Captain Lewis gave them some beads, a few awls, pewter mirrors, and a little paint, and told Drewyer to request the woman to recall her companion who had escaped to some distance, and by alarming the Indians might cause them to attack him without any time for explanation. She did as she was desired, and the young woman returned almost out of breath: Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets, and painted the tawny cheeks of all three of them with vermilion, a ceremony which among the Shoshonees is emblematic of peace. After they had become composed, he informed them by signs of his wish to go to their camp in order to see their chiefs and warriors; they readily obeyed, and conducted the party along the same road down the river. In this way they marched two miles, when they met a troop of nearly sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses, riding at full speed toward them. As they advanced, Captain Lewis put down his gun, and went with the flag about fifty paces in advance. The chief, who with two men was riding in front of the main body, spoke to the women, who now explained that the party was composed of white men, and showed exultingly the presents they had received. The three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder, and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheek to his, and frequently vociferating *ah hi e! ah hi e!* "I am much pleased, I am much rejoiced." The whole body of warriors now came forward, and our men received the caresses, and no small share of the grease and paint of their new friends. After this fraternal embrace, of which the motive was much more agreeable than the manner, Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and offered it to the Indians, who had now seated themselves in a circle around the party. But before they would receive this mark of friendship they pulled off their moccasins, a custom, as we afterward learnt, which indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions when they smoke with a stranger, and which imprecates on themselves the misery of going barefoot for ever, if they are faithless to their words; a penalty by no means light to those who rove over the thorny plains of their country. It is not unworthy to remark the analogy which some of the customs of those wild children of the wilderness bear to those recorded in holy writ. Moses is admonished to pull off his shoes, for the place on which he stood was holy ground. Why this was enjoined as an act of peculiar reverence; whether it was from the circumstance that in the arid region in which the patriarch

then resided it was deemed a test of the sincerity of devotion to walk upon the burning sands barefooted, in some measure analogous to the pains inflicted by the prickly pear, does not appear. After smoking a few pipes, some trifling presents were distributed amongst them, with which they seemed very much pleased, particularly with the blue beads and the vermillion. Captain Lewis then informed the chief that the object of his visit was friendly, and should be explained as soon as he reached their camp; but that, in the meantime, as the sun was oppressive, and no water near, he wished to go there as soon as possible. They now put on their moccasins, and their chief, whose name was Cameahwait, made a short speech to the warriors. Captain Lewis then gave him the flag, which he informed him was among white men the emblem of peace, and now that he had received it was to be in future the bond of union between them. The chief then moved on, our party followed him, and the rest of the warriors in a squadron, brought up the rear. After marching a mile they were halted by the chief, who made a second harangue, on which six or eight young men rode forward to their camp, and no further regularity was observed in the order of march. At the distance of four miles from where they had first met, they reached the Indian camp, which was in a handsome level meadow on the bank of the river. Here they were introduced into an old leathern lodge which the young men, who had been sent from the party, had fitted up for their reception. After being seated on green boughs and antelope skins, one of the warriors pulled up the grass in the centre of the lodge so as to form a vacant circle of two feet diameter, in which he kindled a fire. The chief then produced his pipe and tobacco, the warriors all pulled off their moccasins, and our party was requested to take off their own. This being done, the chief lighted his pipe at the fire within the magic circle, and then retreating from it began a speech several minutes long, at the end of which he pointed the stem towards the four cardinal points of the heavens, beginning with the east and concluding with the north. After this ceremony he presented the stem in the same way to Captain Lewis, who, supposing it an invitation to smoke, put out his hand to receive the pipe, but the chief drew it back, and continued to repeat the same offer three times, after which he pointed the stem first to the heavens, then to the centre of the little circle, took three whiffs himself, and presented it again to Captain Lewis. Finding that this last offer was in good earnest, he smoked a little; the pipe was then held to each of the white men, and after they had taken a few whiffs, was given to the warriors." Vol. I. p. 362—5.

"The ceremony of smoking being concluded, Captain Lewis explained to the chief the purposes of his visit, and as by this time all the women and children of the camp had gathered around the lodge to indulge in a view of the first white men they had ever seen, he distributed among them the remainder of the small articles he had brought with him." Vol. I. p. 366.

In order to give time to the boats that were now laboriously forcing their way over the stones and sandbars of the dwindling stream, Captain Lewis determined to remain among these friendly people, and, in the meanwhile, to obtain from them all possible information respecting the country. These Indians appeared to suffer considerable privations on account of the great difficulty of procuring a regular supply of animal food and a kind of cake; made of berries and fat seemed to be their main dependence. Elk and deer are very scarce, and although antelopes are pretty abundant, yet, from their extraordinary swiftness and wind, it is almost impossible to overtake them in the chase with the fleetest horses. The Indians are therefore obliged to resort to a good deal of stratagem, and by a variety of manœuvres finally succeed in surrounding a whole herd: but even then, all the skill of the hunters is frequently baffled by the subtlety and unwearied agility of these nimble-footed animals, and it often happens that forty or fifty horsemen will be engaged half a day without obtaining more than two or three antelopes. The circumstance, too, of the natives' having no fire arms, adds much to the uncertainty of success.

Captain Lewis being now anxious to join the river party, which he presumed had by this time reached the source of the Missouri, and having gained the good will and confidence of Cameahwait, the chief of the tribe, and the most of his warriors, by convincing them that he was not in league with their enemies, now proposed, that as it was the intention of his party to remain among them a considerable time in order to trade, and to purchase horses, canoes, and other necessities for their journey to the great lake, (as they called the Pacific,) it would be best for them to accompany him to the river, where the boats were, in order to assist with their horses in bringing up the baggage and merchandise. This was, accordingly, agreed to, and the next morning they set out on horseback, Captain Lewis being also mounted with an Indian be-

hind him, and a great number of the men and women of the village following on foot. In the course of their journey, which continued several days, Captain Lewis experienced a great deal of anxiety and many embarrassments, by reason of the jealousy and unsteady resolutions of many of the warriors, who still entertained suspicions of the good faith of the white men, and were fearful of being betrayed into the hands of their enemies. Cameahwait, however, appeared to be inspired with a generous and heroic confidence that never forsook him, and on one occasion where a circumstance occurred calculated to excite alarm among his band, and incline them to discontinue their march, he sprung upon his steed and harangued them in a most spirited manner, declaring that for his own part he was not afraid to die, and calling on all those who were not afraid to proceed, to mount and follow him. This had the desired effect, and on the third day they fortunately arrived at the place where Captain Clarke with the party, were slowly moving up with the canoes.

The Indians were all transported with joy at the meeting, and Cameahwait, in the warmth of his feelings, and triumph of his confidence, gave Captain Lewis a most cordial embrace. The meeting between Sacajawea and the friends and companions of her youth, was highly interesting and pathetic.

"We soon drew near to the camp, and just as we approached it a woman made her way through the crowd toward Sacajawea, and recognising each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only in the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but from the real interest of their situation. They had been companions in childhood; in the war with the Minnetarees they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle; they had shared and softened the rigours of their captivity, till one of them had escaped from the Minnetarees, with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend relieved from the hands of her enemies. While Sacajawea was renewing among the women the friendships of former days, Captain Clarke went on and was received by Captain Lewis and the chief, who, after the first embraces and salutations were over, conducted him to a sort of circular tent or shade of willows. Here he was seated on a white robe; and the chief immediately tied in his

hair six small shells resembling pearls, an ornament highly valued by these people, who procured them in the course of trade from the seacoast. The moccasins of the whole party were then taken off, and after much ceremony the smoking began. After this the conference was to be opened, and glad of an opportunity of being able to converse more intelligibly, Sacajawea was sent for; she came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when in the person of Cameahwait she recognised her brother: she instantly jumped up, and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely: the chief was himself moved though not in the same degree. After some conversation between them she resumed her seat, and attempted to interpret for us, but her new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council was finished, the unfortunate woman learnt that all her family were dead except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her eldest sister, a small boy, who was immediately adopted by her. The canoes arriving soon after, we formed a camp in a meadow on the left side, a little below the fork; took out our baggage, and by means of our sails and willow poles formed a canopy for our Indian visitors. About four o'clock the chiefs and warriors were collected, and after the customary ceremony of taking off the moccasins and smoking a pipe, we explained to them in a long harangue the purposes of our visit, making themselves one conspicuous object of the good wishes of our government, on whose strength as well as its friendly disposition we expatiated. We told them of their dependence on the will of our government for all future supplies of whatever was necessary either for their comfort or defence; that as we were sent to discover the best route by which merchandise could be conveyed to them, and no trade would be begun before our return, it was mutually advantageous that we should proceed with as little delay as possible; that we were under the necessity of requesting them to furnish us with horses to transport our baggage across the mountains, and a guide to show us the route, but that they should be amply remunerated for their horses, as well as for every other service they should render us. In the mean time our first wish was, that they should immediately collect as many horses as were necessary to transport our baggage to their village, where at our leisure we would trade with them for as many horses as they could spare." Vol. I. p. 382, 383.

Being now in the midst of a friendly and hospitable people well disposed to give them all the information they possessed relative

to the geography of the country, and such other assistance as they had it in their power to render, they began to consult as to their future operations. The information of the Indians as to the most direct way to the navigable waters of the Columbia, was very vague, and it was, therefore, thought advisable for Captain Clarke to proceed with a party of eleven, in order to traverse and explore the intermediate country ; while the rest remained at the Shoshonees village to procure horses, and make other preparations for the journey. Captain Clarke was instructed that as soon as he should discover a branch of the Columbia that was navigable, he should immediately set his men to work in making canoes, and at the same time despatch a messenger to Captain Lewis, informing him of the event.

From the 18th to the 27th of August, our travellers were employed in traversing the vallies, among the Rocky Mountains, and exploring the innumerable tributary streams, that supply the greater branches of the Columbia, in order to ascertain the shortest and most practicable route to the main river.

The information of the Indians on this subject was still unsatisfactory ; and Captain Clarke, after many unsuccessful researches, was at length under the necessity of returning to the encampment, not, however, without having acquired some knowledge that suggested to them the course they were next to pursue ; and they now agreed, with the advice of an Indian guide, to follow the direction of a stream running to the north.

Having purchased of the Shoshonees about thirty horses, they proceeded on their journey, and after a most toilsome march of thirty days, during which they experienced all the painful alternations of extreme cold and oppressive heat, together with hunger, (their principal food being horse flesh,) they at length arrived at a spot where the river appeared to be navigable for canoes, and it was then determined to halt in order to make preparations for this mode of conveyance. Five canoes being at length finished, their horses were entrusted to the care of some friendly Indians, and the party then committed themselves to the stream, which now held its course to the west, and at the distance of sixty miles they arrived among a tribe of Indians inhabiting the banks of the river, called the Choppunnish or Pierced-nose Indians.

Continuing to descend this river which soon forms a junction with the main stream of the Columbia, they passed through a number of tribes of Indians, who all evinced a friendly disposition, and on the 17th of October arrived at the settlements of the Sokulks, who inhabit the banks of the Columbia, about four hundred miles from the Pacific.

"The Sokulks seem to be of a mild and peaceable disposition, and live in a state of comparative happiness. The men, like those on the Kimooenim, are said to content themselves with a single wife, with whom, we observe, the husband shares the labours of procuring subsistence much more than is usual among savages. What may be considered as an unequivocal proof of their good disposition, is the great respect which was shown to old age. Among other marks of it, we observed in one of the houses an old woman perfectly blind; and who, we were informed, had lived more than a hundred winters. In this state of decrepitude, she occupied the best position in the house, seemed to be treated with great kindness, and whatever she said was listened to with much attention. They are by no means intrusive, and as their fisheries supply them with a competent, if not an abundant, subsistence, although they receive thankfully whatever we choose to give, they do not importune us by begging. The fish is, indeed, their chief food, except the roots, and the casual supplies of the antelope, which, to those who have only bows and arrows, must be very scanty." Vol. II. p. 13

Having furnished themselves with a supply of provisions, consisting of forty dogs purchased of the Indians for a few beads, knitting needles, &c. and six prairie cocks which they shot, they left the Sokulks, and commenced their journey down the main stream of the Columbia. Such was the scarcity of wood in the vicinity of the river, that they were obliged to use dried willow twigs to cook their food. They now passed many Indian houses scattered along the banks, the inhabitants of which generally appeared to be occupied in drying fish, and while, in some instances, they made signs to the strangers inviting them to land, in others they evinced symptoms of alarm, and fled at their approach. A curious incident soon afterwards occurred, that proved

they had never seen white men, and had no knowledge of the nature of fire-arms.

“ In order to lighten the boats, Captain Clarke, with the two chiefs, the interpreter, and his wife, had walked across the low grounds on the left to the foot of the rapids. On the way, Captain Clarke ascended a cliff about two hundred feet above the water, from which he saw that the country on both sides of the river immediately from its cliffs, was low, and spreads itself into a level plain, extending for a great distance on all sides. To the west, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, is a very high mountain covered with snow, and from its direction and appearance, he supposed to be the mount St. Helens, laid down by Vancouver, as visible from the mouth of the Columbia: there is also another mountain of a conical form, whose top is covered with snow, in a southwest direction. As Captain Clarke arrived at the lower end of the rapid before any, except one of the small canoes, he sat on a rock to wait for them, and seeing a crane fly across the river, shot it, and it fell near him. Several Indians had been before this passing on the opposite side towards the rapids, and some few, who had been nearly in front of him, being either alarmed at his appearance or the report of the gun, fled to their houses. Captain Clarke was afraid that these people had not yet heard that white men were coming; and, therefore, in order to allay their uneasiness before the whole party should arrive, he got into the small canoe with three men, and rowed over towards the houses, and while crossing, shot a duck, which fell into the water. As he approached, no person was to be seen, except three men in the plains, and they, too, fled as he came near the shore. He landed before five houses close to each other, but no one appeared, and the doors, which were of mat, were closed. He went towards one of them with a pipe in his hand, and pushing aside the mat, entered the lodge, where he found thirty-two persons, chiefly men and women, with a few children, all in the greatest consternation; some hanging down their heads, others crying and wringing their hands. He went up to them all, and shook hands with them in the most friendly manner; but their apprehensions, which had, for a moment, subsided, revived on his taking out a burning-glass, as there was no roof to the house, and lighting his pipe: he then offered it to several of the men, and distributed among the women and children some small trinkets which he carried about with him, and gradually restored some tranquillity among them. He then left this house, and directing each of

the men to go into a house, went himself to a second: here he found the inhabitants more terrified than those he had first seen; but he succeeded in pacifying them, and then visited the other houses, where the men had been equally successful. After leaving the houses he went out to sit on a rock, and beckoned to some of the men to come and smoke with him; but none of them ventured to join him till the canoes arrived with the two chiefs, who immediately explained our pacific intentions toward them. Soon after the interpreter's wife landed, and her presence dissipated all doubts of our being well disposed, since, in this country, no woman ever accompanies a war party: they, therefore, all came out and seemed perfectly reconciled; nor could we, indeed, blame them for their terrors, which were perfectly natural. They told the two chiefs that they knew we were not men; for they had seen us fall from the clouds: in fact, unperceived by them, Captain Clarke had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes: the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there were a few clouds flying over at the moment, they connected the fall of the birds and his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself dropped from the clouds; the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, being considered merely as the sound to announce so extraordinary an event. This belief was strengthened, when, on entering the room, he brought down fire from the heavens by means of his burning-glass; we soon convinced them satisfactorily that we were only mortals, and after one of our chiefs had explained our history and objects, we all smoked together in great harmony. These people do not speak precisely the same language as the Indians above, but understand them in conversation. In a short time we were joined by many of the inhabitants from below, several of them on horseback, and all pleased to see us, and to exchange their fish and berries for a few trinkets." Vol. II. p. 20—22.

Proceeding on, they continued to pass many huts or lodges on both banks of the river, and whenever they landed, they were soon visited by the natives, who received them with great kindness. They examined every thing they saw with great attention, and were particularly gratified with the two violins that belonged to the men of the party, and which enabled them occasionally to amuse the Indians with a dance. The scarcity of wood continued to be so great, that in some places they could not procure even

dry willows sufficient to cook their meals, and were frequently indebted to the Indians for small presents of this necessary article. As they proceeded, however, a few scattered trees, either small pine, or scrubby white oak, were occasionally seen on the high and rugged hills in the neighbourhood. The river abounded with salmon, and everywhere the Indians were to be seen catching and drying them. The many falls and rapids that interrupted the navigation of the Columbia, occasioned much difficulty and danger to the travellers, and the following extract, contains one of a great number of similar instances.

“ About nine o'clock we proceeded, and on leaving our camp near the lower fall, found the river about four hundred yards wide, with a current more rapid than usual, though with no perceptible descent. At the distance of two and a half miles, the river widened into a large bend or basin on the right, at the beginning of which are three huts of Indians. At the extremity of this basin stands a high black rock, which, rising perpendicularly from the right shore, seems to run wholly across the river; so totally indeed does it appear to stop the passage, that we could not see where the water escaped, except that the current appeared to be drawn with more than usual velocity to the left of the rock, where was a great roaring. We landed at the huts of the Indians, who went with us to the top of this rock, from which we saw all the difficulties of the channel. We were no longer at a loss to account for the rising of the river at the falls; for this tremendous rock stretches across the river, to meet the high hills of the left shore, leaving a channel of only forty-five yards wide, through which the whole body of the Columbia must press its way. The water thus forced into so narrow a channel, is thrown into whirls, and swells and boils in every part with the wildest agitation. But the alternative of carrying the boats over this high rock was almost impossible in our present situation, and as the chief danger seemed to be not from any rocks in the channel, but from the great waves and whirlpools, we resolved to try the passage in our boats, in hopes of being able, by dexterous steering, to escape. This we attempted, and with great care were able to get through, to the astonishment of all the Indians of the huts we had just passed, who now collected to see us from the top of the rock. The channel continues thus confined within a space of about half a mile, when the rock ceased.” Vol. II. p. 36. 37.

At no great distance below these rapids, they were made sensible of their approach to the Pacific by the appearance of some articles obtained from white men, such, for instance, as a sailor's jacket worn by an Indian, and shortly afterward, upon entering a house, they met with a British musket, a cutlass, and several brass kettles, which the owners appeared to set great store by.

From the circumstance of canoes loaded with fish and bear-grass frequently descending the river, it appeared that the Indians find a market for these commodities, toward the mouth of the Columbia.

"We cannot learn precisely the nature of the trade carried on by the Indians with the inhabitants below. But as their knowledge of the whites seems to be very imperfect, and the only articles which they carry to market, such as pounded fish, bear-grass, and roots, cannot be an object of much foreign traffic, their intercourse appears to be an intermediate trade with the natives near the mouth of the Columbia: from them these people obtain in exchange for their fish, roots, and bear-grass, blue and white beads, copper tea-kettles, brass arm-bands, some scarlet and blue robes, and a few articles of old European clothing. But their great object is to obtain beads, an article which holds the first place in their ideas of relative value, and to procure which they will sacrifice their last article of clothing, or the last mouthful of food. Independently of their fondness for them as an ornament, these beads are the medium of trade, by which they obtain from the Indians still higher up the river, robes, skins, chapel bread, bear-grass, &c. Those Indians, in turn, employ them to procure from the Indians in the Rocky Mountains, bear-grass, pachico, roots, robes, &c." Vol. II. p. 56, 57.

They now passed a rapid, which proved to be the last of all the descents of the Columbia, and soon afterward they arrived at the line of tide water. The river widened to the extent of a mile, and the meadows and mountains on each side appeared covered with pine, cotton wood, ash, and alder. This circumstance was not only useful in supplying them with fuel, but was particularly grateful to the eye, after being so long undelighted by the dreary nakedness of the country above. The river soon after became two and a half miles wide; and water fowl, such as

swans, geese, and ducks, appeared in great numbers. Further on they met fifteen Indians ascending the river, from whom they obtained information of there being three vessels at the mouth of the Columbia, but of what nation they could not understand. Other Indians, a few days afterward, made their appearance on the shore with scarlet and blue blankets, sailors' jackets and trowsers, shirts and hats, and some of them were armed and equipped with muskets and pistols, and tin powder flasks. Upon landing to prepare their dinner, the party was soon visited by these and others of the same tribe, (the Skilloots.) They proved to be very assuming and disagreeable companions, and much addicted to stealing; for they stole the pipe which was handed them to smoke as the pledge of friendship, and, at the same time, purloined some of the men's clothes. Finding the strangers not disposed to submit to such liberties, they showed their displeasure in the only manner they dared, by returning in an ill humour to their village.

Two days afterward they passed through a ridge of low mountains running northwest and southeast, which cross the river, and form the western boundary of a beautiful plain about sixty miles wide, and extending on the right and left to a very great distance: it had every appearance of a rich and fertile country, shaded by thick groves of tall timber, watered by small ponds, and extending on both sides of the river. It is inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, who either reside in it permanently, or visit its waters in quest of fish, and the nutritious wappatoo root. Captain Lewis gave it the name of the Columbia Valley.

The next material event was of a nature so gratifying and interesting, that we shall mention it in the words of the original.

"After remaining with them about an hour, we proceeded down the channel with an Indian dressed in a sailor's jacket for our pilot, and on reaching the main channel were visited by some Indians who have a temporary residence on a marshy island in the middle of the river, where is a great abundance of water fowl. Here the mountainous country again approaches the river on the left, and a higher mountain is distinguished towards the southwest. At a distance of twenty miles from our camp we halted at a village of Wabkiacums, consisting of seven ill-looking houses, built in the same form with

those above, and situated at the foot of the high hills on the right, behind two small marshy islands. We merely stopped to purchase some food and two beaver skins, and then proceeded. Opposite to these islands the hills on the left retire, and the river widens into a kind of bay crowded with low islands, subject to be overflowed occasionally by the tide. We had not gone far from this village when the fog cleared off, and we enjoyed the delightful prospect of the ocean; that ocean, the object of all our labours, the reward of all our anxieties. This cheering view exhilarated the spirits of all the party, who were still more delighted on hearing the distant roar of the breakers. We went on with great cheerfulness under the high mountainous country which continued along the right bank; the shore was, however, so bold and rocky, that we could not, until going fourteen miles from the last village, find any spot fit for an encampment. At that distance, having made during the day thirty-four miles, we spread our mats on the ground, and passed the night in the rain." Vol. II. p. 70.

It had already been raining for three days, but this proved to be merely the prelude to the succession of wet and stormy weather that continued for seven days more to drench and oppress them, without an interval of more than two hours during all that time. A few days of fair weather enabled them to dry their baggage, and recruit their strength, and they soon reached the bay which forms the mouth of the Columbia. From the 16th of November to the 8th of December, they were employed in exploring the shores of the bay and ocean, and visiting the capes and headlands around the mouth of the river, which is seven miles wide, principally with a view of selecting a safe and convenient spot for their winter quarters. In the mean time the rains had again commenced, and for thirty days they hardly enjoyed intervals of fair weather sufficient to dry their clothes and baggage. These deluges of rain were frequently attended with hail, and the most boisterous winds, which rolled in a tremendous surf on the shores, and rendered the bay almost innavigable by the canoes.

Having finished and fortified their huts, they prepared themselves in other respects to pass the winter on this uncomfortable coast. By means of beads and other trinkets they were enabled to purchase of the Indians, beaver and other skins for making

their clothes, as well as fish and roots for their table, while their muskets supplied them with elk and wild fowl. Of all the articles of traffic, blue beads were the most highly prized.

“These people proceed with a dexterity and finesse in their bargains, which, if they have not learnt from their foreign visitors, it may show how nearly allied is the cunning of savages to the little arts of traffic. They begin by asking double or treble the value of what they have to sell, and lower their demand in proportion to the greater or less degree of ardour or knowledge of the purchaser, who with all his management is not able to procure the article for less than its real value, which the Indians perfectly understand. Our chief medium of trade consists of blue and white beads, files with which they sharpen their tools, fish-hooks, and tobacco: but of all these articles blue beads and tobacco are the most esteemed.” Vol. II. p. 98.

A particular enumeration and account of the various tribes of Indians inhabiting the coast on both sides of the Columbia, is contained in the work, which the limits of the present abstract compel us to pass by; and we can only afford to make a few extracts relative to some of the manners and customs of the Killamucks, Clatsops, Chinooks, and Cathlamahs, with whom our travellers had the most intercourse during their winter residence at the mouth of the Columbia. Among the tribes residing on the banks of the great branch of this river, which they descended on leaving the rocky mountains, the manner of disposing of their dead was by placing them on scaffolds under sheds, after wrapping the bodies carefully up in leather robes and mats. With the nations along the coast the custom is similar, the chief difference consisting in depositing the bodies in canoes suspended above the ground, instead of laying them on boards; the following is a description of one of these aerial cemeteries.

“The Chinooks, Clatsops, and most of the adjoining nations, dispose of the dead in canoes. For this purpose a scaffold is erected, by fixing perpendicularly in the ground four long pieces of split timber. These are placed two by two just wide enough apart to admit the canoe, and sufficiently long to support its two extremities. The boards are connected by a bar of wood through them at the height

of six feet, on which is placed a small canoe containing the body of the deceased, carefully wrapped in a robe of dressed skins, with a paddle, and some articles belonging to the deceased, by his side. Over this canoe is placed one of a larger size, reversed, with its gunwale resting on the crossbars, so as to cover the body completely. One or more large mats of rushes or flags are then rolled round the canoes, and the whole secured by cords usually made of the bark of the white cedar. On these crossbars are hung different articles of clothing, or culinary utensils. The method practised by the Killamucks differs somewhat from this: the body being deposited in an oblong box of plank, which, with the paddle, and other articles, is placed in a canoe, resting on the ground. With the religious opinions of these people we are but little acquainted, since we understand their language too imperfectly to converse on a subject so abstract." Vol. II. p. 120.

Vancouver, in his account of the Indians further north, and towards Nootka sound, relates the same custom; and Commodore Porter, in his *Journal*, mentions a similar practice in the island of Noaheevah; at least, he mentions the circumstance of a canoe being arranged in a peculiar manner for the purpose, as the natives told him, of conveying one of their deceased priests to the other world; with the addition, however, of ten dead bodies of their enemies to paddle the boat to the happy shore, eight of which were already provided, and his reverence was patiently waiting for the full complement of his ghostly crew. It is not improbable that the same superstition is the cause of the practice along the coast, and on the banks of the Columbia.

The practice of flattening the head is universal among all the Indians that were met with west of the Rocky Mountains; to the eastward of which it is altogether unknown.

"Soon after the birth of her child, the mother, anxious to procure for her infant the recommendation of a broad forehead, places it in the compressing machine, where it is kept for ten or twelve months; though the females remain longer than the boys. The operation is so gradual, that it is not attended with pain; but the impression is deep and permanent. The heads of the children, when they are released from the bandage, are not more than two inches thick about the upper edge of the forehead, and still thinner above; nor with all

its efforts can nature ever restore its shape; the heads of grown persons being often in a straight line from the nose to the top of the forehead." Vol. II. p. 131, 132.

Women, among the savages of our continent, are generally treated as slaves; but, as it is well observed by Captain Lewis, where the women are able to take an active part in procuring subsistence for the tribe, they are treated with more equality, and their importance is proportioned to the share they take in that labour; while among nations where this subsistence is chiefly procured by the men, the women are considered and treated as incumbrances.

"Thus, among the Clatsops and Chinooks, who live upon fish and roots, which the women are equally expert with the men in procuring, the former have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians. The females are permitted to speak freely before the men, to whom, indeed, they sometimes address themselves in a tone of authority. On many subjects their judgments and opinions are respected, and in matters of trade, their advice is generally asked and pursued. The labours of the family, too, are shared almost equally. The men collect wood and make fires, assist in cleansing the fish, make the houses, canoes, and wooden utensils; and whenever strangers are to be entertained, or a great feast prepared, the meats are cooked and served up by the men. The peculiar province of the female is to collect roots, and to manufacture the various articles which are formed of rushes, flags, cedar-bark, and bear-grass; but the management of the canoes, and many of the occupations, which elsewhere devolves wholly on the female, are here common to both sexes." Vol. II. p. 137, 138.

The use of spirituous liquors appeared to be totally unknown among these people; they never, at least, made any inquiry after them. Pure water, indeed, seemed to be the only drink among all the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, though they sometimes almost intoxicate themselves by smoking tobacco, and retaining the smoke a long time in their lungs and stomachs, till it issues in volumes from the mouth and nostrils. Their prevalent vice is an excessive propensity to games of hazard, one of which

consists in guessing in which hand a little stone is held, and the other is similar to the game of nine pins.

“Entire days are wasted at these games, which are often continued through the night round the blaze of their fires, till the last article of clothing, or even the last blue bead, is won from the desperate adventurer.” Vol. II. p. 140.

The seventh chapter of the second volume consists of a general description of the beasts, birds, plants, &c. found by the party in their expedition thus far, and is by no means the least interesting part of the work. The only notice we are permitted to take of it on the present occasion is merely by making the following brief extract.

“The trees of a larger growth are very abundant; the whole neighbourhood of the coast is supplied with great quantities of excellent timber. The predominating growth is the fir, of which we have seen several species. There is one singular circumstance attending all the pine of this country, which is, that when consumed it yields not the slightest particle of ashes. The first species grows to an immense size, and is very commonly twenty-seven feet in circumference six feet above the earth's surface: they rise to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and one hundred and twenty of that height without a limb. We have often found them thirty-six feet in circumference. One of our party measured one, and found it to be forty-two feet in circumference, at a point beyond the reach of an ordinary man. This trunk, for the distance of two hundred feet, was destitute of limbs; this tree was perfectly sound, and at a moderate calculation, its size may be estimated at three hundred feet.” Vol. II. p. 155.

On the 23d of March our travellers prepared to quit their winter quarters, and retrace their steps through their long route of nearly four thousand miles. The stock of goods on which they were to depend for the purchase of horses or of food, had become so much diminished, that it all might have been contained in two handkerchiefs; but they had plenty of powder and lead, and their guns were in good order; besides, they calculated on

some articles which they had secured in their *chaches*, as before mentioned.

After a great variety of adventures in ascending the river, and experiencing many difficulties in supplying themselves not only with food, but with fuel to cook it, they arrived, on the tenth of May, at the Choppunnish village, where they had been treated before with much hospitality. For some considerable time before this, it had become necessary to abandon their canoes, and provide themselves with horses. Many of these, however, they had been obliged to kill for their subsistence; for the game had become very scarce, and the salmon had not yet ascended the river. Indeed, some of the tribes farther up the country were almost in a state of starvation, and they met several families coming down in quest of food. The Choppunnish chiefs being collected, Captain Lewis represented to them the situation of the party with respect to provisions; when they evinced their generosity and kindness in the manner as follows:

“The chief spoke to the people, who immediately brought about two bushels of dried quamash roots, some cakes of the roots of cows, and a dried salmon trout: we thanked them for this supply, but observed that, not being accustomed to live on roots alone, we feared that such diet might make our men sick, and therefore proposed to exchange one of our good horses, which was rather poor, for one that was fatter, and which we might kill. The hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange; he observed that his people had an abundance of young horses, and that if we were disposed to use that food, we might have as many as we wanted. Accordingly, they soon gave us two fat young horses, without asking any thing in return; an act of liberal hospitality much greater than any we have witnessed since crossing the Rocky Mountains, if it be not, in fact, the only really hospitable treatment we have received in this part of the world. We killed one of the horses, and then telling the natives that we were fatigued and hungry, and that as soon as we were refreshed, we would communicate freely with them, began to prepare our repast. During this time, a principal chief, called Hohastillpiip, came from his village about six miles distant, with a party of fifty men, for the purpose of visiting us. We invited him into our circle; and he alighted and smoked with us, while his retinue who had five elegant horses, continued mounted at a short distance.

While this was going on, the chief had a large leathern tent spread for us, and desired that we would make that our home whilst we remained at his village. We removed there, and having made a fire, and cooked a supper of horse-beef and roots, collected all the distinguished men present, and spent the evening explaining who we were, the objects of our journey, and giving answers to their inquiries. To each of the chiefs, Tunnachemootoolt, and Hohastillpilp, we gave a small medal, explaining their use and importance, as honorary distinctions both among the whites and red men. Our men are delighted at once more having made a hearty meal." Vol. II. p. 279, 280.

In explaining to this hospitable people the views of our government in regard to the Indian nations, it became necessary to resort to the following process of translation.

"It was not without difficulty, nor till after nearly half the day was spent, that we were able to convey all this information to the Chopunnish, much of which might have been lost or distorted, in its circuitous route through a variety of languages; for, in the first place, we spoke in English to one of our men, who translated it into French to Chaboneau; he interpreted it to his wife in the Minnetaree language, and she then put it into Shoshonee, and the young Shoshonee prisoner explained it to the Chopunnish in their own dialect." Vol. II. p. 281.

The Chopunnish are represented as among the most amiable people our travellers had met with; they are, in general, stout, well formed, and active; many of them with aquiline noses, and faces cheerful and agreeable, though without any indications of gayety or mirth. Their character is placid and gentle; their innocent amusements consist in running races, shooting with arrows at a target, while, at the same time, they are unfortunately addicted to the prevailing vice of gambling. They are very desirous of procuring muskets, as they have been made sensible of the superiority of their enemies beyond the mountains, by means of fire-arms. One of their bands already possessed six, which they had acquired of the Minnetarees.

As the party had quit their situation at the mouth of the Columbia earlier than they had at first intended, on account of the

scarcity of provisions, so now, on the other hand, they were delayed at the foot of the Rocky Mountains by reason of the badness of the roads, if so they may be called; they being very deep and slippery, and many of the creeks too deep to ford; besides, there was no grass as yet for their horses. About the middle of June, however, they were enabled to resume their journey, and having arrived in the midst of the mountains, it was determined to form the party into two divisions, which, for the purpose of more extensively exploring the country, were to pursue different routes, and finally form a junction at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, on the Missouri. After a multiplicity of adventures, dangers, and hardships, of which it is not possible, in the present sketch, to give even a summary, the two parties arrived safe at the place designated, within a few days of each other.

In descending the river, they revisited the Minnetarees, and their old friends the Mandans, of which latter nation, the chief, named the Big White, with his wife and son, agreed to accompany them to the United States. The Mandans having been attacked by the Ricaras, notwithstanding the pacification which Captain Lewis had effected, when descending the Missouri, a counsel was held on the subject with the chiefs of both nations, and they engaged to live in harmony together for the future.

Immense herds of buffaloes again made their appearance, as when ascending the river. Near the entrance of White River, some of the party being on shore, they discovered from an eminence so vast a multitude of these animals that they computed them to amount to at least twenty thousand in sight at one time; and farther up, a herd happened to be crossing the river as the travellers were approaching in their canoes. Such was the prodigious number of these beasts, that, although the river, including an island over which they passed, was a mile over, the herd stretched, as thick as they could swim, from one side to the other, and the party was obliged to stop for an hour, in order to let them pass. About forty-five miles below this place, they fell in with two other herds, as numerous as the first, crossing the river in like manner. The Indians have a murderous mode of hunting these animals, by which hundreds of them are killed in a minute, as will appear from the following account.

“The mode of hunting is to select one of the most active and fleet young men, who is disguised by a buffalo skin round his body; the skin of the head with the ears and horns fastened on his own head in such a way as to deceive the buffalo: thus dressed, he fixes himself at a convenient distance between a herd of buffalo and any of the river precipices, which sometimes extend for some miles. His companions in the meantime get in the rear and side of the herd, and at a given signal show themselves, and advance toward the buffalo; they instantly take the alarm, and finding the hunters beside them, they run towards the disguised Indian or decoy, who leads them on at full speed towards the river, when suddenly securing himself in some crevice of the cliff which he had previously fixed on, the herd is left on the brink of the precipice; it is then in vain for the foremost to retreat, or even to stop; they are pressed on by the hindmost rank, who seeing no danger but from the hunters, goad on those before them till the whole are precipitated, and the shore is strewed with their dead bodies. Sometimes in this perilous seduction the Indian is himself either trodden under foot by the rapid movements of the buffalo, or, missing his footing in the cliff, is urged down the precipice by the falling herd. The Indians then select as much meat as they wish, and the rest is abandoned to the wolves, and create a most dreadful stench. The wolves who had been feasting on these carcasses were very fat, and so gentle that one of them was killed with an espontoon.” Vol. I. p. 235.

In their passage up the Missouri, they passed a precipice about one hundred and twenty feet high, under which lay scattered the fragments of at least one hundred carcasses of buffaloes, destroyed in this manner; although the water which had washed away the lower part of the hill, must have carried off many of the dead.

From the 1st to the 20th of August the party continued their passage rapidly down the stream, occasionally landing at the invitation of the natives, and at other times waiting for the return of the hunters, who were frequently sent out in quest of deer and buffalo. On the 20th they approached the little French village of Charrette, and upon seeing some cows feeding on the bank, the whole party spontaneously raised a shout of joy at beholding this cheering signal of civilization and domestic life, after a long absence of two years and four months. On the 23d

they once more floated on the waters of the Mississippi, and on the same day arrived at the town of St. Louis, from which they had set out, and where they were received with the most animated greetings, and treated with the kindest hospitality.

Thus terminated an expedition conducted and sustained throughout with the greatest skill, courage, and fortitude, with the loss of only one man, who died of sickness on their passage up the river, and occasioning the death of only two Indians, who were killed from necessity while in the act of committing a most daring and violent robbery of the horses and muskets belonging to a detachment of the party under the immediate command of Captain Lewis, near the head of the Missouri.

Annexed to the second volume is an Appendix, containing observations by Captain Lewis on the future state of Upper Louisiana, in relation to the government of the Indian nations inhabiting that country, and the trade and intercourse with the same. These remarks are of a very important nature, and do great credit to the penetration and discernment of the unfortunate author who came to his untimely and melancholy end, before he had finished his speculations on the subject.

In giving an opinion on the literary character of this interesting history, of which we have exhibited but a very meager and imperfect sketch, we are somewhat at a loss to whom to ascribe the authorship. It appears that a minute journal was kept by Captain Lewis, or Captain Clarke, and sometimes by both, containing the incidents of each day during the expedition, and that after the death of Captain Lewis, the gentleman with whom the papers were deposited, was assisted by Captain Clarke in digesting and preparing the work for publication. At all events, however, the task, we have no hesitation in saying, has been ably, and, we believe, faithfully, performed. The form of a journal has been judiciously, we think, retained by the editor, as a mode peculiarly adapted to narratives of this description. The reader, if he takes a deep interest in the fate of the expedition, is likely to feel a curiosity to accompany the adventurers at every step of the enterprise, to watch the process and result of every experiment in opening a path through the untrodden wilds of nature, and to be present, as it were, to witness the various emotions and

sensations, either of apprehension, anxiety, surprise, or joy, among the actors in the scene, excited by the novel and strange events that are every hour occurring, and by which the fate and fortunes of the adventurers may be so materially affected. Now the journal, by keeping the transactions of every day by themselves, admits of more minute and distinct detail, and by confining our attention, for the time, to a narrower sphere of events, seems to make a deeper impression on the mind, and leads us, as it were, to realize the scene. We almost imagine ourselves to be of the party; and the journal seems like a vehicle by which we are enabled to keep pace with the travellers.

The style and manner of the work are such as they always ought to be in compositions of this nature; unostentatious and perspicuous; the language is expressive, without a redundancy of epithet; the observations and reflections occasionally introduced, are sensible and well timed; and the descriptive parts, simple and precise, without appearing to be aided by the arts of exaggeration.

We cannot omit the present opportunity of expressing our disgust at the manner which certain typographical gentlemen in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, though more particularly in Philadelphia, have adopted, in printing proper names and names of places compounded either of an adjective and substantive, or of two substantives, whereof the former is used adjectively. Their practice is to connect the two words so as to make them appear as one word of two syllables. Innumerable instances of this kind occur in the edition of the present work, and the following are a few specimens, viz. *Lookout bend*, *Goodhope island*, *Whitebrant creek*, *Whiteearth river*, *Yellowstone river*, *Muscleshell river*, *Grapevines*, *Chokecherries*, and, among the rest, *Newyork*; and in other places we have seen *Newlondon*, *Neworleans*, and, worse than all, *Longisland*! This tasteless and niggardly innovation, offends, at the same moment, the sight, the sound, and the sense. It tends to obliterate the clearest vestiges of etymology, disfigures the features of the letter press, gives a vulgar and insignificant cast to the most dignified proper names, and has a continual proneness to mar the sound by its strange and unnatural mixture of distinct words, that were never made to be melted down into

petty syllables, for the mere convenience of a work shop. To a foreigner, who is not perfectly familiar with our language, it must be particularly perplexing. It not only prevents him from perceiving the derivation and meaning of the name, but by throwing a mist before his eyes, renders him continually liable to fall into the most ridiculous blunders of pronunciation. He might well exclaim, in the words of the good Pantagruel, "What devilish language is this? By the Lord, I think thou art some kind of heretic."

B.

A Biographical Sketch of Thomas Campbell.

[This sketch was designed for a biographical preface to an American edition of Campbell's poems, and was originally published in that form some time ago. It has now been revised, corrected, and materially altered by the author.]

It has long been deplored by authors as a lamentable truth, that they seldom receive impartial justice from the world while living. The grave seems to be the ordeal to which their names must be subjected, and from whence, if worthy of immortality, they rise with pure and imperishable lustre. Here many, who have flourished in unmerited popularity, descend into oblivion; and it may literally be said, that "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Here likewise, many an ill-starred author, after struggling with penury and neglect, and starving through a world which he has enriched by his talents, sinks to rest, and becomes a theme of universal admiration and regret. The sneers of the cynical, the detractions of the envious, the scoffings of the ignorant, are silenced at the hallowed precincts of the tomb; and the world awakens to a sense of his value, when he is removed beyond its patronage for ever. Monuments are erected to his memory, books are written in his praise, and thousands will devour with avidity the biography of a man, whose life was passed unheeded before their eyes. He is like some canonized saint, at whose shrine treasures are lavished, and clouds of incense offered up, though, while living, the slow hand of charity withheld the pittance that would have soothed his miseries.

But this tardiness in awarding merit its due, this preference continually shown to departed, over living authors, of perhaps superior excellence, may be attributed to a more charitable source than that of envy or ill nature. The latter are continually before our eyes, exposed to the full glare of scrutinizing familiarity. We behold them subject to the same foibles and frailties with ourselves, and, from the constitutional delicacy of their minds, and their irritable sensibilities, prone to more than ordinary caprices. The former, on the contrary, are seen only through the magic medium of their works. We form our opinion of the whole flow of their minds, and the tenor of their dispositions, from the writings they have left behind. We witness nothing of the mental exhaustion and languor which follow these gushes of genius. We behold the stream only in the fulness of its current, and conclude that it has always been equally profound in its depth, pure in its wave, and majestic in its career.

With respect to the living writers of Europe, however, we may be said, on this side of the Atlantic, to be placed in some degree in the situation of posterity. The vast ocean that rolls between us, like a space of time, removes us beyond the sphere of personal favour, personal prejudice, or personal familiarity. A European work, therefore, appears before us depending simply on its intrinsic merits. We have no private friendship, nor party purpose, to serve, by magnifying the author's merits; and, in sober sadness, the humble state of our national literature places us far below any feeling of national rivalry.

But, while our local situation thus enables us to exercise the enviable impartiality of posterity, it is evident we must share likewise in one of its disadvantages. We are in as complete ignorance respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time; and, indeed, are better informed concerning the character and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of European literature. A proof of this assertion will be furnished in the following sketch, which, unsatisfactory as it is, contains all the information we can collect, concerning a British poet of rare and exquisite endowments.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of September, 1777. He is the youngest son of Mr. Alexander Campbell, late merchant of Glasgow; a gentleman of the most unblemished integrity and amiable manners, who united the scholar and the man of business, and, amidst the corroding cares and sordid habits of trade, cherished a liberal and enthusiastic love of literature. He died at a very advanced age, in the spring of 1801, and the event is mentioned in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, with high encomiums on his moral and religious character.

It may not be uninteresting to the American reader to know that Mr. Campbell, the poet, has very near connexions in this country; and, indeed, to this circumstance may be in some measure attributed the liberal sentiments he has frequently expressed concerning America. His father resided, for many years of his youth, at Falmouth, in Virginia, but returned to Europe about fifty years since. His uncle, who had accompanied his father, settled permanently in Virginia, where his family has uniformly maintained a highly respectable character. One of his sons was district attorney under the administration of Washington, and died in 1795. He was a man of uncommon talents, and particularly distinguished for his eloquence. Robert Campbell also, a brother of the poet, settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry. He died about the year 1808.

The genius of Mr. Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven he possessed a vivacity of imagination, and a vigour of mind, surprising in such early youth. A strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him; and, indeed, it was not more than two years after this that we are told "he began to try his wings." These bright dawnings of intellect, united to uncommon personal beauty, a winning gentleness and modesty of manners, and a generous sensibility of heart, made him an object of universal favour and admiration.

There is scarcely any obstacle more fatal to the full development and useful application of talent than an early display of genius. The extravagant caresses lavished upon it by the light and injudicious, are too apt to beget a self-confidence in the possessor, and render him impatient of the painful discipline of

study ; without which genius, at best, is irregular, ungovernable, and oftentimes splendidly erroneous.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where this error is less frequent than in Scotland. The Scotch are a philosophical, close-thinking people. Wary, and distrustful of external appearances and first impressions, stern examiners into the *utility* of things, and cautious in dealing out the dole of applause, their admiration follows tardily in the rear of their judgment, and even when they admire, they do it with peculiar rigidity of muscle. This spirit of rigorous rationality is peculiarly evident in the management of youthful genius ; which, instead of meeting with enervating indulgence, is treated with a Spartan severity of education, tasked to the utmost extent of its powers, and made to undergo a long and laborious probation, before it is permitted to emerge into notoriety. The consequence is, an uncommon degree of skill and vigour in their writers. They are rendered diligent by constant habits of study, powerful by science, graceful by the elegant accomplishments of the scholar, and prompt and adroit in the management of their talents, by the frequent contests and exercises of the schools.

From the foregoing observations may be gathered the kind of system adopted with respect to young Campbell. His early display of genius, instead of making him the transient wonder of the drawing room, and the *enfant gaté* of the tea table, consigned him to the rigid discipline of the academy. At the age of seven he commenced the study of the Latin language under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation in Scotland. At twelve he entered the university of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honourable, from being gained, after a hard contest, over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the university. His second prize exercise was the translation of a tragedy of *Æschylus*, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the university, during which time his talents and application were testified by

yearly academical prizes. He was particularly successful in his translations from the Greek, in which language he took great delight ; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the university.

Moral philosophy was likewise a favourite study with Mr. Campbell ; and, indeed, he applied himself to gain an intimate acquaintance with the whole circle of sciences. But though, in the prosecution of his studies, he attended the academical courses both of law and physic, it was merely as objects of curiosity, and branches of general knowledge, for he never devoted himself to any particular study with a view to prepare himself for a profession. On the contrary, his literary passion was already so strong, that he could never, for a moment, endure the idea of confining himself to the dull round of business, or engaging in the absorbing pursuits of common life.

In this he was most probably confirmed by the indulgence of a fond father, whose ardent love of literature made him regard the promising talents of his son with pride and sanguine anticipation. At one time, it is true, a part of his family expressed a wish that he should be fitted for the church, but this was completely overruled by the rest, and he was left, without further opposition, to the impulse of his own genius, and the seductions of the muse.

After leaving the university he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of Colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier Baron Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is probable that from this gentleman he first imbibed his taste and knowledge of the military art, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the university gained him a favourable reception into the distinguished circle of science and literature for which that city is renowned. Among others he was particularly honoured by the notice of professors Stewart and Playfair. Nothing could be more advantageous for a youthful poet, than to commence his career under such auspices. To the expansion of mind and elevation of thought produced by the society of such celebrated men, may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophic spirit, and moral sub-

limity displayed in his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which was written during his residence at Edinburgh. He was not more than twenty when he wrote this justly celebrated poem, and it was published in the following year.

The popularity of this work at once introduced the author to the notice and patronage of the first people of Great Britain. At first, indeed, it promised but little pecuniary advantage, as he unfortunately disposed of the copyright for an inconsiderable sum. This, however, was in some measure remedied by the liberality of his publisher, who, finding that his book ran through two editions in the course of a few months, permitted him to publish a splendid edition for himself, by which means he was enabled, in some measure, to participate in the golden harvest of his labours.

About this time the passion for German literature raged in all its violence in Great Britain, and the universal enthusiasm with which it was admired, awakened, in the inquiring mind of our author, a desire of studying it at the fountain head. This, added to his curiosity to visit foreign parts, induced him to embark for Germany in the year 1800. He had originally fixed upon the college of Jena for his first place of residence, but on arriving at Hamburgh he found, by the public prints, that a victory had been gained by the French near Ulm, and that Munich and the heart of Bavaria were the theatre of an interesting war. "One moment's sensation," he observes, in a letter to a relation in this country, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, overturned my past decisions. I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice of 1800, and indulged in what you will call the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours' awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several waggoners, that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were

killed in our sight." This awful spectacle he has described with all the poet's fire, in his *Battle of Hohenlinden*; a poem which perhaps contains more grandeur and martial sublimity than is to be found anywhere else, in the same compass of English poetry.

Mr. Campbell afterwards proceeded to Ratisbon, where he was at the time it was taken possession of by the French, and expected, as an Englishman, to be made prisoner; but he observes, "Moreau's army was under such excellent discipline, and the behaviour both of officers and men so civil, that I soon mixed among them without hesitation, and formed many agreeable acquaintances at the messes of their brigade stationed in town, to which their *chef de brigade* often invited me. This worthy man, Colonel Le Fort, whose kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude, gave me a protection to pass through the whole army of Moreau."

After this he visited different parts of Germany, in the course of which he paid one of the casual taxes on travelling; being plundered among the Tyrolese mountains, by a Croat, of his clothes, his books, and thirty ducats in gold. About midwinter he returned to Hamburg, where he remained four months, in the expectation of accompanying a young gentleman of Edinburgh in a tour to Constantinople. His unceasing thirst for knowledge, and his habits of industrious application, prevented these months from passing heavily or unprofitably. His time was chiefly employed in reading German, and making himself acquainted with the principles of Kant's philosophy; from which, however, he seems soon to have turned with distaste, to the richer and more interesting field of German belles-lettres.

While in Germany an edition of his *Pleasures of Hope* was proposed for publication in Vienna, but was forbidden by the court, in consequence of those passages which relate to Kosciusko, and the partition of Poland. Being disappointed in his projected visit to Constantinople, he returned to England in 1801, after nearly a year's absence, which had been passed much to his satisfaction and improvement, and had stored his mind with grand and awful images. "I remember," says he, "how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given any thing to have possessed

an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were, indeed, rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime, and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of *spring wagons and hospitals*—but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten.”

On returning to England he visited London, for the first time, where, though unprovided with a single letter of introduction, the celebrity of his writings procured him the immediate notice and attentions of the best society. His recent visit to the continent, however, had increased rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably, by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities, and he removed to Sydenham, in Kent, near London, where he has ever since resided, devoting himself to literature, and the calm pleasures of domestic life.

He has been enabled to indulge his love of study and retirement more comfortably by the bounty of his sovereign, who some few years since presented him with an annuity of 200*l*. This distinguished mark of royal favour, so gratifying to the pride of the poet, and the loyal affections of the subject, was wholly spontaneous and unconditional. It was neither granted to the importunities of friends at court, nor given as a *douceur* to secure the services of the author's pen, but merely as a testimony of royal approbation of his popular poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*. Mr. Campbell, both before and since, has uniformly been independent in his opinions and writings.

Though withdrawn from the busy world in his retirement at Sydenham, yet the genius of Mr. Campbell, like a true brilliant, occasionally flashed upon the public eye, in a number of exquisite little poems, which appeared in the periodical works of the day. Many of these he has never thought proper to rescue

from their perishable repositories. But of those which he has formally acknowledged and republished, *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, the *Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*, are sufficient of themselves, were other evidence wanting, to establish his title to the sacred name of Poet. The two last-mentioned poems we consider as two of the noblest national songs we have ever seen. They contain sublime imagery and lofty sentiments, delivered with a "gallant swelling spirit," but totally free from that hyperbole and national rhodomontade which generally disgrace this species of poetry. In the beginning of 1809, he published his second volume of poems, containing *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and several smaller effusions; since which time he has produced nothing of consequence, excepting the uncommonly spirited and affecting little tale of "*O'Connor's Child, or Love lies bleeding*."

Of those private and characteristic anecdotes which display most strikingly the habits and peculiarities of a writer, we have scarcely any to furnish respecting Mr. Campbell. He is generally represented to us as being extremely studious, but at the same time social in his disposition, gentle and endearing in his manners, and extremely prepossessing in his appearance and address. With a delicate and even nervous sensibility, and a degree of self-diffidence that at times is almost painful, he shrinks from the glare of notoriety which his own works have shed around him, and seems ever deprecating criticism, rather than enjoying praise. Though his society is courted by the most polished and enlightened, among whom he is calculated to shine, yet his chief delight is in domestic life, in the practice of those gentle virtues and bland affections which he has so touchingly and eloquently illustrated in various passages of his poems.

That Mr. Campbell has by any means attained to the summit of his fame, we cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to believe. We rather look upon the works he has already produced as specimens of pure and virgin gold from a mine whose treasures are yet to be explored. It is true, the very reputation Mr. Campbell has acquired, may operate as a disadvantage to his future efforts. Public expectation is a pitiless taskmaster, and exorbitant in its demands. He who has once awakened it, must go on in a progressive ratio, surpassing what he has hitherto done, or the public will be

disappointed. Under such circumstances an author of common sensibility takes up his pen with fear and trembling. A consciousness that much is expected from him deprives him of that ease of mind and boldness of imagination, which are necessary to fine writing, and he too often fails from a too great anxiety to excel. He is like some youthful soldier, who, having distinguished himself by a gallant and brilliant achievement, is ever afterward fearful of entering on a new enterprise, lest he should tarnish the laurels he has won.

We are satisfied that Mr. Campbell feels this very diffidence and solicitude from the uncommon pains he bestows upon his writings. These are scrupulously revised, modelled, and retouched over and over, before they are suffered to go out of his hands, and even then, are slowly and reluctantly yielded up to the press. This elaborate care may, at times, be carried to an excess, so as to produce fastidiousness of style, and an air of too much art and labour. It occasionally imparts to the muse the precise demeanour and studied attire of the prude, rather than the negligent and bewitching graces of the woodland nymph. A too minute attention to finishing is likewise injurious to the force and sublimity of a poem. The vivid images which are struck off, at a single heat, in those glowing moments of inspiration, "when the soul is lifted to heaven," are too often softened down, and cautiously tamed, in the cold hour of correction. As an instance of the critical severity which Mr. Campbell exercises over his productions, we will mention a fact within our knowledge, concerning his *Battle of the Baltic*. This ode, as published, consists but of five stanzas; these were all that his scrupulous taste permitted him to cull out of a large number, which we have seen in manuscript. The rest, though full of poetic fire and imagery, were timidly consigned by him to oblivion.

But though this scrupulous spirit of revision may chance to refine away some of the bold touches of his pencil, and to injure some of its negligent graces, it is not without its eminent advantages. While it tends to produce a terseness of language, and a remarkable delicacy and sweetness of versification, it enables him likewise to impart to his productions a vigorous conciseness of style, a graphical correctness of imagery, and a philosophical condensation of idea, rarely found in the popular poets of the day.

Facility of writing seems to be the bane of many modern poets ; who too generally indulge in a ready and abundant versification, which, like a flowering vine, overruns their subject, and expands through many a weedy page. In fact, most of them seem to have mistaken carelessness for ease, and redundancy for luxuriance: they never take pains to condense and invigorate. Hence we have those profuse and loosely-written poems, wherein the writers, either too feeble or too careless to seize at once upon their subject, prefer giving it a chase, and hunt it through a labyrinth of verses, until it is fairly run down and overpowered by a multitude of words.

Great, therefore, as are the intrinsic merits of Mr. Campbell, we are led to estimate them the more highly when we consider them as beaming forth, like the pure lights of heaven, among the meteor exhalations and false fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. In an age when we are overwhelmed by an abundance of eccentric poetry, and when we are confounded by a host of ingenious poets of vitiated tastes and frantic fancies, it is really cheering and consolatory to behold a writer of Mr. Campbell's genius, studiously attentive to please, according to the established laws of criticism, as all our good old orthodox writers have pleased before ; without setting up a standard, and endeavouring to establish a new sect, and inculcate some new and lawless doctrine of his own.

Before concluding this sketch, we cannot help pointing to one circumstance, which we confess has awakened a feeling of good will toward Mr. Campbell ; though in mentioning it we shall do little more, perhaps, than betray our own national egotism. He is, we believe, the only British poet of eminence that has laid the story of a considerable poem, in the bosom of our country. We allude to his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which describes the pastoral simplicity and innocence, and the subsequent woes of one of our little patriarchal hamlets, during the troubles of our revolution.

We have so long been accustomed to experience little else than contumely, misrepresentation, and very witless ridicule, from the British press ; and we have had such repeated proofs of the extreme ignorance and absurd errors that prevail in Great Britain respecting our country and its inhabitants, that, we confess,

we were both surprised and gratified to meet with a poet, sufficiently unprejudiced to conceive an idea of moral excellence and natural beauty on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, even this simple show of liberality has drawn on the poet the censures of many narrow-minded writers, with whom liberality to this country is a crime. We are sorry to see such pitiful manifestations of hostility toward us. Indeed, we must say, that we consider the constant acrimony and traduction indulged in by the British press toward this country, to be as opposite to the interest, as it is derogatory to the candour and magnanimity of the nation. It is operating to widen the difference between two nations, which, if left to the impulse of their own feelings, would naturally grow together, and among the sad changes of this disastrous world, be mutual supports and comforts to each other.

Whatever may be the occasional collisions of etiquette and interest which will inevitably take place between two great commercial nations, whose property and people are spread far and wide on the face of the ocean; whatever may be the clamorous expressions of hostility vented at such times by our unreflecting populace, or rather uttered in their name by a host of hireling scribblers, who pretend to speak the sentiments of the people; it is certain, that the well-educated and well-informed class of our citizens entertain a deep-rooted good will, and a rational esteem, for Great Britain. It is almost impossible it should be otherwise. Independent of those hereditary affections, which spring up spontaneously for the nation from whence we have descended, the single circumstance of imbibing our ideas from the same authors has a powerful effect in causing an attachment.

The writers of Great Britain are the adopted citizens of our country, and, though they have no legislative voice, exercise an authority over our opinions and affections, cherished by long habit and matured by affection. In these works we have British valour, British magnanimity, British might, and British wisdom, continually before our eyes, portrayed in the most captivating colours; and are thus brought up in constant contemplation of all that is amiable and illustrious in the British character. To these works, likewise, we resort, in every varying mood of mind, or vicissitude of fortune. They are our delight in the hour

of relaxation; the solemn monitors and instructors of our closet; our comforters in the gloomy seclusions of life-loathing depondency. In the season of early life, in the strength of manhood, and still in the weakness and apathy of age, it is to them we are indebted for our hours of refined and unalloyed enjoyment. When we turn our eyes to England, therefore, from whence this bounteous tide of literature pours in upon us, it is with such feelings as the Egyptian experiences, when he looks toward the sacred source of that stream, which, rising in a far distant country, flows down upon his own barren soil, diffusing riches, beauty, and fertility.*

Surely it cannot be the interest of Great Britain to trifle with such feelings. Surely the good will, thus cherished among the best hearts of a country, rapidly increasing in power and importance, is of too much consequence to be scornfully neglected or surlily dashed away. It most certainly, therefore, would be both politic and honourable, for those enlightened British writers, who sway the sceptre of criticism, to expose these constant misrepresentations, and discountenance these galling and unworthy insults of the pen, whose effect is to mislead and to irritate, without serving one valuable purpose. They engender gross prejudices in Great Britain, inimical to a proper national understanding, while with us they wither all those feelings of kindness and consanguinity, that were shooting forth, like so many tendrils, to attach to us our parent country.

While, therefore, we regard the poem of Mr. Campbell with complacency, as evincing an opposite spirit to this, of which we have just complained, there are other reasons, likewise, which in-

* Since this biographical notice was first published, the political relations between the two countries have been changed by a war with Great Britain. The above observations, therefore, may not be palatable to those who are eager for the hostility of the pen as well as the sword. The author, indeed, was for some time in doubt whether to expunge them, as he could not prevail on himself to accommodate them to the embittered temper of the times. He determined, however, to let them remain. However the feelings he has expressed may be outraged or prostrated by the violence of warfare, they never can be totally eradicated. Besides, it should be the exalted ministry of literature to keep together the family of human nature; to calm with her "soul-subduing voice" the furious passions of warfare, and thus to bind up those ligaments which the sword would cleave asunder. The author may be remiss in the active exercise of this duty, but he will never have to reproach himself, that he has attempted to poison, with political virulence, the pure fountains of elegant literature.

terest us in its favour. Among the lesser evils, incident to the infant state of our country, we have to lament its almost total deficiency in those local associations produced by history and moral fiction. These may appear trivial to the common mass of readers; but the mind of taste and sensibility will at once acknowledge them as constituting a great source of national pride and love of country. There is an inexpressible charm imparted to every place that has been celebrated by the historian, or immortalized by the poet; a charm that dignifies it in the eyes of the stranger, and endears it to the heart of the native. Of this romantic attraction we are almost entirely destitute. While every insignificant hill and turbid stream in classic Europe has been hallowed by the visitations of the Muse, and contemplated with fond enthusiasm; our lofty mountains and stupendous cataracts awaken no poetical associations, and our majestic rivers roll their waters unheeded, because unsung.

Thus circumstanced, the sweet strains of Mr. Campbell's muse break upon us as gladly as would the pastoral pipe of the shepherd, amid the savage solitude of one of our trackless wildernesses. We are delighted to witness the air of captivating romance and rural beauty our native fields and wild woods can assume under the plastic pencil of a master; and while wandering with the poet among the shady groves of Wyoming, or along the banks of the Susquehanna, almost fancy ourselves transported to the side of some classic stream, in the "hollow breast of Appennine." This may assist to convince many, who were before slow to believe, that our own country is capable of inspiring the highest poetic feelings, and furnishing abundance of poetic imagery, though destitute of the hackneyed materials of poetry; though its groves are not vocal with the song of the nightingale; though no Naiads have ever sported in its streams, nor Satyrs and Dryads gambled among its forests. Wherever nature—sweet nature—displays herself in simple beauty or wild magnificence, and wherever the human mind appears in new and striking situations, neither the poet nor the philosopher can ever want subjects worthy of his genius.

Having made such particular mention of Gertrude of Wyoming, we will barely add one or two circumstances connected with it,

strongly illustrative of the character of the literary author. The story of the poem, though extremely simple, is not sufficiently developed ; some of the facts, particularly in the first part, are rapidly passed over, and left rather obscure ; from which many have inconsiderately pronounced the whole a hasty sketch, without perceiving the elaborate delicacy with which the parts are finished. This defect is to be attributed entirely to the self-diffidence of Mr. Campbell. It is his misfortune that he is too distrustful of himself ; and too ready to listen to the opinions of inferior minds, rather than boldly to follow the dictates of his own pure taste and the impulses of his exalted imagination, which, if left to themselves, would never falter or go wrong. Thus we are told, that when his *Gertrude* first came from under his pen, it was full and complete ; but in an evil hour he read it to some of his critical friends. Every one knows that when a man's critical judgment is consulted, he feels himself in credit bound to find fault. Various parts of the poem were of course objected to, and various alterations recommended.

With a fatal diffidence, which, while we admire we cannot but lament, Mr. Campbell struck out those parts entirely ; and obliterated, in a moment, the fruit of hours of inspiration and days of labour. But when he attempted to bind together and new model the elegant, but mangled, limbs of this virgin poem, his shy imagination revolted from the task. The glow of feeling was chilled, the creative powers of invention were exhausted ; the parts, therefore, were slightly and imperfectly thrown together, with a spiritless pen, and hence arose that apparent want of development which occurs in some parts of the story.

Indeed, we do not think the unobtrusive, and, if we may be allowed the word, occult merits of this poem are calculated to strike popular attention, during the present passion for dashing verse and extravagant incident. It is mortifying to an author to observe, that those accomplishments which it has cost him the greatest pains to acquire, and which he regards with a proud eye, as the exquisite proofs of his skill, are totally lost upon the generality of readers ; who are commonly captivated by those glaring qualities to which he attaches but little value. Most people are judges of exhibitions of force and activity of body, but it

requires a certain refinement of taste and a practised eye, to estimate that gracefulness which is the achievement of labour, and consummation of art. So, in writing, whatever is bold, glowing, and garish, strikes the attention of the most careless, and is generally felt and acknowledged; but comparatively few can appreciate that modest delineation of nature, that tenderness of sentiment, propriety of language, and gracefulness of composition, that bespeak the polished and accomplished writer. Such, however, as possess this delicacy of taste and feeling, will often return to dwell, with cherishing fondness, on the Gertrude of Mr. Campbell. Like all his other writings, it presents virtue in its most touching and captivating forms: whether gently exercised in the "bosom scenes of life," or sublimely exerted in its extraordinary and turbulent situations. No writer can surpass Mr. C. in the vestal purity and amiable morality of his muse. While he possesses the power of firing the imagination, and filling it with sublime and awful images, he excels also in those eloquent appeals to the feelings, and those elevated flights of thought, by which, while the fancy is exalted, the heart is made better.

It is now some time since he has produced any poem. Of late he has been employed in preparing a work for the press, containing critical and biographical notices of British poets from the reign of Edward III. to the present time. However much we may be gratified by such a work, from so competent a judge, still we cannot but regret that he should stoop from the brilliant track of poetic invention, in which he is so well calculated to soar, and descend into the lower regions of literature to mingle with droning critics and mousing commentators. His task should be to produce poetry, not to criticise it; for, in our minds, he does more for his own fame, and for the interests of literature, who furnishes one fine verse, than he who points out a thousand beauties, or detects a thousand faults.

We hope, therefore, soon to behold Mr. Campbell emerging from those dusty labours, and breaking forth in the full lustre of original genius. He owes it to his own reputation; he owes it to his own talents; he owes it to the literature of his country. Poetry has generally flowed in an abundant stream in Great Britain; but it is too apt to stray among rocks and weeds, to expand

into brawling shallows, or waste itself in turbid and ungovernable torrents. We have, however, marked a narrow, but pure and steady, channel, continuing down from the earliest ages, through a line of real poets, who seem to have been sent from heaven to keep the vagrant stream from running at utter waste and random. Of this chosen number we consider Mr. Campbell; and we are happy at having this opportunity of rendering our feeble tribute of applause to a writer whom we consider an ornament to the age, an honour to his country, and one whom his country "should delight to honour."



Notice of Susanna Wright.

"It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not distinguished by any striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The scholar, who passed his life among his books; the merchant, who conducted only his own affairs; the priest, whose sphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are considered as no proper objects of public regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering, that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason, what is of most use is of most value."

DR. JOHNSON.

As it has always appeared to me a duty which the living owe to each other, as well as to the dead, to rescue merit from descending into immediate oblivion, I have endeavoured to trace the following notices of a lady, who, though she was well known, and generally esteemed, by the most eminent characters in the state of Pennsylvania whilst she lived, yet nothing, I believe, respecting her has ever yet appeared in print. What I now mean to offer is from recollection alone; but my opportunities for information were such as to enable me to give those recollections with certainty.

Susanna Wright was the daughter of John Wright, Esq. a very intelligent and upright man, and one of the first settlers in Lancaster county; she came over with her parents from War-
 rington, in Great Britain, in 1714, being then about seventeen. She

had received a good education, and having an excellent understanding, she assiduously cultivated her fine talents, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her situation. Her parents first settled at Chester, but a short time afterwards removed to the banks of the Susquehannah, then a most remote frontier settlement, in the midst of Indians, subject to all the inconveniences, labours, privations, and dangers of an infant establishment; here she exerted herself continually for the good of her family and the benefit of her neighbours; nor did she ever quit this retirement for the more improved society of Philadelphia but twice, when the danger of their situation from an Indian war rendered this removal necessary for their safety. She never married; but after the death of her father became the head of her own family, who looked up to her for advice and direction as to a parent; for her heart was replete with every kind affection, and with all the social virtues. She was well acquainted with books, had an excellent memory, as well as a most clear and comprehensive judgment; she spoke and wrote the French language with great ease and fluency; she had also a knowledge of Latin, and of Italian, and had made considerable attainments in many of the sciences. Her letters, written to her friends, were deservedly esteemed for their ingenuity. She corresponded with James Logan, Isaac Norris, and many other celebrated characters of that period; and so great was the esteem in which she was held by her neighbours, for integrity and judgment, that disputes of considerable interest were frequently left to her sole arbitration by the parties concerned. Her advice was often desired on occasions of importance respecting the settlement of estates, and she was often resorted to as a physician by her neighbourhood. The care and management of a large family, and of a profitable establishment, frequently devolved entirely upon her; and she appeared to be so constantly occupied with the employments usual to her sex and station, that it was surprising how she found time for that acquaintance with polite literature which her conversation displayed, when she met with persons capable of appreciating it.

She took great delight in domestic manufacture, and had constantly much of it produced in her family. For many years she attended to the rearing of silk worms, and with the silk which she

reeled and prepared herself, made many articles both of beauty and utility, dying the silk of various colours with indigenous materials ; she had at one time upwards of sixty yards of excellent mantua returned to her from Great Britain, where she had sent the raw silk to be manufactured. She sometimes amused herself with her pencil, and with little works of fancy ; but it was in the productions of her pen that she most excelled : they were deservedly admired whilst she lived, and would abundantly satisfy the world of her merit could they now be produced ; but as she wrote not for fame she never kept copies, and it is to be feared but little is at this time recoverable. Her character appears to have been without vanity, and above affectation.

I had the pleasure, when very young, of seeing her, and can remember something of the vivacity and spirit of her conversation, which I have since heard some of the best judges of such merit affirm they had seldom known to be equalled.

She lived to be upwards of eighty, preserving her senses and faculties. She had been educated in the religious society of Friends, and often in her latter years professed, that she saw the vanity of all attainments that had not for their object the glory of God and the good of mankind. She died a most humble, pious, sincere christian.

In her person she was small, and had never been handsome, but had a penetrating, sensible countenance, and was truly polite and courteous in her address and behaviour. Her brother, James Wright, was for many years a representative for Lancaster county in the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow citizens. His descendants still possess the estate where their ancestors settled, upon which they have recently founded the flourishing town of Columbia.

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SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

Singular Prediction.

[From the Lady's Monthly Museum.]

[THE following very curious note (prophetical of the revolution in France, its progress and results) was found among the papers of LA HARPE, a French writer of much celebrity, who died in the year 1803, after having, in the most solemn manner, renounced the errors of a false philosophy, and nobly avowed his entire acquiescence in the sublime truths of christianity, of which he became one of the most enlightened defenders :]

It appears to me as if it were but yesterday, and it was nevertheless in the beginning of the year 1788 : we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank, and a man of talents. The company was numerous, and of all kinds ; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained ; and at the desert, the wines of Malvoisie and the Cape added to the natural gayety of good company that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that could produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious tales ; a deluge of pleasantries on religion succeeded ; one gave a quotation from the Pucelle d'Orleans ; another recollected and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot,

Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre
Serrez le cou du dernier Roi.

The conversation afterwards took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the revolution which Voltaire had produced ; and they all agreed, that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. " He has given the *ton* to his age, and has contrived to be read in the chamber as well as in the drawing-room."

It was, at length, concluded, that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this epoch was then calculated, and which of the company pre-

sent would live to see the *reign of reason*. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying in the expectation that they should witness it. The academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand works; and being, at the same time, the strong hold, the centre, and the moving principle of *freedom of thought*.

There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delight of this conversation; he had even ventured, in a quiet way, to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm: it was Cazotte, the author of the poem d'Olivier, and other works, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the *illuminati*. He renewed the conversation in a very serious tone, and in the following manner: "Gentlemen," said he, "be satisfied you will see this grand and sublime revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet; and I repeat, that you will all see it." He was answered by the common expression, "*It is not necessary to be a great conjurer to foretel that.*" "Agreed; but perhaps it may be necessary to be something more respecting what I am now going to tell you: Have you any idea of what will result from this *revolution*? What will happen to yourselves, to every one of you now present? What will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences?" "Oh!" said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, "let us know all about it; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet." "You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a dungeon, you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the hands of the executioner; of poison, which the happy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you."*

At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment; but it was soon recollected that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever. "M. Cazotte, the tale which you have just told is not so pleasant as your *Diable Amoureux*; but what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, and these hangmen in your head? What can these things have in common with *philosophy and the reign of reason*?" "That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and of liberty; it will be under the reign of reason, that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then, indeed, be the reign of reason; for she will then have temples erected to her honour. Nay, throughout France there will be no other places of public worship but the temples of rea-

* M. Condorcet died by poison March 28th, 1794.

son." "In faith," said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, "you will not be an officiating priest at many of these temples." "I hope not; for you, M. Chamfort, you will cut yourself across the veins with a razor, and will, nevertheless, survive the attempt many months." They all looked at him, and continued to laugh. "You, M. Vicq d'Azyr; you will not open your veins yourself; but you will order them to be opened six times in one day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose; and you will die during the night. As for you, M. De Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold; and so, M. Bailly,* will you; and so will M. Malesherbes."† "Oh heavens!" said Roucher, "it appears that his vengeance is levelled solely against the academy; he has just made a most horrible execution of the whole of it. Now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy." "You will die also upon the scaffold." "Oh!" it was universally exclaimed, "he has sworn to exterminate the whole of us." "No; it is not I who have sworn it." Are we then to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars?" "By no means; I have already told you, that you will then be governed by Reason and Philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described, will all of them be philosophers; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour; will deliver all your maxims, and will quote you as you have done Diderot and Pucelle." "Oh," it was whispered, "the man is out of his senses;" for during the whole of the conversation his features never underwent the least change. "Oh no," said another, "you must perceive that he is laughing at us; for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries." "Yes," answered Chamfort, "the marvellous with him is never enlivened with gayety. But when will all this happen?" "Six years will not have passed away before all which I have told you shall be accomplished."

"Here, indeed, is plenty of miracles," (it was myself, says M. de la Harpe, who now spoke,) "and you set me down for nothing." "You will yourself be a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told; you will then be a Christian."

Loud exclamations immediately followed. "Ah!" replied Chamfort, "all my fears are removed; for if we are not doomed to perish till La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal."

"As for us women," said the Dutchess de Grammont, "it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions; not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them; but it is understood that in such cases we are to be left to ourselves. Our sex——" "Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in

* Guillotined Nov. 12th, 1793.

† Guillotined April 22d, 1793.

those times ; it will make no difference whatever, whether you interfere or not ; you will be treated precisely as the men—no distinction will be made between you.” “ But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte ? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world.” “ I know no more of that, my lady Dutchess, than yourself ; but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you.” “ I hope, sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed, at least, a coach hung with black.” “ No, madam, you will not have that indulgence ; ladies of higher rank than yourself will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined.” “ Ladies of higher rank than myself ? What, princesses of the blood ?” “ Greater still.”

Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect ; it was, indeed, very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried too far. Madam de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to this last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gayety, “ *You see, he will not even leave me a confessor.*” “ No, madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor, as the greatest of favours, will be——.”

Here he paused for a moment ; “ and who then is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative ?” “ It is the only one which will be left to him ; it will be—the king of France.”

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced to M. Cazotte, and said to him, in an affecting and impressive tone, “ My dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits ; you carry it too far, even at the risk of the company with whom you are, and yourself along with them.” Cazotte made no answer, and was preparing to retire, when Madam de Grammont, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gayety among them, advanced toward him ; and said, “ My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes, but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own.” After a few minutes of silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, “ Madam,” he replied, “ have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus ?” “ To be sure I have, and who has not ? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it.” “ Then, you must know, madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem, a man seven successive days went round the ramparts of that city, in

the sight of the besiegers and besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice, *Wo to Jerusalem!* and on the seventh day he cried, *Wo to Jerusalem and to myself!* At that moment an enormous stone, thrown by the machine of the enemy, dashed him to pieces.*

M. Cazotte then made his bow, and retired.

* M. Cazotte was guillotined Sept. 25th, 1792; exactly four years and a half after his prophecy of his death.

Another Zerah Colburn.

A rival to Zerah Colburn has started in the person of George Bidder, a native of Moretonhamstead, now aged seven years and eleven months. He is advertised as possessing the extraordinary faculty of solving the most difficult questions, as to figures, by the mere operation of the mind, and the learned and curious are invited to visit him at Guildhall, Plymouth. He is thus described :

This is a most extraordinary boy ; he has had no education, and does not know how to make a figure. His talent was not discovered till last winter, in a blacksmith's shop. A man had killed a pig, and was curious to know exactly its value, at a given rate per pound. The boy, soon after, mentioned what it would come to. He was treated as a meddling child, and asked, with anger, how he could know any thing about it? "Why," said the boy in reply, "there are so many ounces in the weight of the pig, and it is worth just so many farthings!" Among other questions which have been put to him, are the following: "I have walked two miles this morning, in order to see you; how many inches have I walked?" He gave a true answer instantly. "I am fifty-six years old; how many minutes have I lived?" His answer, given instantly, was right. "How many farthings are there in two hundred guineas, fourteen shillings, and four pence three farthings?" In less than half a minute he gave the true amount. Various questions, in all sorts of calculations, have been put to him, and he has been detected in a mistake only once. The boy has quite a childish and even stupid appearance, and is always playing with a nut, or a piece of wood, or a person's watch-chain, and does not seem to pay any attention to what he is about.

POETRY.

For the Analectic Magazine.

HERO AND LEANDER:

THE feast is o'er, the virgin train
Has left Diana's sacred fane;
No more is seen th' adoring throng,
No longer heard the choral song;
The blaze of day has spread afar,
Now softly beams the western star,
And bright the snowy portals blush,
Reflecting evening's purple flush.
On her ivory couch reclin'd,
Her every thought to love resign'd,
Hero's wearied limbs repose,
While fast the evening curtains close.

Beside her lay, of Argive line,
A dog, Diana's gift divine;
His auburn spots and flake white, show
Like autumn's leaves on drifted snow.

Above her floats, in many a fold,
An azure mantle starr'd with gold;
O'er her fair proportion'd form,
Of power the coldest heart to warm,
Waves a robe of softest green,
Emblem of the sylvan queen.

One arm against her cheek reclines—
So by the rose the lily shines—
And one, beside her emerald vest,
Seems wreath of snow on billow's breast.

O'er her besom's heaving pride,
Soft as moonlight on the tide,
Flows a veil, of snowy hue,
That hides, yet gives each orb to view;
And parting, shows her lucid neck
Like Parian stone, without a speck.

And though her eyes, of heavenly blue,
Like jacinth wet with morning dew,

Now, closed in sleep, no longer dart
 The light of love to melt the heart,
 Or flash with passion's bickering flame,
 Or shine with memory's milder beam ;
 Yet o'er her bright expressive face,
 Breathes a serene and heavenly grace,
 That like a watchful spirit tells,
 An angel in this temple dwells.

So when the Sun, Creation's eye,
 In glory leaves our western sky,
 A softened light new charms reveals,
 And o'er the magic landscape steals.

Triumphant o'er the Paphian boy,
 Cause of the fall of heaven-built Troy,
 The God of sleep now silent reigns,
 And binds with flowers his golden chains ;
 For still he gives each blissful dream,
 That lovers view by haunted stream,
 And still in swift succession, roll
 Visions of rapture o'er her soul.

Now on the beach Leander stands,
 And lifts to heaven his suppliant hands :
 " For thee the stormy deep I brave,
 Waft me, O love ! across the wave." ¹
 Instant he cuts the surging tide,
 The billows flash on either side,
 Swift through the foam he oars his way,
 And casts behind the sparkling spray.
 Now o'er the deep, and round the sky,
 Night hangs her ebony tapestry—
 No lingering flush of western light
 Skirts the darkening robe of night ;
 No dewy star of eve appears,
 Like Beauty's eye through Pity's tears ;
 No moon lights up the blacken'd ocean,
 Heaving with the wild wind's motion ;
 No watch fire gleams, a guiding star,
 From vessel or from tower afar ;
 Nor " half uncurtain'd window's light"
 Streams cheerful through the gloom of night
 Love hears his dauntless vot'ry's prayer ;
 Love sees the sleep-entranced fair ;
 Instant, on lightning wings, he flies,
 Like flashing meteor, down the skies ;

A moment wafts him to that isle
 Where Love and Beauty ever smile ;
 There in the Paphian porch was plac'd,
 With radiant gems and sculpture grac'd,
 A golden lamp, whose rosy flame
 Glow'd like the burning blush of shame :
 Eternal lives the sacred light,
 In storms, in calm, by day, by night ;
 Graceful in vernal breezes waving,
 And winter's howling tempest braving.

This prize he bears with rapid flight,
 Till high Abydos meets his sight,
 Where ever restless billows roar,
 And dash and foam on either shore.

Swift by the slumbering maid he stood,
 An angel form presaging good ;
 And mid her faithless dreams of joy,
 Burst on her sight the monarch boy.
 One hand his mantle round him folds,
 A golden lamp the fother holds ;
 Its weight three polish'd chains suspend,
 And in a ring of silver end.

Graceful wave his golden curls,
 His azure scarf the breeze unfurls
 From limbs as morning blushes bright ;
 Around him streams a rosy light,
 And tints his wings of snowy hue,
 And mantle of meridian blue.
 A rose bud glows on either cheek,
 His eyes the God of Love bespeak,
 Piercing as the lightning's gleam,
 Yet pure as Vesper's lucid beam.
 " Arise, devoted maid," he cries,
 " A moment—and Leander dies ;
 But trust my counsel, and he lives,
 'Tis love that calls, 'tis Cupid gives ;
 Asunder burst the bands of sleep—
 Fly, fly, to yonder towering steep,
 This friendly beacon there display,
 And light Leander's gloomy way."

She heard—she snatch'd the proffer'd gift—
 Instant she mounts the watch-tower clift,
 Naught can she see but drifting clouds,
 Like routed hosts, or flying crowds ;

Naught hears she but the awful dirge
Of wailing winds and groaning surge.
Leander sees, with wild delight,
This love-created star of night ;
Hope lights anew his fading fires,
And every limb with life inspires.
White streaks divide the ocean's gloom,
Like snow upon the raven's plume ;
The billows swell and rage in vain,
Cleft by a Lover's arm in twain—
A moment—and he treads the sands ;
Another—on the steep he stands :
And then what countless moments see
The lovers clasped in extacy !

ZERBINO.

Charleston, S. C. 1815.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A neatly-printed volume of *Poetical and Moral Pieces*, by Lydia Huntley, a young lady of Connecticut, has just made its appearance from the press of Sheldon and Goodwin, Hartford.

These little productions, though perhaps not calculated to attract great attention, are nevertheless very pretty specimens of the good sense, ingenuity, and taste of the author, and are capable of imparting both entertainment and instruction; especially to youth. The pieces in verse are, in general, smooth and melodious; and the style of the prose is distinguished for its peculiar neatness, not to say, elegant simplicity. "The destruction of the Inquisition at Goa," "Malta," and "The giving the Bible to the Esquimaux," contain many lines of very good poetry, and some that are entitled to still higher praise.

The prose compositions, consisting chiefly of addresses to youth on education and morals, and of meditations on worldly vanity, do great credit, not only to the pen, but to the heart and understanding of the author. The meditation on the 119th Psalm, "the end of all perfection," ought particularly to be mentioned as possessing great beauty and simplicity, both of thought and language. With a heart full of tenderness, benevolence, and friendship, and a mind purified and warmed by religion, her effusions all appear to be tinctured with these virtues; and though not perhaps aspiring to gain a wreath of lasting renown, yet we think she has succeeded in weaving for herself

"A garland of domestic flowers,"

that will win affection, though it may not command applause.

The Digest of the Law of Maritime Captures and Prizes, by Henry Wheaton, Esq. announced for publication in our December number, will be immediately put to press by Messrs. M'Dermut & Arden, of New-York. The publication has been delayed in order to embrace all the decisions which have taken place during the war just terminated, upon questions of prizes in the courts of the United States. It is conceived that this will enhance the value of the work, whilst the intervention of peace will not materially diminish its utility, since the principles of public law which are developed in it are of permanent importance, and will serve to illustrate various questions of municipal law, in which the merchant, as well as lawyer, is deeply interested; and, at the same time, to fix with accuracy the relative rights of war and of neutrality—a difficult and doubtful subject, on which the talents of statesmen have been long exercised.

Lately published in Boston, "*A Concise View of the principal Point of Difference between the Baptists and Pedobaptists*," by the late Rev. Caleb Blood, of Portland, to which is prefixed a memoir of his life.

Horatio G. Spafford, of Albany, has lately published a pamphlet entitled, "*Cursory Observations on the Construction of Wheel Car-*

riages, with an Attempt to point out their Defects, and to show how they may be Improved." This little tract is designed to suggest a mode of combining the acknowledged advantages of high carriage wheels with the security of those commonly used, and at the same time to obviate the inconveniences arising from too high a line of draught. This Mr. S. proposes to do by using high wheels (seven feet) with a crooked or cranked axle, on which the load may rest, below the direct line of the axes of the wheel.

Miss Thompson, of Albany, has translated "*The History of Tekeli*," from the French of Le Brun. It will shortly be published in one vol. 12mo. of about 200 pages.

In the press, "*A Cursory View of the Peace lately concluded between Great Britain and the United States*," by a citizen of Philadelphia, in which will be examined the manner this event will operate on the commerce of America; in what manner it is likely to produce benefits or evils to merchants, manufacturers, agriculturalists, and distillers; how it will affect the tonnage interest, embracing generally the various influence it may have on the destinies of the United States in their future connexions, political and commercial, with the rest of the civilized world.

The Rev. Dr. Romeyn, of New-York, is preparing for the press two volumes of *Sermons*.

The Rev. Thomas Y. How, D. D. of New-York, has ready for publication "*A Vindication of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in reply to some late writings of the Rev. Dr. S. Miller*." It will be published in one royal 12mo. vol. of about 400 pages.

T. & J. Swords, of New-York, have in the press, a volume of *Sermons, on Regeneration and Renovation, in which the Doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church on these subjects is explained, vindicated, and enforced*, by J. H. Hobart, D. D. Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the state of New-York.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A humorous work has been lately published in England, entitled *The School for Good Living*; or, *A Literary and Historical Essay on the European Kitchen*, beginning with Cadmus, the cook and king, and ending with the union of cookery and chemistry.

In August was published, Part I. of the Dictionary of the English Language; by Samuel Johnson, LL. D.; with numerous corrections, and with the addition of many thousand words, by the Rev. Henry J. Todd, M. A. F. S. A. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Keeper of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Records.

"The attention of the present Editor has been long employed upon this work. His object has been to select from the writings of our best and well-known authors, and of others who have escaped, but highly deserve notice, a mass of useful and impressive words, which prove the wealth of our language, and demand their place in a Dictionary of it : and to correct numerous etymologies, which are found in the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson. Other evidences of his attention will appear in a rectification of some mistaken references, or imperfect citations, which Dr. Johnson has given, and in the production of examples to many words which have wanted even a single instance of illustration, as well as to others which require additional authority. In these labours he has derived assistance from some communications of importance, which have been made to him with liberality, and without solicitation; and which have enabled him, though indeed they are not very numerous, to admit into his volumes emendations and additions, as well by antagonists as by friends of Dr. Johnson; by Mr. Malone, Mr. Horne Tooke, and others: of all which the introduction to this work will give a more explicit account. In these labours, also, it may not here be omitted, the "PLAN" of Dr. Johnson has been followed.

The second volume of M. Blumenbach's work, entitled, *Beitrag sur Naturgeschichte*, &c. or Memoirs of Natural History, occupies 144 pages in 8vo. It contains two very important articles; the first on the *homo sapiens ferus* of Linnæus, the *Wild Man* of Hameln. The author shows, by very ingenious arguments, that the greater part of these wild men, cited by Linnæus, were individuals born deaf and dumb, and absolutely imbeciles. The second memoir is devoted to the investigation of the *human mummies* of Egypt. It is a repetition, with additions of a former discourse, occasioned by the reception of a mummy in perfect preservation, sent to the author by the Duke of Saxe Gotha.

The biennial Exhibition of Works of Art took place in Amsterdam in October last. It included 142 pictures; among the authors of which *thirty-two* were painters of the City of Amsterdam only. Beside these were miniatures, drawings, engravings, &c. Sculpture appears to be in a languishing state.

The last Exhibition of Works of Art took place in Zurich, at the close of last summer. In this collection were remarked a great number of picturesque views in Switzerland, of landscapes and portraits. The landscapes were mostly after nature. The whole number of articles exhibited was about 150. Among the sculptures were only four subjects in marble; but there were several in *terra cotta*. In a separate apartment was exhibited by M. Muller, of Engelberg, a model in relief of the highest mountains of Switzerland. This subject included the southern part of the canton of Zurich, the cantons of Zug, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, and part of the cantons of Lucerne and Berne.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1815.

CONTENTS.

SELECT REVIEWS.		To —, singing,	344
Leadbeater on the Irish Peasantry,	265	Tranquillity,	345
Remarks on Corpulence,	280		
ORIGINAL.		DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Biographical Notice of Major Mur-		The Fine Arts—Boston Latin Classics	
ray,	287	—Proposed histories of the late War	
— of Major Gene-		—Linnæan Society of New-England	
ral Brown,	292	—Earle's edition of Campbell's po-	
Review of the Life of General Eaton,	299	ems—Johnson's Reports and Digest,	347—349
SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.		FOREIGN LITERATURE.	
Thompson and Cowper compared,	321	Kopp on Spontaneous Combustion,	350
Character of Burke,	330		
— Grattan,	342	THE NAVY.	
— Canning,	343	Proceedings of the Court of Inquiry on	
Street Conversation,	343	the loss of the President,	351
POETRY.		On the conduct of Captain Elliott,	352
Ballad,	344		

Cottage Dialogues among the Irish Peasantry. By Mary Leadbeater. With Notes and a Preface, by Maria Edgeworth, author of Castle Rackrent, &c.

[From the British Review.]

ONE of our oldest statistical writers gives the following compendious but expressive description of the Irish. They are, says he, "Gens in omnes affectus vehementissima; quorum malis nusquam preiores, et bonis meliores vix reperias." (A nation always in extremes; you will hardly find any thing worse than their bad men, or better than their good ones.) Now, nothing can be more dangerous than these superlative degrees of character. Considering the constitution of poor human nature, it is easy to see which extreme will predominate, unless the utmost care and attention are bestowed to give the vehement tempers a right direction. But as the reverse of this has unfortunately

been the lot of Ireland for some centuries, as a melancholy course of neglect for ages, (to use no stronger term,) has, till within these few years, obscured her glorious destinies, we cannot be surprised at the pictures which successive writers, who have had opportunities of judging from personal observation, have drawn of her degraded state.

In 1566 a countryman and contemporary gives the following account of the Irish of his time. He describes them as warlike, patient of fatigue and hunger, but preferring indolence and liberty to every thing else; ignorant, credulous, and superstitious in the highest degree, remarkably fond of music, feasting, and merriment. He particularly notices a class of men, very numerous at that time, who travelled over the country at night for the purpose of committing robberies, whose depredations were attended with cruelty, and whose occupation was not considered dishonourable. Whenever they set out on an expedition, they prayed to God that they might be successful in obtaining plunder; and when obtained, they considered it as a gift from him.

Another Irish writer, in 1584, states that something like the feudal system existed there at that time; that they were constantly harassed by the number of quarrels in which they were engaged; that robberies were committed every night; the laws were extremely defective, and ill executed; the people very fond of whiskey, extraordinarily hospitable, good-natured and generous, their credulity great, and their reverence toward the priests extreme.

Two centuries afterwards, although in the interval mankind in other parts of Europe had made more rapid strides than were ever witnessed in arts, civilization, and commerce, the situation of the Irish peasantry was found but little improved. A countryman and eye witness thus describes their state as he found it in 1780—90. At this period a considerable degree of improvement indeed had taken place in the cultivation and the manufactures of many parts of Ireland; but no corresponding amelioration had reached the peasantry. In no part of Ireland were the people so vitious as in those counties which were supposed to have been most civilized, in places which abounded with land speculators, rich graziers, and tithe jobbers; for no pains having been taken to improve the moral condition of the people, they retained all the vices of their more barbarous state, but had lost its simplicity, and had engrafted the depravity of civilization on the ferocity of savage life. The Irish legislature, until the octennial bill, which passed about this time, scarcely attended at all to the state of their peasantry. No community of interests, nor reciprocity of benefits, no kind of confidence or goodwill existed between them. "To legislate for the dregs of the people, to

render palatable the measures adopted *against* them,"—to endeavour to convince them that such measures were intended for their real benefit, was a condescension to which the parliament of Ireland, (where seats were held for life,) seldom stooped. It has been the policy of every wise government to improve the condition of the mass of the people, that they might have an interest in the defence and preservation of the state. A principle directly the contrary always prevailed in Ireland; and the effects which it produced can easily be traced to the cause.

Much of the old system of manners still continued in 1780—90, particularly in the interior and mountainous parts of the country. At a wedding feast they would sing and listen to the most plaintive ditties, and if they had drunk any whiskey would whine and weep over some woful story: but at a *wake* (i. e. an assemblage of men and women round the corpse of a deceased neighbour,) although they went for the avowed purpose of weeping over the dead body; yet in the very room where it was laid out they would spend the night in boisterous mirth, coarse jests, and all kinds of sports and gambols that were calculated to excite laughter; with intervals of five or six minutes every hour of a dreadful howl under pretence of joining in a general lamentation. Whenever whiskey was introduced into any of their meetings, intoxications and quarrels were the inevitable consequence. They were credulous in the highest degree, believed that old women could charm all the butter out of the milk of a neighbouring cow, and add it to their own; bought as sacred relics, possessed of great virtue, bits of old wood, &c. which itinerant mendicants carried about. They were implicitly obedient to their priests both in matters civil and religious, and placed no less implicit faith in every thing they said, however absurd and monstrous. In taking an oath, they considered it sacred if taken on a piece of iron. They knew nothing of the bible, and were equally unacquainted with the principles of moral rectitude. Their moral character, therefore, of course, depended upon the circumstances under which they lived. In some places, simple, harmless, generous, and benevolent; in others, selfish and depraved:—but being universally ignorant, they were consequently universally indolent. Such was their state described between the years 1780 and 1790.

In order to bring the account down to the present time, we shall make a short extract or two from a work written about four years ago by an Irish gentleman, whose style, no less than his matter, proves his perfect acquaintance with the writings of Tacitus.

"The peasantry of Ireland are generally not exclusively of the Roman Catholic religion, but utterly and disgracefully ignorant. Of four millions, the probable population, one million, perhaps, can write and read; of this million three fourths are protestant and pro-

testant dissenters; there remains a solid mass of dangerous and obstinate ignorance; the laws of God they take on trust; those of the land on guess, and despise or insult both. In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert. It is often more easy to induce them to take arms, for their country or against it, than to cultivate the earth, and wait upon the seasons. Fighting is a pastime which they seldom assemble without enjoying; not, indeed, with iron weapons, but with clubs, which they always carry, and frequently and skilfully use. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth, or as willingly employ them in riot. Strange diversity of nature! to love indolence, and hate quiet; to be reduced to slavery, but not yet to obedience."

For ourselves, however, we cannot but exult in this diversity. If they were quiet and obedient slaves, they would probably continue for as many more centuries in their present degraded state. But, providentially for them, their impetuosity is a little inconvenient, and as every method but their moral improvement has been ineffectually tried to restrain it, it is probable that England will at length be *constrained to do her duty*. But to return to our author.

"The peasant thinks not of independence, dreams not of property, unless in dreams of insurrection. His wishes have no scope; he is habituated to derive from his land and his labour only his daily potato. Whoever assembles the Irish, disturbs them; disturbance soon coalesces with treason; and the suicide avarice that drives the peasantry to combine, precipitates them to rebel."

Yet, notwithstanding these accounts, we are persuaded that the vices of the people do not lie on their own shoulders;—destructive as they are, they spring out of passions that might have been the source of so many virtues. Why the current took a contrary direction it is not our present intention to inquire. Too much has already been written in that strain, and time and talents wasted in mutual recrimination, as to the cause, which, had it been employed in mutual emulation to find a remedy, would long since have cured the evil. Like the couple, who when the house was on fire, disputed so long as to the cause, that it was burnt to the ground before they had *leisure* to run for the engines.

Lamenting, then, as we have long done, the deplorable state of a country whose people we love, and the fertility and apt disposition of whose territory we have long contemplated with admiration and hope, it was not merely with pleasure, it was with perfect delight, that we perused the entertaining little work now before us, of the merits of which we purpose to give our readers some account, though we fear, necessarily, a very imperfect one: It is the joint production of two Irish ladies, one of whom deservedly stands high in favour with the English public, and we

are persuaded that it will not be diminished by the part which she has taken in the present publication. The body of the work consists of fifty-four short dialogues, between two couples of Irish peasants, and exhibits their adventures, habits, and "*manner of being*," more naturally, and, as Miss Edgeworth assures us, more to the life than any studied narrative could accomplish. She also warrants Mrs. Leadbeater's Dialogue to be a literal transcript of the language of the Irish peasantry; and of the tamer part of them perhaps it may. But Miss Edgeworth's friendly solicitude for the credit of her protégée must excuse us for thinking, that there is a raciness about the short extracts of Hibernian dialogue to be found in her notes, which sounds more national to an English ear. The dialogues are evidently written with the philanthropic view of raising the tone of manners and morals, and of diffusing a taste for the comforts of life, and for the honest mode of acquiring them, among the lower orders of the Irish. They are probably intended to be printed in a cheap edition, and distributed among the people. But we are grateful to Miss Edgeworth for presenting them to a wider and a more exalted circle; we thank her for attaching her Preface and Notes, like the wings of *Dædalus*, to a body that would otherwise have been confined to its native soil; and for directing its flight hither, to excite the benevolence, and improve the best feelings, of our English gentry, and of the *absentees* from her own country. But let not our readers suppose that this is a mere book of instruction. They had better not take it up, unless their risible muscles are in very good order for exercise.

The story is short. Rose and Nancy are two Irish peasant girls—the one active, cleanly, frugal, sober, industrious, and sensible:—the other good-humoured, thoughtless, frolicsome, and indolent. Rose never so happy as when picking potatoes for her father, leading the horse and car to draw them to the potato-hole, or sitting down to teach Kitty to work;—Nancy, disdaining to be such a *black slave* as to *demean* herself by such *botheration*, thinks it the greatest blessing of life to be dressed in "a white cambric muslin gown, and to match that, a white dimity petticoat, white cotton stockings, Spanish leather shoes, and a plush bonnet, and to go to a fair, a dance, or a wake, with Harry Delogher. This, however, was after she got into service, and after she had left her first place in a respectable family under a quiet, sober, regular mistress, to go into a showy, irregular house, where, to be sure, she had high wages and *tea constantly*, but where she was much less happy and comfortable. Her mistress was probably always disposed to indulge her in such requests as the following: "Ma'am, my *shister's* husband's dead, and I'd be glad if you'd be *plased* to let me go to the wake to-night;" or "Ma'am, it's Ciceley Gallagher's wake to-night, that was a great

neighbour of my mother's, and if you'd be *plased* to give me leave, I'd be sorry not to be *in it*." (P. 276.) Our readers recollect what a wake was described to be in a preceding page. But, as Rose says, five guineas a year will go a short way, indeed, toward all this finery, and so she being now a considerate servant, is content with a good calico gown for Sundays, worsted stockings for winter, and dark cotton for summer, common leather shoes, and three *shifts* at the least. This we presume to be the ordinary wardrobe of a decent Irish housemaid, and compared with that represented in preceding authors, and quoted by Miss Edgeworth in her notes, indicates one very great improvement in the arts of life. Now, with these qualifications, our readers will not be surprised to find that Nancy had the *luck* to take a *notion* one day that she would go and be married to Tim Cassidy, "a clean, honest boy, able to earn good bread for her." But as these serious affairs are not settled quite so much by *luck* and *notions* in our country, we must have recourse to Miss Edgeworth's notes for an explanation. Of *luck* she says,

"When Tim and Nancy are going to be married they justify their precipitation by saying, '*Sure we don't know what luck is before us!*' and afterward one of them exclaims, '*I wish it had been our luck to have had more 'cuteness in time.*' This belief and trust in *luck*, never quits the Irish, from the cradle to the grave, and is the cause of many of their vices, and some of their virtues. If a poor man's crop fail in a bad season, or if his cattle die, he tells you, '*Sure there's no use in fretting; it was my luck to have no luck at all, the year.*' And if the same misfortunes happened in consequence of his neglecting to buy good seed, or of his having overworked his horses, still he would attribute it all to *his luck*. It serves them as a satisfactory excuse for all their faults and follies. 'How comes it,' says a landlord to his tenant, 'that you did not apply to me in proper time to renew your lease? now you have double fines to pay, as a penalty for omitting to renew.'

" 'True for me,' replies the careless tenant; 'but I never had the luck to think of it at the right minute.'

" 'How has your lawsuit with O'Brannagan ended?'

" 'O! *plase* your honour, he cast me; I never had any luck at all at law.'

" 'Then I wonder you are so fond of going to law.'

" 'Sure, there's not a man in the kingdom hates law more than myself, *plase* your honour; but its always my luck to be *in law*.' (an Irishman says *in law*, as another man would say *in love*.)

" 'Were you not in gaol some time ago?'

" 'I was, *plase* your honour; it was my *luck* to be put in for no fault of my own, at all; but just happening to be in bad company, that swore away my life behind my back. But I had the luck to have the best lawyer in Ireland, who made out an alibi for me to the satisfaction of the *judge*, who gave it in charge to the jury to bring in a *verdict* for me, entirely. So I got off, and was let out, and if I

have *any luck* I'll never *get in* again, or put it in the power of any man to belie me, let alone hanging me.' "

The use of the word *notion* is thus exemplified :

" ' I took a notion I'd buy a pig.' ' The notion came across me that I would make a bit of buttered toast for his *comld*, and it cured him.' ' Then she took a notion, one day, she'd go and be married to Bartly Mac Doole, and there was no help for it.' Often concerning the most important event of their lives, the lower Irish can" (or rather will) " give no other account of the remote or the proximate motive of their actions than, *that the notion took them one day, and there was no help for it.*" P. 285.

We think these traits, both with respect to *luck* and *notions*, peculiarly characteristic of the thoughtlessness of the Irish character, joined to the slyness rendered in many cases necessary by the oppression in which they live. The French have a synonymous expression when they do not choose to give their true reason; "*c'est plus fort que moi.*" Both the Gallicism and Hibernicism are merely thin covers for doing what one likes at the moment, under the plea of necessity. We think that we have also heard a synonyme sometimes from the most amiable part of society in England. Very singular things for the health are sometimes found *remarkably to agree with them*, i. e. we suppose, if properly translated, to be *agreeable* to them. We beg a thousand pardons for this observation, and are persuaded, that the expedient is altogether to be ascribed to the unreasonable oppression exercised by the least amiable portion of the community, by the *brutes* of human nature. Before Nancy's marriage, we are favoured with Tim Cassidy's *notions* of matrimonial comfort, in a conversation he held upon that momentous subject, with Jemmy Whelan, Rose's lover.

Tim being resolved to make an imprudent match, endeavours, like the fox in the fable, to draw his neighbour Jem into the same scrape :

" *Tim.* Why what more do you want than a cabin and a potato garden? and those you can get from Mr. Nesbit for four guineas a year; and the grazing of a cow for four guineas more.

" *Jem.* Do you mean one of the cabins on the hill that have no chimney? I would not live in one of them if I got it for nothing! What! would you advise me to marry to smoke-dry my wife?

" *Tim.* As good as you have lived and died in a cabin without a chimney.

" *Jem.* That may be; but I will never take a house without one. But suppose I had the cabin, must not I have some little articles of furniture to put into it?

" *Tim.* Furniture! Dear me! Furniture! what I suppose you

got these dainty notions when you went to see your uncle last year near Coleraine; those people in the north are plaguy nice.

"*Jem.* Just as nice, and no more, as I am myself; if you call it nicety to wish for a bedstead to raise one up from the floor, a straw bed in coarse sacking, and a warm pair of blankets.

"*Tim.* A man and his wife may be very comfortable on the floor, by the side of the fire. A few stones will keep in the straw, as well as the sacking; and as to blankets, sure one will do along with the big coat about one's feet.

"*Jem.* Why sure, Tim, you can't be in earnest; if I bought a sick sow at the fair, I might bring her home to such a place; but my wife I would wish to show more respect to.

"*Tim.* But if your wife be satisfied, what need you bother yourself about the matter?"

"*Jem.* The girl I intend to marry would not be satisfied; nor would I wish that she should. She could neither be a fit companion for myself, nor a useful mother for my children.

"*Tim.* What, I suppose she must have a dresser to put her crockery ware on?

"*Jem.* Yes: and a chest for our clothes, and a cupboard, and some chairs, and a table: in short, every thing necessary for a family that don't wish to live like the savages.

"*Tim.* And how do the savages live?"

"*Jem.* Why in a mud hovel without a chimney. The parents and children all pig together on the same wisp. The father goes out to look for food, and when the mother prepares it, they all fall to and tear it with their fingers, and devour it. In the evening they smoke, and afterwards—

"*Tim.* Arrah, is it joking you are? Do you think to pass this on me for the savages? Why that's the very way they live in the county my father came from; and I hope you don't call them savages?"

"*Jem.* I call every one a savage, wherever they live, who act like savages, not troubling their heads about providing properly for their families. Sure that's the difference between what they call civilized and savage life." P. 73.

Notwithstanding all *Jem's* philosophy, however, Nancy and Tim "went off in a frolick together and married;" hoping, as Nancy says, that "We will do very well, as there's no more loving boy than Tim; and it will be all one a hundred years hence; and now I have one to work for me, I won't make a slave of myself any more." With such prospects and resolutions the cabin menage could not be expected to have been a very happy one. Nancy grew lazy and dirty, and Tim a little sulky; Tim did not like to see Nancy flaunting about in her fine clothes with Peggy Donoghue, and to find, "when he thought to sit down to his supper," that his fire was out, and his potatoes unboiled. But he said nothing till Peggy was gone; "then he told Nancy a bit of his mind; but she was on her high horse and aggravated him; so he beat her, sure enough." Nancy, too, had more misfortunes, as will appear from the following brief dialogue:

STATE OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

"Nancy. Rose, will you lend me one of your caps for two? See what a rag the *nasty pig* has made of mine! never another but one that's torn down the middle, and I put it on my head.

"Rose. I will not refuse you, Nancy; but pray take care of my cap, and mend your own as soon as you can. How could the pig contrive to get at it?

"Nancy. My big pot does not boil our potatoes, and the pig in, and heat the water to wash, and wash in after; and a little way down the road without fastening the door, and a little clothes in the pot, where I had just washed them; enough the pig went into the cabin as usual; and when she stood in the same place it does when she comes to the pot, and the water was grown cold, she pops in her ugly nose; was just coming back into the cabin, she found time to take my cap as you see, and three handkerchiefs, and all poor Tim's. P. 135.

Lest this little incident should appear incredulous to the English, Miss Edgeworth vouches in a note for its entire consonance with Irish habits. "Last winter a pig of the editor's acquaintance devoured or destroyed the entire wardrobe of a poor woman, who had left her clothes in a tub at the mercy of the swinish multitude." "A gentleman who had floored a room with boards for one of his tenants, found the pig one day in the sole possession of this room. Upon asking why the pig was allowed to have the best apartment in the house, he was answered, "*Because, please your honour, it has every convenience a pig could want.*" P. 310.

Tim and Nancy contrived to rub on together for a few years longer; they lay "very snug in the chimney corner in winter; in summer that was too hot, and they lay in the room; but the straw grew damp and fusty, and Tim threatened to get a bedstead for themselves and another for the children." It ended in a threat, however, for no bedstead was got—Tim never had the luck to find that he had money to spare for such a notion.

At last poor Nancy's troubles came very thick upon her; she would not inoculate her son Pat with the vaccine, that she "might not give her own Christian child the disorder of a beast." The consequence was, that he died of the small pox taken in the natural way, and "she could do nothing for thinking of her little darling. She thought she saw his little curly head and red cheeks every hour of the day." But Rose, nevertheless, could hardly make her pull the hat out of the broken pane to give her husband a little air in the same disorder, for old Katty told her to keep him warm, and to give him a little liquor to keep the pock from his heart.

But Tim struggled through this illness only to meet with more misfortunes:—for Nancy took to *the pipe* to console herself for the loss of little Pat, and would sit hour after hour smoking in the ashes, and afterwards went to *char* at Mr. Nesbit's; (i. e. to do all the work the squire's servants were hired to do, and which they paid her with their master's goods for performing;—) all this made Tim's home very uncomfortable; and he went to the sign of the Big Tree to talk over politics and secrets with Vester Toole, Bill Dunn, and other United Irishmen. But Jem cured him of this by telling him, "how the poor people were deceived in the rebellion with fine talking, and lost their lives and all that they had." "They thought they were doing great feats, when they were just made a cat's paw of by those who did not care a straw what became of them after." To cut the story short, Nancy, by always having her lighted pipe in her mouth, and by often getting fuddled, became rather of the nature of a combustible; and one day going into Squire Nesbit's turf-house, instead of one of the servants, set fire to it with a coal from her pipe, and it was burnt, with all its fine stables, to the ground. Tim exerted himself so much to put out the fire, that he was overheated, and caught a fever; and notwithstanding Dick Faly the horse-doctor bled him, and Madge Doran gave him warm ale with liquor in it to raise his heart, and his room was so full of neighbours, who came to talk to him and *keep up his spirils*, that you could hardly turn round, (all which would certainly have cured him if *his time* (as old Katty said) had not been come,—) Poor Tim died, sure enough; and what could his poor, broken-hearted widow do with a cabin full of fatherless children, but just take a little drop to keep life in her, and make her for³ get her trouble? In short, Nancy ruined her health by whiskey, and soon followed Tim to the grave.

Her character cannot be better summed up than in the warning which Rose drew from her friend's fate, for the use of their own daughter Betty.

"Nancy was a fine, lively young girl, but her fault was idleness. She would not stay in a good service, because she had a good deal to do; then she got into another where she had a great deal more. She did not do as much as a poor woman *had a right** to do in her own cabin, and she worked harder as a char-woman than she used do at home. She did not exert herself under her troubles, but

* Miss Edgeworth informs us, that in Ireland *right* and *reason* are often used as synonymous terms, as for example: "A good *right* the boy has to be sick, for he never spored himself early or late, any way." "The house had a good *right* to come down, was it not a hundred years old?" "That stool had a *right* to know me, for I made it every in h—" "That saw had a right to be a good one, for I paid a great price, and twice as much as ever it was worth, any how."

looked for comfort to what was not comfort. She took to tobacco when she lost her little boy, and to whiskey when she lost her husband. Her indolence in not getting him inoculated caused the child's death; by her smoking she set Mr. Nesbit's place on fire; his overworking himself to put it out, was the means of her husband's death; and drinking whiskey brought herself to the grave. And now, Betty, I don't rip up those things to make little of poor Nancy, but to show you how much it stands every young girl upon to get into the way of working, to look more to pleasing her friends than to pleasing herself, &c. &c.—" P. 266.

Nancy and Tim are evidently intended by our author as the true representatives of the Irish peasantry, by whose fate they are to take warning. Rose is the splendid exception by the example of whose more imaginary standard of excellence they are instructed to profit. Nothing can well be more interesting than the detail of the history of Rose and Jem, and we strongly recommend its perusal to our readers in the original work; but as we have a practical inference or two to draw from the actual state of the Irish peasantry, as it is here exhibited, we shall content ourselves with a brief sketch of their adventures, merely resting upon those points which are necessary to complete the picture of manners which we wish to lay before our readers.

Rose and Jem did not marry till they had something *to the fore* (i. e. beforehand.) And they did not wait long; for Jem was "mighty industrious entirely," and on his guard against spending; and as Rose "had a liking for Jem all along, she still thought of making a little provision for housekeeping, and bought wool and had it spun, and wove for blankets, and *more times* she bought flax, and got linen made," so they began the world well. She always kept her cottage neat and clean, brought up her children in the fear of God, and the love of one another, and by her admirable prudence and good temper, entirely cured her husband of those propensities, which, by all accounts, are the most difficult to eradicate from the Irish disposition, viz. a love for drinking and fighting. We recommend the following recipe to ladies in all ranks of life:

"Tim. Sure you are no drunkard Jem!

"Jem. I hope not; yet what else can I be called after what has happened? I am something given that way, and if I had not such a wife I might be bad enough.

"Tim. I suppose Rose *advises* you a great deal.

"Jem. No, she never said much to me about my misbehaviour, at the worst of times; but when I came home she was always sure to be in the way, to look pleasantly, to have the cabin floor clean, and the ashes swept up; and to have my bit laid out so neat and

so comfortable, that I liked home better than any other place." P. 123.

In this manner she cured him of drinking; and it was only the same principle, differently modified, that was applied to fighting.

"*Tim.* Oh, Jem! I was sorry I was not at the fair to back you. Was your head much cut? But next fair I suppose you will be even with Bill Dugan.

"*Jem.* Oh, no, Tim, I have done! I would not go through all I did since Saturday again, for my hat full of guineas.

"*Tim.* Why, was your head so bad?

"*Jem.* I did not care about my head; only I frightened my poor woman so when I came in all bloody.

"*Tim.* And did she scold you?

"*Jem.* No, Rose never scolds. She cried though: and I knew it was not for my head only, but that I should make a blackguard of myself; but she never said 'Jem, why did you do that?' Had not I the greatest luck in the world not to do as that unfortunate Dennis Broghall did?

"*Tim.* How was that? I don't know about it?

"*Jem.* Denny was a great fellow at fairs, and very bullying and overbearing, especially when in liquor, and no one dared to stand before him. But poor Phil. Dogherty would not be crow'd over by him; and about as silly a thing as our potatoes, they fell out at the fair, and set to fighting; and Denny hit Phil. on the head with his unlucky *shillala*, and it is a folly to talk, he killed Phil. stone dead. Phil's people went to a justice, and Denny was taken up, put into jail, and tried for his life.

"*Tim.* Did he get off? Sure it was not murder.

"*Jem.* Indeed but it was brought in murder, for there was a quarrel before; and poor Denny was hanged. The poor creature expected his life to the very last, and when he found it was all over, why then the stout-hectoring buck, that did not care a chew of tobacco for any one, was so cut down at once, that he could not stand to have the halter put on his neck. Indeed, some thought he died before he was turned off. And now that unfortunate boy had no notion of killing Phil. when he struck him that unlucky blow. But oh! the drink! the drink!

Miss Edgeworth informs us, that the morning after fair day, in an Irish country town, the neighbouring magistrate has a crowded levee, thrusting themselves into his honour's *prisence* to get justice. "*Plase* your honour see this cut on my head; it is what I was last night kilt and murdered by Terrence M'Grath there."

"*Plase* your honour I never lifted my hand against him, good

or bad at all, at all, as all the witnesses here will prove for me on oath, so they will." "Plase your honour if you'll just take my examinations *again* him."

We shall close our extracts with a very touching dialogue which seems to have been the favourite passage of the fair annotator; and truly we think that heart must either be a very faulty alembic, or must distil blood of a more black and glutinous nature than common, which does not separate and send up to the eyes a clear drop or two on perusing the passage. Let us contemplate the sober, sensitive, and religious Rose, who, by patience, self-denial, and affectionate attention, had reformed her husband, brought up her children in virtuous habits, in love and duty to their parents, and in affection to each other, who by her own industry and economy had raised around her a comfortable little property, which she hoped to see enjoyed and improved by her children, and then let us view her reaping the fair reward of her virtuous exertions, in the manner most delightful to such a mother's heart.

DIALOGUE XLI.

Spinning Match.

"Rose. Welcome, my dear Betty. I see by what you have brought with you, that you have won the premium for spinning at Belmour Hall, and I am as rejoiced as you can be for your life. I wish your father was come in!

"Betty. Oh! mother, how I'm obliged to you! and Tommy, I'm obliged to you for carrying the wheel home for me. I hope I'll spin you a shirt on it.

"Tommy. I don't doubt your goodness, Betty, and I am sorry ever I vexed you. If I could carry twenty wheels it would not be enough for what you do for me.

"Rose. Oh! that's better than all the rest to see my children love one another! Now, Betty, let us hear all about the spinning match.

"Betty. I'm sure it was a fine sight to see twenty wheels settled in the lawn in a half-round, all going at once. Mrs. Belmour herself came out, and walked round by the spinners, and spoke to every one there, so free and so pleasant; and, Oh! how beautiful she looked, when she stood by Cicely Brennan, who is so lame of one hand, that she was almost afraid to venture at all; till Mrs. Belmour told her, it was not who spun fastest, but who spun best, was to be looked to; and sure enough she got a premium. But when we had spun two hours, and laid our spools on the table, oh, how our hearts beat! I know mine did, when Mrs. Belmour called us up; and I could not tell you how her fine black eyes danced in her head: and the tears stood in them for all that; and she smiled so sweetly, and looked as if she was the happiest creature in the world.

been the lot of Ireland for some centuries, as a melancholy course of neglect for ages, (to use no stronger term,) has, till within these few years, obscured her glorious destinies, we cannot be surprised at the pictures which successive writers, who have had opportunities of judging from personal observation, have drawn of her degraded state.

In 1566 a countryman and contemporary gives the following account of the Irish of his time. He describes them as warlike, patient of fatigue and hunger, but preferring indolence and liberty to every thing else ; ignorant, credulous, and superstitious in the highest degree, remarkably fond of music, feasting, and merriment. He particularly notices a class of men, very numerous at that time, who travelled over the country at night for the purpose of committing robberies, whose depredations were attended with cruelty, and whose occupation was not considered dishonourable. Whenever they set out on an expedition, they prayed to God that they might be successful in obtaining plunder ; and when obtained, they considered it as a gift from him.

Another Irish writer, in 1584, states that something like the feudal system existed there at that time ; that they were constantly harassed by the number of quarrels in which they were engaged ; that robberies were committed every night ; the laws were extremely defective, and ill executed ; the people very fond of whiskey, extraordinarily hospitable, good-natured and generous, their credulity great, and their reverence toward the priests extreme.

Two centuries afterwards, although in the interval mankind in other parts of Europe had made more rapid strides than were ever witnessed in arts, civilization, and commerce, the situation of the Irish peasantry was found but little improved. A countryman and eye witness thus describes their state as he found it in 1780—90. At this period a considerable degree of improvement indeed had taken place in the cultivation and the manufactures of many parts of Ireland ; but no corresponding amelioration had reached the peasantry. In no part of Ireland were the people so vitious as in those counties which were supposed to have been most civilized, in places which abounded with land speculators, rich graziers, and tithe jobbers ; for no pains having been taken to improve the moral condition of the people, they retained all the vices of their more barbarous state, but had lost its simplicity, and had engrafted the depravity of civilization on the ferocity of savage life. The Irish legislature, until the octennial bill, which passed about this time, scarcely attended at all to the state of their peasantry. No community of interests, nor reciprocity of benefits, no kind of confidence or goodwill existed between them. "To legislate for the dregs of the people, to

render palatable the measures adopted *against* them,"—to endeavour to convince them that such measures were intended for their real benefit, was a condescension to which the parliament of Ireland, (where seats were held for life,) seldom stooped. It has been the policy of every wise government to improve the condition of the mass of the people, that they might have an interest in the defence and preservation of the state. A principle directly the contrary always prevailed in Ireland; and the effects which it produced can easily be traced to the cause.

Much of the old system of manners still continued in 1780—90, particularly in the interior and mountainous parts of the country. At a wedding feast they would sing and listen to the most plaintive ditties, and if they had drunk any whiskey would whine and weep over some woful story: but at a *wake* (i. e. an assemblage of men and women round the corpse of a deceased neighbour,) although they went for the avowed purpose of weeping over the dead body; yet in the very room where it was laid out they would spend the night in boisterous mirth, coarse jests, and all kinds of sports and gambols that were calculated to excite laughter; with intervals of five or six minutes every hour of a dreadful howl under pretence of joining in a general lamentation. Whenever whiskey was introduced into any of their meetings, intoxications and quarrels were the inevitable consequence. They were credulous in the highest degree, believed that old women could charm all the butter out of the milk of a neighbouring cow, and add it to their own; bought as sacred relics, possessed of great virtue, bits of old wood, &c. which itinerant mendicants carried about. They were implicitly obedient to their priests both in matters civil and religious, and placed no less implicit faith in every thing they said, however absurd and monstrous. In taking an oath, they considered it sacred if taken on a piece of iron. They knew nothing of the bible, and were equally unacquainted with the principles of moral rectitude. Their moral character, therefore, of course, depended upon the circumstances under which they lived. In some places, simple, harmless, generous, and benevolent; in others, selfish and depraved:—but being universally ignorant, they were consequently universally indolent. Such was their state described between the years 1780 and 1790.

In order to bring the account down to the present time, we shall make a short extract or two from a work written about four years ago by an Irish gentleman, whose style, no less than his matter, proves his perfect acquaintance with the writings of Tacitus.

"The peasantry of Ireland are generally not exclusively of the Roman Catholic religion, but utterly and disgracefully ignorant. Of four millions, the probable population, one million, perhaps, can write and read; of this million three fourths are protestant and pro-

testant dissenters; there remains a solid mass of dangerous and obstinate ignorance; the laws of God they take on trust; those of the land on guess, and despise or insult both. In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert. It is often more easy to induce them to take arms, for their country or against it, than to cultivate the earth, and wait upon the seasons. Fighting is a pastime which they seldom assemble without enjoying; not, indeed, with iron weapons, but with clubs, which they always carry, and frequently and skilfully use. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth, or as willingly employ them in riot. Strange diversity of nature! to love indolence, and hate quiet; to be reduced to slavery, but not yet to obedience."

For ourselves, however, we cannot but exult in this diversity. If they were quiet and obedient slaves, they would probably continue for as many more centuries in their present degraded state. But, providentially for them, their impetuosity is a little inconvenient, and as every method but their moral improvement has been ineffectually tried to restrain it, it is probable that England will at length be *constrained to do her duty*. But to return to our author.

"The peasant thinks not of independence, dreams not of property, unless in dreams of insurrection. His wishes have no scope; he is habituated to derive from his land and his labour only his daily potato. Whoever assembles the Irish, disturbs them; disturbance soon coalesces with treason; and the suicide avarice that drives the peasantry to combine, precipitates them to rebel."

Yet, notwithstanding these accounts, we are persuaded that the vices of the people do not lie on their own shoulders;—destructive as they are, they spring out of passions that might have been the source of so many virtues. Why the current took a contrary direction it is not our present intention to inquire. Too much has already been written in that strain, and time and talents wasted in mutual recrimination, as to the cause, which, had it been employed in mutual emulation to find a remedy, would long since have cured the evil. Like the couple, who when the house was on fire, disputed so long as to the cause, that it was burnt to the ground before they had *leisure* to run for the engines.

Lamenting, then, as we have long done, the deplorable state of a country whose people we love, and the fertility and apt disposition of whose territory we have long contemplated with admiration and hope, it was not merely with pleasure, it was with perfect delight, that we perused the entertaining little work now before us, of the merits of which we purpose to give our readers some account, though we fear, necessarily, a very imperfect one. It is the joint production of two Irish ladies, one of whom deservedly stands high in favour with the English public, and we

are persuaded that it will not be diminished by the part which she has taken in the present publication. The body of the work consists of fifty-four short dialogues, between two couples of Irish peasants, and exhibits their adventures, habits, and "*manner of being*," more naturally, and, as Miss Edgeworth assures us, more *to the life* than any studied narrative could accomplish. She also warrants Mrs. Leadbeater's Dialogue to be a literal transcript of the language of the Irish peasantry; and of the tamer part of them perhaps it may. But Miss Edgeworth's friendly solicitude for the credit of her protégée must excuse us for thinking, that there is a raciness about the short extracts of Hibernian dialogue to be found in her notes, which sounds more national to an English ear. The dialogues are evidently written with the philanthropic view of raising the tone of manners and morals, and of diffusing a taste for the comforts of life, and for the honest mode of acquiring them, among the lower orders of the Irish. They are probably intended to be printed in a cheap edition, and distributed among the people. But we are grateful to Miss Edgeworth for presenting them to a wider and a more exalted circle; we thank her for attaching her Preface and Notes, like the wings of Dædalus, to a body that would otherwise have been confined to its native soil; and for directing its flight hither, to excite the benevolence, and improve the best feelings, of our English gentry, and of the *absentees* from her own country. But let not our readers suppose that this is a mere book of instruction. They had better not take it up, unless their risible muscles are in very good order for exercise.

The story is short. Rose and Nancy are two Irish peasant girls—the one active, cleanly, frugal, sober, industrious, and sensible;—the other good-humoured, thoughtless, frolicsome, and indolent. Rose never so happy as when picking potatoes for her father, leading the horse and car to draw them to the potato hole, or sitting down to teach Kitty to work;—Nancy, disdaining to be such a *black slave* as to *demean* herself by such *botheration*, thinks it the greatest blessing of life to be dressed in "a white cambric muslin gown, and to match that, a white dimity petticoat, white cotton stockings, Spanish leather shoes, and a plush bonnet, and to go to a fair, a dance, or a wake, with Harry Delogher. This, however, was after she got into service, and after she had left her first place in a respectable family under a quiet, sober, regular mistress, to go into a showy, irregular house, where, to be sure, she had high wages and *tea constantly*, but where she was much less happy and comfortable. Her mistress was probably always disposed to indulge her in such requests as the following: "Ma'am, my *shister's* husband's dead, and I'd be glad if you'd be *plased* to let me go to the wake to-night;" or "Ma'am, it's Ciceley Gallager's wake to-night, that was a great

fattest ox and most corpulent man ever heard of in the history of the world.

"It is undoubtedly a singular circumstance, that a disease which had been thought characteristic of the inhabitants of this island, should have been so little attended to. Dr. Thomas Short, in 1727, published a Discourse on Corpulency; which, with a small pamphlet by Dr. Flemyng, and some occasional remarks in a few systematic works, will, I believe, be found to comprise all that has been said by the physicians of this country, on what Dr. Fothergill termed '*a most singular disease*.'

"In answer to this we may be told that sufficient has been written for any man to be his own physician in this complaint, and that '*le régime maigre*,' and Dr. Radcliffe's advice, of keeping '*THE EYES OPEN, AND THE MOUTH SHUT*,' contains the whole secret of the cure." P. 5—8.

The omentum, situated in the front of the abdomen,

"Is generally known by the term caul, and is a conspicuous receptacle of fat in elderly people. In a healthy state it seldom weighs more than half a pound, but it has been found increased to many pounds. Boerhaave mentions a case of a man whose belly grew so large that he was obliged to have it supported by a sash; and had a piece of the table cut out to enable him to reach it with his hands. After death the omentum weighed thirty pounds." P. 13.

"A preternatural accumulation of fat in this part, cannot fail to impede the free exercise of the animal functions. Respiration is performed imperfectly, and with difficulty; and the power of taking exercise is almost lost; added to which, from the general pressure on the large blood vessels, the circulation through them is obstructed, and consequently the accumulation of blood is increased in those parts where there is no fat, as the brain, lungs, &c. Hence we find the pulse of fat people weaker than in others, and from these circumstances, also, we may easily understand how the corpulent grow dull, sleepy, and indolent." P. 14.

"The predisposition to corpulency varies in different persons. In some it exists to such an extent, that a considerable secretion of fat will take place, notwithstanding strict attention to the habits of life, and undeviating moderation in the gratification of the appetite. Such a disposition is generally connate, very often hereditary; and when accompanied, as it frequently is, with that easy state of mind, denominated 'good humour,' which, in the fair sex, Mr. Pope tells us,

..... 'teaches charms to last,

Still makes new conquests and maintains the last.'

Or when, in men, the temper is cast in that happy mould which Mr. Hume so cheerfully gratulates himself upon possessing, and considers as more than equivalent to a thousand a year, 'the habit of looking at every thing on its favourable side'—corpulency must ensue." P. 16, 17.

"Much sleep, and a sedentary life, greatly assist. Thus we find persons who have been long confined to their rooms, from any accident not interfering with the digestive powers, usually grow corpulent. I lately attended a gentleman, about thirty-five years of age, of a thin spare habit, who had the misfortune to rupture the tendon Achillis. In the course of three months he increased so much in size, that a coat which sat loosely on him before he met with his accident, would not meet to button, by nine or ten inches." P. 18.

He proceeds to remarks on the means of cure; first taking a slight view of the various medicines that have at different times been recommended as specifics.

Cœlius Aurelianus, to whose diligence in collecting the opinions of preceding writers we are much indebted, mentions two ways of curing this complaint; by taking food that has little nutrition in it, or by observing certain rules of exercise. He enjoins the patient to ride on horseback, or take a sea voyage, to read aloud, and to give the limbs motion by walking quickly. He recommends the body to be sprinkled with sand, and rubbed with a coarse dry towel. Sweating is to be produced by the aid of stoves and the warm bath. Sometimes the cold bath is to be used, to strengthen and invigorate the body. He orders the patient to be covered with hot sand, and to be put into medicated waters, after having been in the sweating bath, and then to be sprinkled with salt, or rubbed with pulverized nitre. He is to drink little, and acid wines should be mixed with his liquors. His food is to be chiefly made with bran; vegetables of all kinds; a very small quantity of animal food, and that is to be dry and free from fat. He advises very little sleep, and positively forbids it after meals. He condemns the practice of bleeding, and particularly objects to vomiting after supper, so much recommended by his predecessors." P. 19, 20.

Borrelli recommended *chewing tobacco*, but Etmuller thought it had a tendency to produce consumption.

"Few things have been more generally administered in the cure of corpulency, than acids of various kinds. The emaciating properties of acid liquors, particularly vinegar, are very well known. It is said, that the famous Spanish general, Chiapin Vitellis, well known in the time he lived for his enormous size, reduced himself solely by drinking of vinegar to such a degree that he could fold his skin round his body." P. 20, 21.

A natural *pelisse*! In countries where cider is drunk as a beverage, the inhabitants are leaner than in those where beer is the common liquor.

SOAP is strongly recommended by Dr. Flemming.

"A worthy acquaintance of mine, (says the doctor,) a judicious and experienced physician, in his younger days, had been very active, and used much exercise both on foot and on horseback, and for many years seemed as little liable to corpulency as most people. By insensible degrees, as he diminished his daily labours, fatness stole upon him and kept increasing, insomuch, that when I met with him about six years ago, I found him in the greatest distress, through corpulency, of any person, not exceeding middle age, I ever knew. He was obliged to ride from house to house, to visit his patients in the town where he practised, being quite unable to walk a hundred yards at a stretch; and was, in no small degree, lethargic." P. 22, 23.

He began his cleanly remedy in July, 1754, at which time he weighed twenty stone eleven pounds. He took every night, at bed-time, a quarter of an ounce of common home-made castile soap, dissolved in a quarter of a pint of soft water; in about two or three months he felt more freedom, and in August, 1756, "his bulk was reduced two whole stone weight, and he could walk a mile with pleasure." P. 24.

Dr. Darwin was of opinion that salt, or salted meat, was more efficacious than *soap*—and many would probably prefer it! Dr. Cullen was against vinegar and soap, as being likely to prove worse than the disease.

"Nor," says our author, "will any of the other medicaments proposed afford better prospects of success. As auxiliaries, they may occasionally be useful, but the only certain and permanent relief, is to be sought in a rigid *abstemiousness*, and a strict and constant attention to diet.

"It has been well observed by an experienced surgeon, that in hereditary diseases, 'more dependence is to be had upon diet than medicine; and that the whole constitution may be changed by a proper choice of aliment.' " P. 29, 30.

"The beneficial alteration capable of being produced in the human body by a strict course of abstemiousness, cannot be more remarkably exemplified than in the history of Mr. Wood's case, (the Miller of Billericay,) as given by the late Sir George Baker, in the Medical Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians.

"Mr. Wood had arrived at his forty-fourth year, before his complaints were sufficiently serious to attract his attention, when the life of Cornaro fortunately suggested to him the salutary course of living he afterwards pursued, by which, to use his own words, 'he was metamorphosed from a monster to a person of moderate size; from the condition of an unhealthy, decrepit old man, to perfect health, and the vigour and activity of youth.'

"He began by using animal food sparingly, and leaving off malt liquor, and by degrees he brought himself to do without any liquor whatever, excepting what he took in the form of medicine; and latterly the whole of his diet consisted of a pudding made of sea-biscuit; by

this plan, it is supposed, he reduced himself ten or eleven stone weight." P. 31, 32.

Dr. Fothergill, by a course of *vegetable diet*, performed the following cure :

"A country tradesman, aged about thirty, of a short stature, and naturally of a fresh, sanguine complexion, and very fat, applied to me for assistance. He complained of perpetual drowsiness and inactivity ; his countenance was almost livid, and such a degree of somnolency attended him, that he could scarce keep awake whilst he described his situation. In other respects he was well.

"I advised him immediately to quit all animal food, to live solely on vegetables, and every thing prepared from them ; allowed him a glass of wine, or a little beer, occasionally, but chiefly to confine himself to water. He pursued the plan very scrupulously, lost his redundant fat, grew active as usual in about six months. I recommended a perseverance for a few months longer, then to allow himself light animal food once or twice a week, and gradually to fall into his usual way of living. He grew well, and continued so." P. 33, 34.

On the other hand, an instance is related of a man, who, with succulent nutritious vegetable matter, increased his bulk to such a degree

"As to be unable to move about, and was too big to pass up the brewhouse staircase ; if by any accident he fell down, he was unable to get up again without help." P. 37.

And in favour of flesh not producing it, see this note at p. 39.

"There is a remarkable contrast to this case, in the person of a French prisoner of war, who was extremely lean, though the following was his general consumption of one day.

Raw Cow's Udder,	4 lb.
Raw Beef . . .	10 lb.
Candles . . .	2 lb.
Total . . .	16 lb.

Beside five bottles of porter.

Vide Letter from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Blane, *Medical and Physical Journal*, v. iii. p. 211."

These, however, are exceptions. A vegetable diet, exercise, and abstemiousness, are recommended, as at least a partial cure of the disease called *fat*. Keep your eyes open, your mouth shut, and your feet moving, and you will conquer the complaint. He concludes thus—

"To enlarge on the common advantages of temperance is unnecessary. I am only desirous to show, by this cursory view, that the diminution of the secretion of fat, when in excess, *may be attempted with safety, and has been attended with success.*" P. 48.

So it all comes to what we have read in Crashaw's poem, called "TEMPERANCE, or the Cheap Physitian." 1652. Read :

"That which makes vs have no need
Of physick, that's PHYSICK indeed.
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own musick, his own health ;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sitt
As garments should doe, close and fitt ;
A well cloth'd soul ; that's not opprest,
Nor CHOAK'D, with what she should be drest.
A soul sheath'd in a christall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine ;
A happy soul, that all the way
To HEAV'N rides in a summer's day.
Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood !
Would'st see blith lookes, fresh cheekes beguile
Age ? Would'st see December smile ?
Would'st see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow ?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's selfe into a SPRING—
In summe, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
Whose latest and most leaden houres
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres ;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends ;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kisse, a *sigh*, and so away—"
Would'st see all this—be *Temperate !*

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE

MAJOR MURRAY.

THERE is nothing in history or biography which lays a stronger hold upon the curiosity, or has more power to excite the imagination than the relation of the adventures of bold and fortunate men, who, leaving their own country forever, and breaking off every early connexion, force their way to distinction and power in a land of strangers by their own active and buoyant spirit. The contrast between the scenes and the habits of their boyhood and youth, and those of their maturer life, sometimes dazzles the mind with all the wild splendour of Arabian fiction, and sometimes fills the fancy with combinations as ludicrous as any of the most whimsical transformations of a pantomime. For instance, I recollect to have seen in some of the earlier numbers of the Gentleman's Magazine, published about the period when Thomas Kouli Khan, the Bonaparte of his age and country, was the great terror of the Eastern continent, a very animated discussion respecting the birthplace of this upstart chief; in which one of the writers most stoutly maintained, and with some plausibility too, that his Persian Majesty was an Irishman. There is another story of the same kind, but better authenticated, of an interview between Lord Keith, and a Turkish Bashaw of high rank, on some important public business. The business of state was transacted through an interpreter, whilst the bashaw kept his state with all the dignity and inflexible gravity of a true Mussulman. When it was finished, he expressed his desire of a private conversation. The tent was accordingly cleared, when, to his lordship's utter astonishment, the bashaw addressed him in broad Scotch, and inquired after his old friends and relations in Aberdeen.

We Americans have so much room to ramble about and push our fortunes in every direction, without going from home, that we

are but seldom tempted to this complete abandonment of our native country, and our men of talents rarely transplant themselves to a foreign soil, except in the ordinary pursuits of business or pleasure. There are, indeed, some few remarkable exceptions. We have had a Major General in the French service, and now have several officers of high rank in the British. The present prime minister of Tamahamaha, the Peter the Great of the Sandwich islands, is said to be an American; we justly boast of the greatest artist of the English school of painting as our countryman; and Count Rumford, though covered with honours, titles, stars, and ribands, by half the courts in Europe, could not, with any face, disown his Yankee birth, as long as he retained his primitive and truly American taste for Hasty Pudding.*

Another of our countrymen, the late Major Murray, whose history is but little known among us, bore an important, and sometimes a distinguished, part in the public and military transactions of the eastern continent, during the latter part of the last century. It is to be regretted that but little can be distinctly related concerning him; but that little is well worth preserving.

James Lillibridge, for that was his real name, was born in Rhode-Island, some time between the years 1760 and 1770. The history of his early life is not very well known. It seems that he had been bound apprentice to some mechanical trade, but in consequence of a family quarrel, and the ill treatment which he received from one of his relations, he left his family at an early age, changed his name to Murray, and went to sea. After pursuing this course of life for several years, he happened to arrive at Tranquebar, on the coast of Coromandel, some time in the year 1790, where, learning that the Mahratta chiefs, and others of the Indian princes, were anxious to procure European officers to lead and discipline their troops, and that in spite of the jealousy and strict precautions of the British government, many French soldiers of fortune, and others, had already entered their service, and were rapidly promoted to high rank; he formed the determination of pushing his fortunes in this new path to power and honour. The British military commanders were at that time extremely careful to prevent the access of foreigners to the interior of the country; however, Murray, in company with another ad-

* See his Essays.

venturous friend and countryman, succeeded in evading their vigilance and passed all their posts. He was received by the Mahrattas with the greatest favour, and, after giving numerous and ample proofs of his courage and abilities, soon gained their confidence, and attained high distinction among that gallant but unfortunate people. It is well known that the whole Indian peninsula has been for the last half century one scene of civil warfare and intestine broils. Those of the natives who were not sunk into the abject degeneracy of the timid and feeble Hindoos, were divided into various little principalities, whose chiefs, losing sight of every great object of national safety and happiness, in pursuit of their own miserable schemes of petty aggrandizement, or of narrow jealousy, instead of uniting against the common enemies of their country, were content to array themselves against one another, under European standards, and to become the humble instruments of English or French intrigue. In the hazardous enterprises of these bloody but inglorious wars, Murray became conspicuous for his invincible courage, and his undaunted presence of mind, as well as for his personal prowess. I have no means of minutely tracing his history throughout this period; it is only known in general that he remained in the Mahratta service for fifteen years, during which he was actively engaged in every species of peril and hardship, traversing the peninsula from Cape Comorin to the borders of Persia.

He first became known to the British government in India by an honourable act of humanity. He was at that time in the service of Holkar, the celebrated Mahratta chief, where, at the imminent risk of his own life, he preserved the lives of a number of British officers who had been taken prisoners by Holkar, and had been ordered to be instantly put to the sword by that ferocious chieftain. Soon after this, either disgusted with the service, or perhaps finding his influence with his prince lessened by this act of humanity, he quitted the service of Holkar, raised a large body of cavalry in his own name, and after many difficulties and reverses of fortune, finally succeeded in taking possession of a considerable district of country in his own name. At one period of this enterprise, so desperate were his fortunes that his whole force was reduced to eight badly armed followers; but though he at length

succeeded in firmly establishing himself, he was so little pleased with his new trade of sovereignty,* that when the war broke out between the British and Scindia, in which his old master Holkar took part with the latter, Murray proclaimed the British government in his little principality, and joined Lord Lake with an army of seven thousand native cavalry.

He was received by the English general with the greatest respect, and the fullest confidence was reposed in him. He retained the independent command of the body of cavalry which he brought with him, and there was seldom a daring or dangerous enterprise in which he was not consulted and employed.

"At the siege of Bhurtpore," says the anonymous author of a brief sketch of his life, in a foreign journal, "where the British army lost near ten thousand men in four several attempts to storm the place, Murray was in continual action, and obtained the character of the best partisan officer in the army. At the same time, Holkar was on the outside of the English army with an immense body of cavalry, and the signal of assault on the fortress by the British was also the signal for his attack on the outside."

At the conclusion of the war, having acquired a very large fortune in the course of his military services, he determined to return to his native country, and end his days in luxury and tranquillity.

The British military commanders in India, who, during the war, had courted him, now seemed to treat him with cold indifference; and his services, which had certainly been of high importance, were poorly rewarded by the nominal rank of major, and the permission to retire on half pay for life. He, therefore, remitted his funds to Calcutta, and shortly after repaired thither, with the intention of taking his passage from thence to the United States. Still in the prime of life and the vigour of health, he might reasonably promise to himself a long life of ease—perhaps of distinction in his native country. But all these fair prospects were interrupted by sudden death—a death perfectly in unison with the eccentric character of his life.

A few days before the time fixed for sailing, he gave a splendid

* This may seem rather disrespectful language to use concerning the great business of royalty; there is, however, royal authority for it: Frederick the great used to talk about *le metier d'un roi*.

entertainment to his acquaintance in Calcutta. After dinner, when elated with wine, he undertook to entertain his guests with some equestrian feats, and, among others, one which he frequently performed, that of leaping a favourite Arabian horse across the table at which they sat. Unfortunately the horse's feet became entangled in the carpet, and Major Murray was thrown against some article of furniture, and severely hurt. The fall was found to have occasioned an intestinal rupture, which being unskilfully treated, ended in a mortification. He died a few days after, in ——— 1806. He is described as having been, in ordinary life, a mild and amiable man, but when once roused into anger, becoming ferocious and ungovernable. He was of a middling stature, of pleasing expression of countenance, a muscular, well-formed figure, and great bodily strength and agility. He was supposed to be the best horseman in India, and unrivalled in the use of the broad-sword. On one occasion he was attacked, when alone, by seven Mahratta horsemen, of whom he killed three, and effected his escape from the other four. Many were his wildly romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes; but their history is but imperfectly known; for he was extremely modest on the subject of his own exploits, scarcely ever speaking of them, and when he did relate any of the scenes in which he had been engaged, he seemed carefully to avoid dwelling upon his own actions. Though he had been absent from his native land almost from his boyhood, he still retained a strong affection for it. The mere name of an American was a sufficient passport to his confidence, and many of his countrymen, though perfect strangers to him, frequently experienced his liberality in the loan of large sums of money, upon no other introduction or security.

These are all the particulars which I have been able to collect concerning the life and character of this brave and extraordinary man—a man who seems to have had in his composition many of the elements of a great general, and, perhaps, of a great sovereign. To a mind a little accustomed to castle-building and visionary speculation, it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture to ourself what, under favouring circumstances, *might* have been the career of our adventurous countryman—to suppose him, like some former adventurers in India, rising from his little principality, to

become the head of a great state—then collecting into one mass all the native power of Hindostan, and expelling the European invaders from the soil—afterwards dividing the attention of the whole civilized world with Napoleon—the Rhode-Islander filling the east with the dread of his power, as the Corsican does the West—nay, perhaps aspiring to yet higher glory, becoming the oriental Washington, and the founder of a free and great state. All this is indeed “such stuff as dreams are made of,” and yet wilder dreams than these have been realized. I have started the thought, and if my readers think it worth any thing, they may amuse themselves by pursuing it for themselves.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

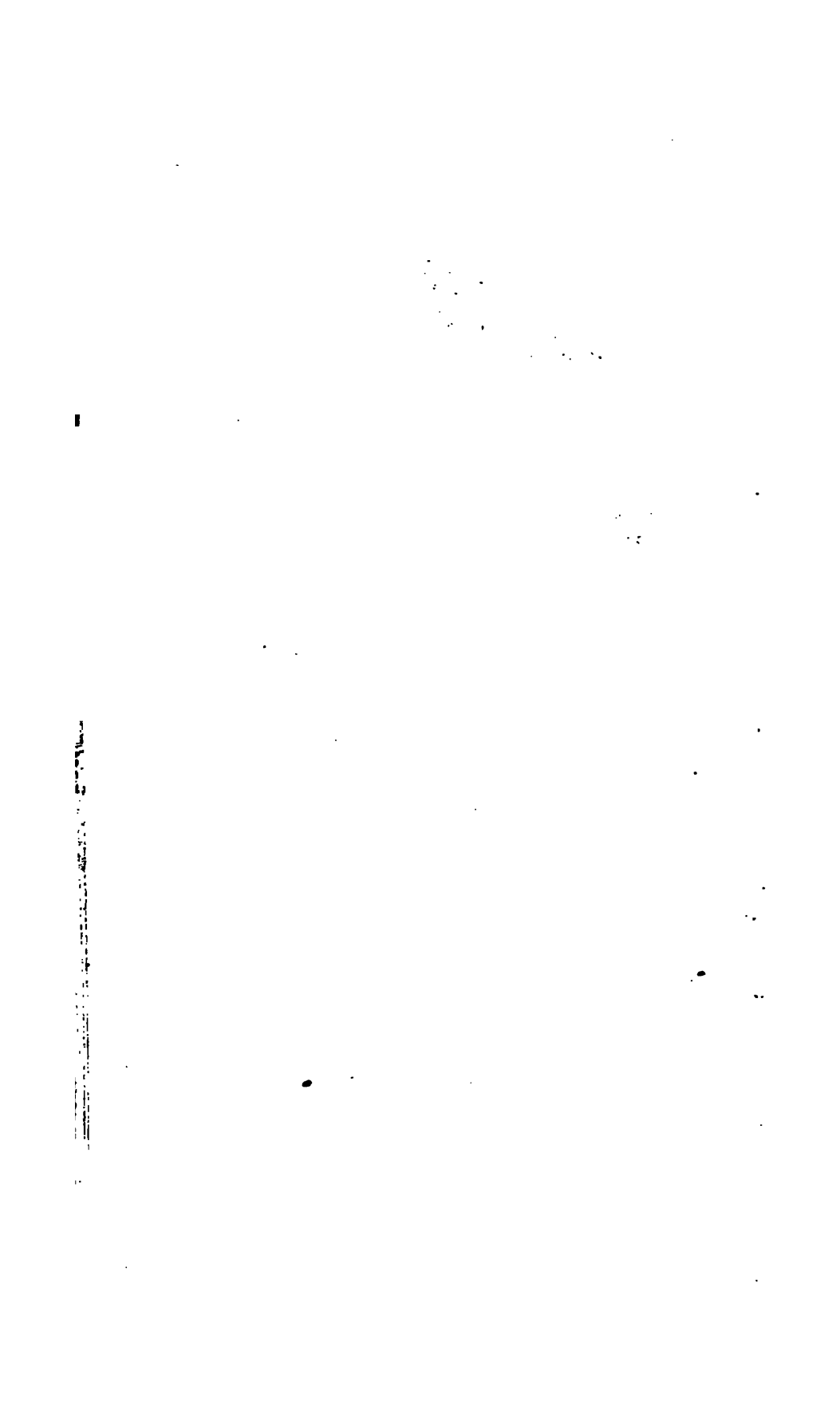
MAJOR GENERAL BROWN.

GENERAL JACOB BROWN is now about forty-five years old. He was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, a few miles below Trenton; his father was a respectable farmer of the society of Quakers, and in their religious principles and habits of life young Brown was educated. His early education was such as the youth of that sect commonly receive; accurate and useful so far as it went, without aspiring to elegant literature, or mere speculative science: but his mind was naturally too active and inquisitive to rest content with these humble rudiments, and by seizing upon every opportunity of improvement in the course of his very diversified life, he has gradually acquired a large fund of various and well-digested knowledge.

During some period of his youth, he was employed as the teacher of a respectable Quaker school in New-Jersey. This he left at the age of twenty-one, when he removed to Cincinnati, in Ohio, where he resided about two years, and followed the busi-

ness of a land surveyor. From thence he migrated again, and fixed his residence in the city of New-York, where he took charge of the public school of the society of Friends, which he taught for several years with great assiduity and reputation. In this situation, which afforded him little opportunity to mix actively in the busy world, he continued to improve his mind by general reading and study, and by attentive observation of passing life and public transactions. It is said that, at some time about this period, he had determined upon studying law, and trying his talents at the bar: happily for himself and his country, his fortunes took another direction. In 1799, he was induced, by the offer of an advantageous purchase of a large tract of land, near the shores of Lake Ontario, to remove thither and establish a settlement. The current of population, which has since run with so strong and full a tide toward the western part of the state of New-York, was then just beginning to set in. Brown established himself on his new possessions, entered actively into various schemes of business and speculation, soon attained influence and importance in the district around him, and, after a time, as his lands rose in value, from the increase of population, acquired considerable wealth. As the country continued to improve, Brown rose with it in importance and public estimation. He was appointed a county court judge, and became a leading man in all the public business of that part of the country. He now gradually threw off the dress and manners of his sect, and on a change which took place in the organization of the militia, was appointed to the command of a regiment; and not long after, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

In this situation, which gave him military rank, without affording him much opportunity for acquiring military knowledge, the late war found him, and when the first detachment of the western militia of New-York was ordered into the service of the United States, General Brown was designated by Governor Tompkins to the command of a brigade, and entrusted with the general care of the northern frontier. He applied himself, with his usual diligence and activity, to the discharge of these new and important duties; doubtless, at first, with no further views of military life, than the natural and laudable desire of filling the station in which he was placed, for a short term of service, with credit and usefulness.



to which undisciplined volunteers are so subject ; and the whole line fired at the very instant of the enemy's landing, with considerable effect, indeed, but then suddenly rising from their covert, they broke and fled in disorder. Brown threw himself among them to stop their flight. Having rallied about a hundred men, with this handful of raw troops he gained a position on the enemy's left flank, and harassed them by a galling fire, by which they were held in check until they were met by our regular troops (about 400 in all) under Colonel Backus. General Brown now hurried to this point of action, and found the gallant Colonel Backus dangerously wounded, and the battle still raging, but with very evident advantage on the American side. After a short conflict he was completely victorious, and Sir George Prevost retreated rapidly to his ships, leaving a number of men and several officers killed and wounded on the field.

A few days after this attack Commodore Chauncey returned, and General Brown once more retired to his farm and ordinary occupations. But his military reputation was now established, and public expectation was anxiously turned towards him as one to whom the fortunes and honour of our arms might be confidently entrusted.

Soon after the successful defence of Sackett's Harbour, the secretary of war offered him one of the new-raised regiments. Brown now felt his own value, and respectfully declined the commission ; at the same time, intimating to his friends, that he was willing to serve his country, in the regular army, in any rank not inferior to that which he bore in the militia of his own state. In the course of a month or two he was nominated by the president to the senate, and commissioned a Brigadier General in the army of the United States.

In the autumn of the same year he was employed in superintending and directing the transportation of the army down the St. Lawrence, in General Wilkinson's unfortunate expedition against Montreal.

In the descent, itself, he commanded the *élite* of the army, and at French Creek, repulsed, with his own brigade, the naval armament which had been sent out to harass and retard the expedition.

He was not present at the battle of Williamsburgh, on the 11th of November, 1813.

During the following winter General Brown was left in command of the regular troops in the northern military district of the state of New-York, and was laboriously and constantly employed in providing for their comfort and good order, and in improving and familiarizing himself in the theory and practice of modern tactics. During the winter session of 1813, upon the formation of the plan of operations for the ensuing campaign, it was determined to entrust the execution of it, on the Niagara frontier, to General Brown; he was accordingly appointed Major General, and took the field early in the spring.

The rest of his military career who does not know? Were it in my power to fill up the magnificent outline of his exploits, already familiar to every mind, by the relation of additional facts and circumstances, or any of those minute incidents and traits of character which are ordinarily overlooked in contemplating the great results of high achievement, I could expatiate with fond partiality on a theme so pleasing and so splendid. But why should I again relate the oft-told story of the noble fields of Chippewa and Niagara?—These are proud recollections treasured up in the memory, throbbing “in the heart of hearts” of every true American.

In these encounters General Brown was distinguished as much by his personal activity, and impetuous courage, as by his skill and conduct. In the battle of Niagara he received some severe flesh wounds, which obliged him to retire for a short time from active service. After a few weeks he resumed the command, and soon after planned and executed the sortie from Fort Erie, on the 17th of September, when, in broad day-light, with an inferior, and in part, an irregular force, he surprised the enemy, drove them from their entrenchments, spiked their cannon, destroyed their works, and carried off 400 prisoners: an exploit which, if it be regarded rather with a view to the sagacity, the address, the conduct, and courage displayed in it, than merely with respect to the scale of operation and its immediate results, must surely be considered as entitled to the very first rank of military merit.

In consequence of this discomfiture, General Drummond shortly

after abandoned the siege, and fell back on Fort George, and the campaign closed in that quarter.

General Brown returned to his home, exulting, not so much at having vanquished the vanquishers of the world, the heroes of Talavera and Vittoria, as in the consciousness of having stood forth, in the hour of extreme peril, the champion and bulwark of his country, and of having preserved one of the fairest portions of her land from indiscriminate ravage and desolation.

During the last winter he had meditated and organized a plan for the ensuing campaign, and in January, 1815, went on to the seat of government for the purpose of conferring with the secretary of war. On his return from Washington, he was, on his way, to call upon General Snyder, in order to make the necessary arrangements for calling out the western militia of Pennsylvania, when the news of the arrival of the treaty of peace overtook him.

Since his return from the frontiers, General Brown has everywhere received the most ample testimonials of public gratitude and respect. Votes of high approbation have been passed by congress and the state legislatures, accompanied by presents of swords, and services of plate; and our cities have vied with each other in paying him every civic honour. Small things, these, in themselves; yet such as have power to rouse the generous mind to loftiest enterprise—to kindle national gratitude—to animate national feeling—to exalt national character.

In contemplating General Brown's progress to fame and fortune, we cannot but be forcibly impressed with a sense of the inestimable advantages which this country enjoys, in the facility with which talents of every kind find full range for their enterprise and activity. In most other countries, society is divided by ancient usage, by law and positive institution, or by the natural effects of bad government and a too crowded population, into *casts* completely separated, and, as it were, walled off from each other, so that every trade and profession seems to have become the peculiar property of those individuals who have been trained from infancy to move in its narrow routine, and guard it with jealous caution against all intrusion. Here, on the other hand, talents of every species are suffered to roam at large, without re-

straint, over the whole field of human science, and art, and enterprise.

This circumstance alone, did we possess no other advantages, by thus enabling every individual, under the unerring guidance of personal interest, to find that employment for which nature and education had best qualified him, lays a broad and sure foundation for national opulence; while the long list of wise and brave men whom great emergencies have raised up to the service of our country, may teach us to look to the same cause, in every state of our public fortunes, as the certain source of hope, of consolation, and of glory; since that sudden and spontaneous evolution of talent, which, in other countries, is produced only by violent civil commotion, is here the natural result of every great public pressure.

There is another topic of consideration to which these speculations naturally lead the mind, and though not immediately connected with the character of General Brown, it ought not to be passed over in silence.

Great and never failing as this resource is, may not too much confidence be placed in it? Why should it be, that whilst every other occupation, mechanical or liberal, in which human genius is exercised, holds out its rewards, and invites into its service the full share of ability for which it can find employment, the nation alone, in its public capacity, refrains from entering into the great market of talents, and waits to receive, as a voluntary offering, what it might always command.

I recollect to have seen a letter from the late Chief Justice Ellsworth to a political friend, who was about to retire from public life, in which, dissuading him from his resolution, he says, with Spartan brevity, and with Spartan dignity too, "Our country pays her servants but badly, yet she is better worth serving than any other country in the world; and as long as she gives us *bread* and *honour*, let us be content to remain in her service."

Bread and honour! In the niggard spirit of false economy, we scarcely give them bread; in the base malevolence of party calumny and personal jealousy, how little of honour do they receive! With such a people as we have, as to every important object we are safe—difficulties will always call forth talents to meet them.

But why must that which should be the medicine of our government, be looked to as its ordinary nutriment? Why should not the nation *always* have the best talents of the country in her service? Why should not all her public establishments be on a scale worthy of a great as well as of a free people?

REVIEW.

The Life of the late General William Eaton ; several years an officer in the United States' army ; Consul at the Regency of Tunis, on the coast of Barbary, and commander of the Christian and other forces that marched from Egypt through the desert of Barca, in 1805, and conquered the city of Derne, which led to the treaty of peace between the United States and the Regency of Tripoli : principally collected from his correspondence and other manuscripts. Brookfield, 8vo. pp. 448.

THE distinguished agency which the late General Eaton had, in our affairs in the Mediterranean, during our contest with some of the Barbary powers, in the year 1804, and the adventurous part he took in endeavouring to restore the exiled Bashaw, Hamet Caramanly, to the sovereignty of Tripoli, are events which, taken in connexion with collateral circumstances, are sufficiently interesting to claim the attention both of the reader and of the writer of history. The hostile measures which our government have recently found it necessary to adopt against Algiers will not tend to diminish this interest; and although the transactions of General Eaton had but little relation to that regency, yet, as the manners, policy, and mode of warfare of the Barbary states, are very similar, a view of one of them, will enable us to form a pretty correct idea of the character of the rest. With respect to the intrinsic merits of this work as a piece of biography, we shall reserve our remarks till the conclusion of the present article, which, being calculated more for the purposes of information than of criticism, will chiefly consist of a summary of the contents of the volume.

General Eaton was born in Connecticut, in the year 1764, and

very early in life gave tokens of an enterprising disposition, accompanied with a great deal of eccentric behaviour. He was taught reading, writing, and a little arithmetic by his father, who was a plain farmer; and at the age of sixteen began his career of adventures by running away, and enlisting in the army, where he continued upwards of a year, in the capacity of a waiter to one of the majors. Being discharged from the service on account of ill health, he bent his way homewards; but, not being sufficiently recovered to pursue his journey, he was under the necessity of seeking repose and support in the family of a farmer, whose kindness he repaid to his full satisfaction, by repairing his old chairs, and acting as a schoolmaster to his children. Having returned home and reëstablished his health, he again joined the army, in which he continued till his regular discharge in the year 1783; having, in the mean time, been promoted to a sergeant. He now turned his attention to classical studies, and, in the year 1785, entered Dartmouth College, where, after several long and irregular intervals of absence, during which he employed and maintained himself by teaching school in different places, he finally was readmitted, and graduated in the year 1790. His passion for the profession of arms being still unsubdued, he soon afterwards made interest for a military commission, and, by the patronage of a friend in the senate, he was appointed, in 1792, a captain in the army.

Being naturally of an arrogant and obstinate disposition, and of an irascible and impetuous temper, he was often haunted by provocations that hurried him into sallies of vehement language, and violent behaviour. This propensity soon manifested itself in his new situation. Being charged by the acting adjutant general at a review with disobeying the word of command relative to some evolution, he contradicted him in a very positive manner, which instantly produced a most violent altercation in the presence of the commander, and was soon afterwards followed by a challenge from Captain Eaton. The form of the challenge is truly laconic, but we are inclined to imagine that if *Œdipus* had been required by the Sphinx to guess the meaning of such a communication, the life of the monster might have been insured a few years longer at a very moderate premium.

"Legionville, 17th March, 5 o'clock, P. M.

"SIR,

"I am to understand—and am to be understood by Captain
Butler. "EATON.

"*The Acting Adj. Gen.*"

In the Indian war of 1794, Eaton served under General Wayne, and was engaged in several skirmishes; but it does not appear that he had any particular opportunity of signalizing himself in battle. The following brief outline of the character of Wayne is a proof that he was not unwilling, through envy or self-conceit, to yield the tribute of praise to superior worth, and at the same time shows that a good understanding subsisted between him and that meritorious veteran.

"He is firm in constitution as in resolution;—industrious, indefatigable, determined and persevering;—fixed in opinion, and unbiassed in judgment;—not over accessible; but studious to reward merit. He is a rock against which the waves of calumny and malice, moved by the gust of passions natural to envy, have dashed—have washed its sides. He is still immoveable on his base.—He is in some degree susceptible of adulation, as is every man who has an honest thirst for military fame.—He endures fatigue and hardship with a fortitude uncommon to men of his years. I have seen him, in the most severe night of the winter, 1794, sleep on the ground like his fellow soldier; and walk around his camp at four in the morning, with the vigilance of a sentinel.

"His manners are austere and forbidding, but his heart is susceptible of the finest feelings of sensibility. When in danger, he is in his element; and never shows to so good advantage as when leading a charge. His name is better in an action, or in an enemy's country, than a brigade of undisciplined levies." P. 19, 20.

Government having determined to establish a military post, and an Indian trading factory, on the river St. Mary, Colonel Gaither was appointed to the command, and Captain Eaton received orders to repair to that station. The Colonel is represented, by Eaton, to have been of a splenetic and jealous temper, and of a speculating and avaricious disposition; and the superintendant of the factory as of a morose and unaccommodating character. Mis-

understandings soon began to prevail among the officers, and Eaton at length became the object of the colonel's vengeance. He was arrested, and brought to trial before a court martial on various charges of speculating in the clothing, pay, and rations of the troops; of disobedience of orders, and contempt of the colonel's authority. In making his defence, he had an opportunity of displaying his talents as a pleader; and his address to the court evinces that he possessed considerable powers of oratory.

He was acquitted by the court of all the charges but one, for which they sentenced him to two months' suspension from command; but this sentence was not confirmed; and soon afterwards, our affairs with Tunis and Tripoli being in a critical situation, he was appointed, by the president, consul for the former place, and in company with Mr. Cathcart, consul for Tripoli, sailed for Algiers with the supplies of armed vessels and naval stores, which the United States had stipulated by treaty to transmit to the Dey, as the price of peace.

The brief narrative of the biographer appears almost terminate at this period, and the rest of the volume consists almost entirely of the general's journal, his official documents and communications, and his letters to some of his correspondents relative to the business of his mission. He must, therefore, be considered for the future, as the writer of his own memoirs; and in that capacity, will be entitled to credit in proportion to our estimate of his moral character, and to the egotism or modesty of his disposition. "The writer of his own life," says Dr. Johnson, "has at least the first qualification of the historian, a knowledge of the truth, though it may be plainly objected, that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it." For our own part, we have discovered nothing in the relation of events and circumstances, in the present memoirs, to induce a suspicion unfavourable to the veracity of General Eaton, though, from the nature of his style, which is sometimes at variance with sedateness and simplicity, we are inclined to believe that his proneness to arrogance and ostentation may have, in some instances, imparted a little colouring to his representations.

His account of the first audience with the Dey of Algiers, to which the American consuls were admitted soon after their arri-

val, is truly amusing, and gives us a very striking picture of his most potent majesty, to whom seven kings of Europe, and several republics, pay tribute.

“ Consuls O’Brien, Cathcart, and myself, Captains Geddes, Smith, Penrose, and Maley, proceeded from the American house to the courtyard of the palace, uncovered our heads, entered the area of the hall, ascended a winding maze of five flights of stairs, to a narrow, dark entry, leading to a contracted apartment of about 12 by 8 feet, the private audience room. Here we took off our shoes; and, entering the cave, (for so it seemed,) with small apertures of light with iron grates, we were shown to a huge, shaggy beast, sitting on his rump, upon a low bench, covered with a cushion of embroidered velvet, with his hind legs gathered up like a taylor, or a bear. On our approach to him, he reached out his fore paw, as if to receive something to eat. Our guide exclaimed, ‘Kiss the Dey’s hand!’ The consul general bowed *very elegantly*, and kissed it; and we followed his example in succession. The animal seemed at that moment to be in a harmless mood, he grinned several times, but made very little noise. Having performed this ceremony, and standing a few moments in silent agony, we had leave to take our shoes and other property, and leave the den, without any other injury than the humility of being obliged, in this involuntary manner, to violate the second commandment of God, and offend common decency.

“ Can any man believe that this elevated brute has seven kings of Europe, two republics, and a continent, tributary to him, when his whole naval force is not equal to two line of battle ships? It is so!” P. 59, 60.

Leaving Mr. O’Brien at Algiers, he repaired to Tunis. It seems that in August, 1797, a Frenchman, named Famin, residing there, had, through the recommendation of Mr. Barlow, been appointed an agent for the United States, and in that capacity had negotiated a treaty of peace and commerce with the Bey, which, being transmitted to our government, was found to be very objectionable, and our consul was now instructed to enter into an explanation with the Bey on the subject, and endeavour to obtain a modification of the exceptionable articles; and, among others, the one that stipulated, that, upon returning a salute to an American vessel, a barrel of gunpowder should be paid to the Tunisian government, for every gun so fired in return.

Being introduced to his highness, who is represented as being a man of acute discernment, and generally of fair dealing, though vain and avaricious, the following conversation took place on the occasion.

"15th. Eight in the morning, M. Famin conducted us to the palace, and introduced us to the Bey. After delivering our letters of credence and full powers, passing the ceremony of kissing his hand, sitting a few minutes, and taking coffee, he began to interrogate us.

" 'Is your vessel a vessel of war?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Why was I not duly informed of it, that you might have been saluted, as is customary?'

" 'We were unacquainted with the customs.' (True cause—we did not choose to demand a salute which would cost the United States eight hundred dollars.)

" 'Had you not an agent here who could have informed you? and have not I ministers who could have introduced your concerns to me, without the agency of a *Jew*?'

" 'True, we had an agent here, but we were uninformed of the mode of making communications.' (The fact is, we had been advised at Algiers not to employ M. Famin, and had made our arrangements accordingly.)

" 'It is now more than a year since I expected the regalia of maritime and military stores, stipulated by treaty: what impedes the fulfilment of the stipulation?'

" 'The treaty was received by our government about eight months ago: a malady then raged in our capital, which forced not only the citizens, but all the departments of the government, to fly into the interior villages of the country. About the time the plague ceased to rage, and permitted the return of the government, the winter shut up our harbours with ice. We are also engaged in a war with France; and all our extraordinary means are turned into the channel of defence against the depredations of that rapacious nation. Besides, when the treaty was laid before the government for ratification, it was found exceptionable. We are come forward empowered to agree on the necessary alterations. When these shall be effectuated, the government of the United States will cause every exertion to be made for the fulfilment of the obligation on their part.' We pointed out the articles and amendments; and assured the Bey that when these

should be agreed to, we were authorized, as a proof of the good faith of our government, and of the sincerity of their desire to cultivate friendship, to stipulate for the payment of an equivalent in cash.

“‘I am not a pauper,’ said he, ‘I have cash to spare. The stores are at this moment more than ever peculiarly necessary, in consequence of the war with France. You have found no difficulty in fulfilling your engagements with Algiers and Tripoli; and to the former, have very liberally made presents of frigates and other armed vessels.’

“We told him these facts had been misrepresented to him. Our government had, indeed, agreed to furnish to the Dey of Algiers, certain armed vessels for which he was to pay cash; that we found no great difficulty in fulfilling this contract, because the vessels carried with them their own defence; and because it had been several years in its accomplishment. We had therefore fulfilled it, and received the stipulated consideration. We were as ready to fulfil our engagements with him, if, by any arrangements which could now be made, it could be rendered as feasible.

“‘You may inform me,’ said the bashaw, ‘that the Dey of Algiers paid you cash for your vessels. I am at liberty to believe otherwise.’ Turning to M. Famin, he said, ‘if the treaty were not ratified by the government of the United States in its original form, why did you hoist their colours?’

“‘I have orders from government to hoist them,’ said M. Famin.

“We assured the bashaw that no such orders had been given by our government, nor would be, until the ratification of the treaty. The exceptions to it were but few, and with these exceptions our government would find no difficulty in agreeing to it. If M. Famin imagined that our government wished to hoist the flag at all events, he must have mistaken the idea from the communication of some governmental agents, and not immediately. We should, however, when our affairs were accommodated, send direct despatches to our government, when the obligations of our agent here would be acknowledged and paid.

“Said the Bey, “it cost you but little to have your flag hoisted. It will cost you less to have it taken down;’ and insisted on the regalia as a condition of the preservation of the peace.” P. 62, 63.

Independent, however, of the supplies stipulated for in the treaty, the Bey and his ministers continually urged the custom of making presents whenever a treaty with his highness was under

discussion; that every alteration made in the treaty after it was first drawn up, was to be considered as a new treaty, and additional presents of money and jewels were therefore expected, and must be furnished.

"It was true, as I told him yesterday, we had neither gold nor diamonds in America, nor any body who knows how to work them. 'What, are you,' said he, 'a parcel of countrymen, shepherds and rustics?' 'Very much so.' 'But you build ships?' 'Yes.' 'Of what timber?' 'The best' 'And handsome?' 'Yes' 'Well, suppose you agree to make the Bey a present of a small, handsome cruiser.'"
P. 84, 85.

Presents were demanded from every quarter. The admiral demanded a gold headed cane, a gold watch, and chain, and twelve pieces of cloth, this being the *usance* on a new consul's being received. The Aga of the Goulette demanded his *usance* on occasion of the first vessel of war coming to anchor in the bay; and the prime minister demanded on his part, a double barrelled gun, and a gold chain to his watch. Some of these *usances* our consul found it necessary to provide, in order to allay the impatience of these rapacious pirates, who were continually complaining of the delay on the part of the United States, in sending out the vessels and naval stores, and the consul was repeatedly threatened that unless the tribute arrived within a limited time, he should consider the treaty void, and despatch his cruisers immediately to make prize of our merchantmen. Eaton, however, with his characteristic boldness, always remonstrated against these insolent exactions, and to the threats of the Bey and his minister, replied in a very spirited tone.

The consul had, for some time before, discovered the agent, Famin, to be a villain; and having obtained the clearest evidence of his treachery, in instigating the officers and minister of the Bey to increase their exactions, he took the liberty one day to administer to Famin the discipline of the horsewhip in the public street, and in the presence of nearly a hundred persons. Eaton was immediately summoned before the tribunal, where the Bey himself always presides in the administration of justice, and the following sharp conversation took place on the occasion.

" 'I will send you out of the country !' said the Bey—' You will do me an honour which I will take care to appreciate.'

" 'How dare you lift your hand against a *subject of mine in my kingdom* ?'

" If your renegade had been in the *kingdom of heaven*, and had given me the same provocation, I would have given him the same discipline. But the Bey of Tunis has too much penetration to believe that abject wretch *faithful*, even to his patron. If he were such, if he were a true Frenchman, I would respect him as such ; if an American, I would protect him as such ; if a good Mussulman, I would honour him as such ; or, if a Christian, he should be duly respected. He is neither one nor the other. I have documents to convince you that he would sell your head for caroubes, and barter away the reputation of your court for piastres. See here his statement to an American, who by this means has been entrapped into his hands." P. 147.

After producing satisfactory evidence, of the guilt of Famin,

"The Bey was convinced. Famin stood convicted. On leaving the palace, I told the Bey, to-morrow I would announce to the *world* what I had on that ground. Parting, he gave my hand a cordial squeeze : and, when I was out, turning to his court, said, 'the American consul has been heated : but truly he has had reason. I have always found him a very plain, candid man ; and his concern for his fellow citizens is not a crime.'

" Since this event, which happened about our fweeks' ago, more hats have been off than had been observed for fourteen months before. I detail this adventure, (which I am sensible will not show much to my advantage in the civilized world,) to demonstrate what has before been asserted, that the best way to treat these savages is to meet them on their own ground. They began by bullying, I have paid them off in kind." P. 149.

The following letter addressed by General Eaton to the secretary of state, exhibits a very striking picture of the rapacious policy and character of the Barbary powers ; and is, at the same time, a good specimen of the spirited manner in which he resisted their insatiable demands.

" *Tunis, June 28th, 1801.*

" On the night of the 18th, a fire broke out in the Bey's palace, which, in its progress, consumed 50,000 stands of arms. The second day following I received a message to wait on the Bey; but was at that moment confined to my bed with a billious fever, so that it was not till this morning that I have been able to go to the palace in my carriage. The Bey's object in calling me was to demand of the United States *ten thousand stands of arms*. I refused to state his demand. 'I have apportioned my loss,' said he, 'among my friends, and this quota falls to you to furnish: tell your government to send them without delay.' It is impossible, said I, to state this claim to my government. We have no magazines of small arms. The organization of our national strength is different from that of every other nation on earth. Each citizen carries his own arms, always ready for battle. When threatened with invasion, or actually invaded, detachments from the whole national body are sent by rotation to serve in the field: so that we have no need of standing armies nor depositories of arms. It would be an affront to my government, and an imposition on the Bey, to state to them this demand, or to flatter him with a prospect of receiving it. 'Send for them from France or England,' said the minister. 'You,' said I, 'are in a much more eligible position to make this commission from Europe than we are.' 'If the Bey had any intentions of *purchasing* the arms from Europe,' said the minister, 'he could do it without your agency. He did not send for you to ask your advice, but to *order* you to communicate his demands to your government.' 'But I come here,' said I, 'to assure you that I will make no such communication to my government.' 'The Bey will write himself,' said he. 'If so, it will become my duty to forward his letter: but, at the same time, it is equally obligatory on me, to let the Bey be beforehand apprized, that he will never receive a single musket from the United States. I should suppose a respect to decency, if not a sense of gratitude, would dissuade the Bey from this new and extraordinary claim. Has he not, within eighteen months, received two large ships' cargoes in regalia? Have we not now another ship laden for him on its passage; and has he not, within sixty days, demanded cannon extraordinary of the United States? At this rate, when are our payments to have an end?' 'Never!' said the minister. 'As to the ships you talk of, they are but the past payment of regalia you have long since owed us as the condition of peace. The other claims we make are such as we receive from all friendly nations once every two or three

years : it is an established custom ; and you, like other christians, will be obliged to conform to it.' 'When we shall have completed the payment of our peace stipulations, you may never calculate on further donations. It is by treaty stipulated, as the condition of a perpetual peace, and any new claims on your part will be an infraction of that treaty, and will be so considered by us. You may, therefore, at once, and for ever, abandon the idea of future regalia ; for I again assure you, in the name of my government and country, that the discharge of our treaty obligations will put an end to our contributions here.'

" 'Your *contributions* here, as you think proper to call them,' repeated the minister, 'will never have an end : if this be the language you think of holding at this court, you may prepare yourself to leave the kingdom, and that very soon.' 'If change of style on my part,' said I, 'be the condition of residence here, I will leave the Bey's kingdom to-morrow morning.' 'We will give you a month,' said the minister. 'I ask but six hours,' I replied. 'But you will write ?' 'No !' 'It is your duty to write !' 'For delinquency in duty, this is not the place where I am to be questioned.' 'I tell you again,' continued he, 'your peace depends on your compliance with this demand of my master.' 'If so,' said I, 'on me be the responsibility of breaking the peace. I wish you a good morning !'

"Leaving the palace I heard the minister say to one of his colleagues, 'By God, that man is mad ! But we shall bring him to terms : never fear !'

"I do not know how this affair will end. I shall not change my position." P. 204, 205, 206.

Our present war with Algiers, renders the following description of the mode of fighting of the corsairs of this coast, particularly interesting.

" 'Their mode of attack is uniformly boarding. For this, their vessels are peculiarly constructed. Their long latteen yards drop on board the enemy, and afford a safe and easy conveyance for the men who man them for this purpose : but being always crowded with men, they throw them in from all points of the rigging, and from all quarters of the decks ; having their sabres grasped between their teeth, and their loaded pistols in their belts, that they may have the free use of their hands in scaling the gunnels or netting of their enemy. In

this mode of attack they are very active and very desperate. Taught by *revelation*, that war with the Christians will guarantee the salvation of their souls, and finding so great secular advantages in the observance of this *religious* duty, their inducements to desperate fighting are very powerful. Proper defence against them are high nettings with chains sufficiently strong to prevent their being cut away; buck shot plentifully administered from muskets or blunderbusses; and lances. But it is always best to keep them at a distance, that advantage may be taken of their ignorance of manœuvring." P. 92.

About this time the Bey of Tripoli having made a peremptory demand on the United States of 250,000 dollars as the price of peace, and 20,000 dollars annually, to insure its continuance, and the requisition being refused by Mr. Cathcart, war was declared by that regency, and the corsairs were sent out to make prize of American vessels. Some idea of the character and manners of his Tripolitan highness, may be obtained from the conversation that took place between him and Mr. Cathcart, on the occasion above mentioned, and which was communicated by the latter to the secretary of state.

"On the 9th inst. at 3 P. M. I procured an audience, which lasted for about three hours, the bashaw broke silence in a blunt manner and asked me what I wanted. I have come to ask permission to present your excellency with some regalia, as a token of the friendly intention of the President of the United States, and to know when you will be at leisure to receive it. 'Never, by God, never!' said he. 'For what reason?'

"'Because it was not intended for me.' It can never be supposed that the bashaw of Tripoli has occasion for such trifles. Tripoli is different from what it was some years ago.'

"I observed that probably his excellency did not know what the regalia consisted of. 'Yes I do,' said he, 'better than you do; and if it was ten times as valuable I would not receive it. You may send it from whence it came.'

"I now swear by God, my religion, the head of my son Siddi Aly, (who was sitting by him,) and by this right hand, that I will never be at peace with your nation until your president appoints a person to negotiate a treaty with me without the interference of Algiers or any other nation. I now declare your treaty no longer binding, and that

I will declare war against America immediately, if you do not give me assurance that your president will alter the said treaty to my liking, and give me 250,000 dollars as the price of the said new treaty: and that your nation will annually pay me the sum of 20,000, dollars to continue the said new peace after it is made.¹

I made use of every argument in my power, which produced no effect whatever. These terms, the bashaw said, were the only ones he had to propose, that the alteration in the treaty he insisted on above every thing else, and swore he would never enter into any negotiation with an agent of the United States, upon any other terms, even was he sure to lose his kingdom, and with it his head. With this he drew his hand horizontally across his gullet. After three hours' litigation, he said he would give us *time*, if we would *pay him well for it*, and demanded 100,000 dollars for six months. At last, the result was, that he would wait eighteen months, if I would give him 18,000 dollars, and assurance that the President of the United States would comply with the rest of his unjust demands. I negatived the whole, as you may well suppose." P. 203, 204.

The reigning bashaw was a usurper, having expelled his brother, Hamet Caramanly, from the sovereignty a few years before. General Eaton having ascertained that the subjects of the usurper were disaffected, and ripe for revolt in favour of the exiled brother, immediately suggested to Mr. Madison, then secretary of state, a project of converting this circumstance into a means of depriving the bashaw of his mischievous power, and restoring a prince, whom gratitude and a milder disposition would incline to a more liberal and pacific system of conduct toward the United States. The plan briefly was, that General Eaton and the exiled bashaw, with such an army as they could raise by means of some pecuniary aid from the United States, should attack the usurper by land, while our naval force in the Mediterranean should coöperate in the enterprise. Being informed that Hamet was at Alexandria in Egypt, Eaton repaired thither, and upon his arrival learned that Hamet could not be engaged in the service without the consent of Elfy Bey, to whom he had attached himself; both of whom were in upper Egypt, acting with the Mameluke Beys against the Ottoman government. With an escort of three officers and fifteen men from the brig Argus, he proceeded up the Nile to Grand

Cairo, where he found the prime minister of Hamet, who immediately despatched a messenger to the Mameluke camp, informing his highness of the general's arrival. In a few days he received an answer, proposing an interview near the Lake Fiaum, on the borders of the desert, and nearly two hundred miles from the sea coast. In repairing to the appointed place, from Alexandria, whither he had returned, it became necessary to pass through the Turkish camp; in attempting which he was arrested, and placed in a very embarrassing situation.

"I left Alexandria with two officers from the Argus, Lieutenant Blake and Mr. Mann, and an escort of 23 men, indifferently mounted, and on the evening of the 23d, found myself arrested at the Turkish lines, between seventy and eighty miles on my rout, by the Kerchief of Damanhour, commanding a detachment of about five hundred Ottoman troops on the frontier. No argument I could devise could at all mollify the severity of his first resolution, *not to let me pass his lines*, though in every thing else he treated us with distinction, and great hospitality. However mortifying the confession, I cannot but applaud the correct military conduct of this chief; for it was, in itself, a suspicious circumstance, that a body of armed unknown foreigners should be found shaping a course for his enemy's rendezvous, with no other pretext than to *search for a refugee bashaw!* But this suspicious circumstance was strengthened and aggravated by the insinuation gone out from the French consul, that *we came into this country with secret views hostile to the Turks*. Our situation here was somewhat perplexing, and vastly unpleasant. I do not recollect ever having found myself on a ground more critical. To the natural jealousy of a Turk, this general added a fierce and savage temper; of course proud and vain. Here was my point of approach. I passed high compliments on the correctness of his military conduct and vigilance. Said it was what I apprehended; and what I certainly would have done myself in similar circumstances. But knowing from character the magnanimity of his soul, I was determined to have an interview with him, in full confidence that he would aid a measure so purely humane, and so manifestly favourable to the Turkish interest in Egypt, in case he could not permit me to pursue my object personally. At the same time recurring to the example of the vice roy, whose letter I had showed him, and signifying that I had it in charge to tender him a docteur in testimony of our exalted opinion of his name and merit; he was moved: said my confidence should

not be disappointed; and called into his tent a chief of the Arab tribes, called *Ou ad Allis*, a wandering host, who have, from time to time, been driven or emigrated from the kingdom of Tripoli, since the usurpation of Joseph Bashaw; to whom he stated my business, and asked if he could give any account of Hamet Bashaw. The young chief, in an ecstasy, exclaimed that he *knew every thing*! I requested him to declare himself; for I had no secret in my relation with that bashaw.

"He added that twenty thousand men, Barbary Arabs, were ready to march with him from this border to recover their native country and inheritance; repeated that *he knew our plan*; and now, that he had seen me, he would pledge his head to the Turkish general to bring me Hamet Bashaw in ten days. The Turk accordingly despatched him the next morning on this message." P. 289, 290.

A meeting with the bashaw soon took place, and it was resolved to recruit an army immediately, and to march over land, through the desert of Lybia, to the city of Derne, while Captain Hull, with the *Argus*, and two other vessels, was to join them at Bomba, a port about 80 miles to the eastward of Derne, with supplies of provisions and ammunition. The number and component parts of this motley band of adventurers will appear from the following short extract from the general's journal.

"*March 8th.* Arranged our caravan and organized our force which now consisted of nine Americans, including Lieutenant O'Bannon and Mr. Peck, a non-commissioned officer and six private marines; a company of twenty-five cannoniers, commanded by Selim Comb, and Lieutenant Connant and Roco, and a company of thirty-eight Greeks, commanded by Captain Luco Ulovix and Lieutenant Constantine. The Bashaw's suite consisted of about ninety men, including those who came from Fiaume, and those who joined him since his arrival at Alexandria. These, together with a party of Arab cavalry, under the orders of the Cheiks *il Taiib*, and Mahamet, and including the footmen and camel drivers, made our whole number about four hundred. Our caravan consisted of one hundred and seven camels, and a few asses. P. 303.

They had not proceeded a great distance before discontent, disobedience, and revolt, began to interrupt the general concord. The camel drivers insisted upon their pay in advance; the Arab

cavalry became impatient and disheartened, and threatened to go back; and as rumours were almost every day reaching their ears that a powerful army was advancing against them from Tripoli, the unfortunate Hamet himself began to show signs of irresolution and despondency. It was in these trying and perplexing situations that Eaton had opportunities of displaying all the resources of his genius, and of bringing into action all the spirit and energy of his character. In what manner he acquitted himself on these occasions will, in some measure, appear from the two following extracts :

“The Cheik il Taiib excited an insurrection among the Arabs of this place, who had engaged to proceed with us, drew off half their number, and, putting himself at their head, started for Egypt. The Bashaw sent a messenger to me praying that I would despatch an officer to request him, in my name, to return. I answered that no consideration whatever could prevail on me to ask as a favour what I claimed as a right. The services of that chief were due to us : we had paid for them ; and he had pledged his faith to render them with fidelity. It did not belong to him, at this period, to make terms, nor to dictate measures : I should not debase myself to propose an accommodation. The Bashaw was apprehensive that he would turn his influence, and take a part against us. *Let him do it. I like an open enemy better than a treacherous friend. When he shall have taken this ground, it will, perhaps, give me an opportunity to punish eventually, what I would do summarily, if the respect I had for his excellency did not prevent it. I had a rifle and sabre true to their distance.* Carry the message to the chief. He was mad with rage, and swore vengeance against the Bashaw and his Christian sovereigns, as he styled us. I ordered a march. We got under way at half past 7 A. M. At 10 a messenger came from the Cheik to assure us, that he had taken up his march for Behara.

“*Since he has taken that route, I have nothing further with him but to take steps for the recovery of cash and property he has fraudulently drawn from me.* Continued the march. At twelve o'clock another messenger. ‘The Cheik il Taiib will join, if the camp halt seasonably.’ The Bashaw desired, and we halted at half past 12. About an hour and a half after, the Cheik hove in sight with his party : soon after came up ; and, presenting himself at my markee, with visible chagrin in his countenance, said, ‘You see the influence I have among these

people !' ' *Yes, and I also see the disgraceful use you make of it.*' We gained about five miles to-day.

" *March 28th.* I perceived a manifest reluctance in the Bashaw to advance, and evident calculations for a retrograde march. Joseph Bashaw's forces had seized on all his nerves. He now took from my officers the horses he had given them for the passage through the desert, and gave them to some of his footmen. Drew off his Mahometans, and stood balancing, after the troops were drawn up for the march. I reproached him with indecision, want of perseverance and consistency in arrangement. I demanded the horses for my officers. High words ensued. I ordered the march in front. The Bashaw retrograded. We proceeded in front with the baggage. The Bashaw came up in about two hours; and, making us some compliments for our firmness, said, he was obliged to dissemble an acquiescence in the wishes of his people to render them manageable." P. 310, 311.

When within a few days' march from Bomba, which had been appointed the rendezvous for the supply vessels, a most alarming misunderstanding and contest occurred, which had like not only to have terminated the expedition prematurely, but to have buried the very history of it in oblivion.

" *April 3th.* Marched at 7 A. M. Descended the western declivity of the mountain. At nine called a halt near a cistern of excellent rain water, excavated in a solid rock, at the bottom of a deep ravine, by the torrents of water and small stones which rush down the mountain by this avenue during the rainy season. This was a precious repast to our thirsty pilgrims. I went with a small party to survey the sea coast, and reconnoitre the country, intending to pursue the march as soon as the army should have refreshed themselves. But, during my absence, the Bashaw ordered the camps pitched. On my return I demanded the reason for his so doing. He answered that the exhausted situation of the troops and people required at least one day's repose. I discovered, however, that his real intention was to remain on this ground until a courier should return, which he was about to despatch to Bomba, in quest of our vessels. We had only six days' rations of rice; no bread nor meat, and no small rations. I urged this circumstance as an impulsive reason why the march should continue. He said the Arab chiefs were resolved to proceed no further till the camp shall have recruited themselves by a little repose.

I told him if they preferred famine to fatigue they might have the choice, and ordered their rations stopped. The day passed confusedly among them. At 3 P. M. the Bashaw, compelled by his Arab host, struck his tent, ordered his baggage packed, mounted, and took up a march for Fiaume by the mountain. I waited without emotion the result of this movement; not choosing to betray a concern for ourselves. Discovering, however, an intention in the Arabs to seize our provisions, I beat to arms. My Christians formed a line in front of the magazine tent. Each party held an opposite position, the space of an hour. The Bashaw prevailed on the Arabs to return; they dismounted; and he pitched his tent. Supposing the tumult tranquillized, I ordered the troops to pass the manual exercise, according to our daily practice. In an instant the Arabs took an alarm; remounted, and exclaimed, 'the Christians are preparing to fire on us!' The Bashaw mounted and put himself at their head, apparently impressed with the same apprehension. A body of about two hundred advanced in full charge upon our people, who stood their ground motionless. The enemy withdrew as at small distance, singled out the officers, and, with deliberate aim, cried—*fire!* Some of the Bashaw's officers exclaimed, 'for God's sake do not fire! The Christians are our friends.' Mr. O'Bannon, Mr. Peck, and young Farquhar, stood firmly by me, Selim Aga, (captain of cannoniers,) his Lieutenants, and the two Greek officers, remained steadfast at their posts. The others were agitated, and, in fact, abandoned us. I advanced towards the Bashaw and cautioned him against giving countenance to a desperate act. At once a column of muskets were aimed at my breast. The Bashaw was distracted. A universal clamour drowned my voice. I waved my hand as a signal for attention. At this critical moment some of the Bashaw's officers, and sundry Arab chiefs, rode between us with drawn sabres, and repelled the mutineers. I reproached the Bashaw for his rashness, or rather weakness. His casnadar asked him if he was in his senses. The Bashaw struck him with his naked sabre. The fracas had nearly resumed its rage, when I took the Bashaw by the arm; led him from the crowd, and asked him if he knew his own interests and his friends! He relented: called me his friend and protector; said he was too soon heated; and followed me to my tent, giving orders, at the same time, to his Arabs to disperse. After a moment's breath, he said if I would give orders to issue rice it would quiet every thing. This I would not do on any other condition, than his promise to march tomorrow morning at reveillee beating. He promised, and provisions were issued. Confessions of obligations, and professions of attach-

ment were repeated, as usual, on the part of the Bashaw and his officers; and the camp again resumed its tranquillity. The firm and decided conduct of Mr. O'Bannon, as on all other occasions, did much to deter the violence of the savages, by whom we were surrounded, as well as to support our own dignity of character. After the affair was over, the Bashaw embraced him with an enthusiasm of respect, calling him *the brave American*. The Chevalier Davies, my aid-de-camp, acted a part which I would rather attribute to an amiable disposition, than to weakness of nerve. My doctor behaved decidedly like a coward, and a base one. Mr. Farquhar conducted with manly firmness. One of the Arabs, during the agitation, snapped a pistol at his breast. Happily it missed fire: had it been otherwise, the fire would most probably have become general, and the result serious.

"We find it almost impossible to inspire these wild bigots with confidence in us, or to persuade them that, being Christians, we can be otherwise than enemies to Mussulmen. We have a difficult undertaking." P. 322—324.

Order being finally restored, they proceeded on their march towards Bomba; and in a few days, being almost entirely destitute of provisions, and even of water, they had the transporting joy of seeing the Argus, the Hornet, and the Nautilus, cast anchor in the bay. After remaining here a few days to recruit the strength and spirits of their half famished and disheartened troops, and concerting measures for seizing on the city of Derne, the governor of which had declared his allegiance and fidelity to the reigning Bashaw, they resumed their march with renewed vigour, and took post on an eminence overlooking this devoted town. The following extract exhibits a lively picture of the battle and storm.

"On the morning of the 25th, we took post on an eminence in the rear of Derne. Several chiefs came out to meet the Bashaw, with assurances of fealty and attachment. By them I learned that the city was divided into three departments; two of which were in the interests of the Bashaw, and one in opposition. This department, though fewest in numbers, was strongest in position and resource, being defended by a battery of eight guns, the blind walls of the houses, which are provided in all directions with loop holes for musketry, and by temporary parapets thrown up in several positions, not covered by the battery; this department is the nearest the sea, and the residence of the Bey. On the morning of the

26th, terms of amity were offered the Bey, on condition of allegiance and fidelity. The flag of truce was sent back to me with this laconic answer, 'My head or yours.'—at 2 P. M. discovered the Nautilus, and spoke her at six. At 6 in the morning of the 27th, the Argus and Hornet appeared and stood in. I immediately put the army in motion, and advanced toward the city. A favourable land breeze enabled the Nautilus and Hornet to approach the shore, which is a steep and rugged declivity of rocks. With much difficulty we landed, and drew up the precipice one of the field pieces; both were sent in the boat for the purpose, but the apprehension of losing this favourable moment of attack induced me to leave one on board. We advanced to our positions. A fire commenced on the shipping. Lieutenant Evans stood in, and anchoring within one hundred yards of the battery, opened a well-directed fire. Lieutenant Dant dropped in, and anchored in a position to bring his guns to bear on the battery and city. And Captain Commandant Hull brought the Argus to anchor a little south of the Nautilus, so near as to throw her 24 pound shot quite into the town. A detachment of six American marines, a company of 24 cannoniers, and another of 26 Greeks, including their proper officers, all under the immediate command of Lieutenant O'Bannon, together with a few Arabs on foot, had a position on an eminence opposite to a considerable party of the enemy, who had taken post behind their temporary parapets, and in a ravine at the S. E. quarter of the town. The Bashaw seized an old castle which overlooked the town on the S. S. W., disposing his cavalry upon the plains in the rear. A little before 2 P. M. the fire became general in all quarters where Tripolitans and Americans were opposed to each other. In three quarters of an hour the battery was silenced, but not abandoned; though most of the enemy withdrew precipitately from that quarter, and joined the party opposed to the handful of Christians with me, which appeared our most vulnerable point. Unfortunately the fire of our field piece was relaxed by the rammer being shot away. The fire of the enemy's musketry became too warm, and continually augmenting. Our troops were thrown into confusion: and undisciplined as they were, it was impossible to reduce them to order. I perceived a charge our dernier and only resort. We rushed forward against a host of savages, more than ten to our one. They fled from their coverts irregularly, firing in retreat from every palm tree and partition wall in their way. At this moment I received a ball through my left wrist, which deprived me of the use of the hand, and, of course, of my rifle. Mr. O'Bannon, accompanied by Mr. Mann of

Annapolis, urged forward with his marines, Greeks, and such of the cannoniers as were not necessary to the management of the field piece, passed through a shower of musketry from the walls of houses, took possession of the battery, planted the American flag upon its ramparts, and turned its guns upon the enemy; who, being now driven from their outposts, fired only from their houses, from which they were soon dislodged by the whole fire of the vessels, which was suspended during the charge, being directed into them. The Bashaw soon got possession of the Bey's palace; his cavalry flanked the flying enemy; and a little after four o'clock we had complete possession of the town. The action lasted about two hours and a half. The Bey took refuge, first in a mosque, and then in a hiram, the most sacred of sanctuaries among the Turks; and is still there: but we shall find means to draw him thence. As he is the third man in rank in the kingdom, he may, perhaps, be used in exchange for Captain Bainbridge." P. 336—339.

Though driven from the walls of Derne, yet the enemy did not suffer the allies to remain in peaceable and secure possession of their conquest. Reinforcements were daily arriving at the bashaw's camp, from Tripoli; and several furious attacks were made on the garrison, in which many were killed on both sides. Eaton, however, maintained his position in spite of all their efforts to dislodge him; but he soon began to find, "*that without the aid of regular troops, to be debarked from the squadron, or procured elsewhere,*" it would be impossible to succeed in the great object of the expedition. He began to perceive, also, that Hamet was deficient in military talent and firmness; though, indeed, he afterwards acknowledges, that he had been a little premature in forming this opinion. He was satisfied, however, that Hamet was no general.

While remaining in this embarrassing situation, the enemy's camp becoming daily more formidable, and his own army, from the want of money, and other resources, acquiring no augmentation, he received intelligence that Colonel Lear, our commissioner for that purpose, had arranged a treaty of peace with the Bashaw of Tripoli. This information involved him in new perplexities, and rendered the situation of Caramanly truly forlorn. All, however, that Eaton could do, was to remonstrate against this measure, as unfair and impolitic. He insisted that it was a violation of good faith toward those who had embarked in this arduous

enterprise, and contrary to sound policy, both as it regarded the reputation of his countrymen, and the permanent interest of the United States.

"Our negotiator," said Eaton, "ought to have considered that Hamet Bashaw's was the popular cause, and that his cause is fast gaining ground in Barbary. It was the cause of liberty, of freedom. He ought to have considered that to cede the advantageous position we held, could not but make the desire of peace appear too much like an object with us, and could not but leave an impression of weakness, or want of spirit, on our character. Thus, though it was our business, and though we had most amply the means to dismantle the enemy, we have established him in a more safe situation to do us and mankind mischief than he possessed before the war; for, by expelling his rival, we have relieved him of his most dangerous adversary."

In answer to this, it was observed by Commodore Barron, who commanded the naval force, that in sanctioning the expedition by land, our government did not contemplate it as a measure leading necessarily and absolutely to a reinstatement of Hamet Caramanly; but principally as an instrument of compelling the reigning bashaw to come to terms of accommodation advantageous to the United States; and by that means obtain the liberation of our unfortunate countrymen, who had been captured in the frigate *Philadelphia*. It was admitted, however, by Mr. Lear, that the heroic bravery of the handful of Americans, who had been led so gallantly by Eaton, to the capture of Derne, had made a deep impression on the bashaw; and advantage having been taken of this circumstance to represent the army of the general as very great, and his supplies and resources immense, the bashaw had consented to listen to reasonable terms of accommodation.

Peace being absolutely concluded, by which it was stipulated, that in case the unfortunate Hamet should withdraw quietly from the bashaw's dominions, his wife and family should be restored to him; all that now remained for Eaton to perform, was to embark with his Americans in one of our frigates, together with Caramanly, and leave his followers to their fate.

B.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

A Comparison between Thomson and Conper as Descriptive Poets.

[From the Reflector.]

No descriptive poem in any language has obtained equal popularity with the *Seasons* of Thomson, a work of which the description of rural nature was the proper subject, while moral and philosophical sentiment was its appendage and decoration. It was happily calculated to please as well those whose imaginations were readily impressed with the sublime and beautiful, as those whose hearts were alive to feelings of tenderness and humanity. It found so many readers, that probably no single circumstance has contributed so much to that love of the country, and taste for the charms of nature, which peculiarly characterize the inhabitants of this island, as the early associations formed by the perusal of this poem. It also, like all popular compositions, drew after it a current of imitation; and it was the model of that exact style of painting which is discernible in the performances of most of our later descriptive and didactic poets.

This style is a distinguishing feature of that very singular and original poem, the *Task*, a work, the numberless beauties of which have acquired it a popularity scarcely inferior to that of the *Seasons*; and have secured it a permanent place among the select productions of English poetry. Whether it is more properly to be arranged in the descriptive or the didactic class, is a question of little moment; but considering it as possessing peculiar excellence in the first of these characters, it may be an interesting topic of critical discussion to compare the different manners of the *Task* and the *Seasons* in the description of natural objects, and to estimate their several merits.

To select a variety of circumstances which shall identify the object, and at the same time present it to the imagination in strong and lively colouring, is the essence of poetical description. The qualities enumerated must not be so lax and general as to apply equally to several species of things; (which is the ordinary fault of the oriental manner of delineating); nor yet so methodically pre-

cise as the descriptions in natural history, which are addressed more to the intellect than to the imagination. Grand and sublime objects are best described by a few bold touches; for greatness is lost by being parcelled into minute portions; but objects of beauty and curiosity will bear to be viewed microscopically; and if the particulars are skilfully chosen, the effect is enhanced by distinctness. It is also desirable that the circumstances should be suggested by personal observation, else the picture will, probably, be defective in accuracy, or at least will be marked with the faintness of a copy from another's conceptions.

No poetical artist can well venture to draw with minuter strokes than Thomson has done in the delineations of rural scenery and occupations which constitute the proper matter or staple of his poem, and which are generally both pleasing to contemplate and happily selected for the purpose of characterizing the season. It would be difficult to determine whether the grand or the agreeable objects presented by nature were most congenial to his disposition. If his imagination was captivated by the former, his heart inclined him to the latter, especially to such as called forth kind and benevolent emotions; and as those offered themselves most copiously to his observation, they occur most frequently in his poem. His scenes of sublimity are chiefly taken from the polar and tropical regions, in depicting which, he only transcribes (with a poetical pen and fancy, indeed,) the descriptions of travellers. His home scenery seems to have been almost entirely suggested by his own remarks, first made when he was a youth on the banks of the Tweed, and afterward enlarged when he was a guest or an inhabitant in some of the finest parts of England. As he rejected no objects, however trivial, which could serve to mark the season he was describing, he appears to have thought it incumbent upon him, in order to support the dignity of verse, to intermix the figures and phraseology of the higher kinds of poetry; and to this he was particularly induced by the character of blank verse, in which he composed; for this species, being so little distinguished from prose by its measure, had acquired, in the practice of several eminent writers, an artificial stateliness of diction, more remote from common speech than the usual heroic rhyme couplet. This mixture of high-wrought language with a humble topic is one of the peculiar features of Thomson's style in descriptive poetry. A few examples will illustrate the manner of this combination.

In *Summer* a picture is given of hay making, in which the various operations of that pleasing rural labour are minutely represented. The following lines are part of the description:

E'en stooping age is here, and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load

O'ercharg'd, amid the *kind oppression* roll.

* * * * *

————— all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the *breathing harvest* to the sun.

In the autumnal scene of the hare hunt, when the poor animal
is put up—

* * * she springs amaz'd, and all
The *savage soul of game* is up at once.

The stag, in similar circumstances,

Gives *all his swift ærial soul* to flight.

When a herd of cattle has taken alarm from the attack of a
swarm of gad-flies—

* * * tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Thro' *all the bright severity of noon*.

All these quotations afford examples of that abstraction or generalization which is one of the distinctions of poetical language, and which, when in unison with the subject and ordinary strain of the diction, often produces a very happy effect. How far it does so in the preceding passages, the reader may determine according to his own feelings. To me, while the two last appear not only excusable, but worthy of admiration, the former give the perception of turgidity and ill-applied effort. The following lines in the description of the vintage, afford a singular mixture of vulgar and lofty phraseology :—

Then comes the *crushing swain*, the *country floats*
And *foams unbounded* with the *marshy flood*,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the *rais'd nations* pours the *cup of joy*.

There are few pages of the Seasons which do not present somewhat of this combination of elevated language with common matter, which, whatever critical judgment be passed upon it, must be regarded as characteristic of the author's manner.

Another artifice which he employs to give dignity to a humble topic, is to annex to it moral sentiment, and, as it were, *humanise* the animal natures concerned in the scene. Thus, where he has

perhaps descended the lowest—in his description of a spider catching flies in a window, this insect is termed

The *villain* spider * * cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd!

He is afterwards called *the ruffian*; and the victim fly, *the dreadless wanderer*; and the whole action is minutely told in a tragical style that would suit the murder of a Duncan or a Clarence. In like manner, the bear, seeking his winter retreat, is endowed with a human soul:—

* * with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his breast against assailing want.

Whatever be thought of these particular examples, it is presumed that no reader of sensibility will object to the pleasing details of the *passion of the groves*, though in some instances the writer may have assigned to his feathered pairs feelings which only belong to human lovers.

The frequent use of compound epithets is another circumstance by which Thomson's diction is strongly marked. These are elliptical modes of expression, by means of which, qualities or attributes are annexed to a subject in the most concise form possible. The effect of this compression is often truly poetical, a striking idea being excited by a single word, which it would take a line to convey in detail. It is, however, a license in language, and when arbitrarily framed, with no regard to grammatical propriety, is apt to give offence to a correct taste. This is the case when the two parts of the compound have no natural connexion, or stand in no relation to each other of substantive and attribute, or of cause and effect. Thus, in the Seasons, *blood-happy*, meaning happy in the taste of blood; *thick-nibbling*, standing close and nibbling; *pale-quivering*, pale and quivering; *fair-exposed*, fair and exposed; seem examples of harsh and vicious formation. In many instances the compounding is effected merely by using an adjective adverbially, as, *wild-throbbing*, for wildly throbbing; *loose-floating*, for loosely floating; where too little appears to be gained to justify the license. Upon the whole, Thompson's employment of this device to render language poetical, may justly be termed excessive; and it is so characteristic of his style, that Brown, in his "Pipe of Tobacco," has personated this poet chiefly by his compound epithets:

* * * forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around.
And many-mining fires.

To speak of Thomson generally as a descriptive poet, it may then be said, that in choice of subjects, he rejects none that can be rendered pleasing and impressive, and that he paints with a circumstantial minuteness that gives the objects clear and distinct to the imagination; that with respect to diction, he is usually expressive and energetic, with frequent touches of truly poetic imagery, but occasionally verging to the turgid and cumbrous, particularly when he is desirous of elevating a humble topic by a pomp of phrase. It may be added, that no poet before him ever viewed nature either so extensively or so accurately; and that a benevolent heart, and a soul tutored by philosophy, and impressed by the sentiments of a pure and enlarged theology, continually animate his pictures of rural life.

Of the merit of this versification, different ears have judged very differently. That his lines sometimes move heavily beneath an overweight of matter, and that they are occasionally harsh and unmelodious, is sufficiently perceptible; but, considering the length of his poem, such defects may be excused; and the general flow of his strain appears to me equal in harmony to that of most composers of blank verse, though rarely attaining excellence. As he is said to have been a very uncouth reader of his own lines, it is probable that his musical perceptions were not remarkably nice.

Thomson still bore the palm of descriptive poetry, and his manner was the principal object of imitation, when Cowper, who had failed of exciting attention by a volume of poems displaying abundant genius, but in a repulsive garb, burst on the public with his *Task*. This work, without professed subject or plan, consists of a mixture of description, chiefly rural, and of moral and religious sentiment, each introduced as it seems to have suggested itself to the mind of the author, with no other connexion than casual association. Educated at a public school, and afterwards initiated in the school of the world; of a temper frank and undisguised; naturally inclined to hilarity, but with great inequality of spirits, which at length plunged him into a morbid melancholy, and rendered him the victim of a gloomy and appalling system of religion; kind and benevolent in his feelings, but converted by principle to a keen and caustic censor of life and manners; long consigned to a retirement in which his chief employment and solace was the contemplation of nature; Cowper brought a very extraordinary assemblage of qualities, moral and intellectual, to give direction to a genius of the first order. A free converse with men of the world, and an abhorrence of every thing like affectation, in language as well as in manners, had formed him to a style purely English, not disdaining a mixture of common words, and rendered poetical, not by a lofty cant, but by expressions warmed with the

vivid imagery that played before his fancy. Equally minute and circumstantial with Thompson in his mode of description, and by no means fastidious in his choice of subjects, in which he was partly influenced by a strong relish for humour, as well as a taste for the beautiful and sublime, he sometimes paints in a manner resembling the Dutch or Flemish school, but always with touches of the true picturesque. When his subject is low, he is content to leave it so, without any effort to raise it by the ambitious ornaments of artificial diction, secure of interesting his reader by the truth and liveliness of his delineation. Thus in his picture of the Woodman, which has been happily transferred to canvass, not a word is employed that rises above the matter, yet the language could present no other terms equally expressive;

Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropt short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark, nor stops for aught
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose. The trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

The Carrier, in a snow-storm,

With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm,

is a draught of the same kind, something more bordering on the Dutch style, but perfect as a copy of reality. In both these passages, words are found which could not have suggested themselves to Thomson; or if they had, would scarcely have been admitted; yet what reader of true taste would change them? This masculine vigour of vernacular diction, which is characteristic of Cowper's style, and in which he resembles Dryden, by no means precludes (any more than it did in that poet) the highest degree of grace and elegance, when those qualities are congenial with the subject. What can surpass in gracefulness of language, as well as in beauty of imagery, his enumeration of plants in the flowering shrubbery? The tall guelder-rose

——— throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave.
 * * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * * *
 * * * * * luxuriant above all
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.

If the passage in which these lines are contained be compared with a resembling one in Thomson, describing the flowers that blow from early Spring to Summer, it will appear, that whilst the latter poet attempts little more than to annex to each some mark of distinction properly belonging to it, the former associates with the subject of his description some idea of the imagination which enhances its effect by parallelism. Nothing denotes the mind of a poet so much as this operation of the fancy when objects are presented to the external senses.

That Thomson was in general an exact, as well as a minute, observer of nature, is evinced in almost every page of the *Seasons*; yet there are some instances in which Cowper, touching upon the same circumstances with him, has displayed superior correctness. Thus where Thomson, with a truly picturesque selection of incidents, represents the effects of a hard frost, he augments the real wonders of the scene by painting a cascade as if it were congealed into ice at the instant of falling:

* * * the dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar.

But this is an impossibility, and is regarded as such by Cowper, who has formed a beautiful frost-picture from the opposite appearances. Speaking of a stream stealing away beneath its frozen surface, he says,—

Not so, where scornful of a check, it leaps
 The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
 And wantons in the pebbly gulf below.
 No frost can bind it there: its utmost force
 Can but arrest the light and smoky mist
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.

In this passage, too, Cowper is more accurate in the silent, stealthy flow of the frost-bound stream, than Thomson, who, pro-

bably for the sake of poetical effect, represents it as indignantly murmuring at its chains:—

The whole imprison'd river growls below.

Cowper's exactness was probably owing to his having been, from his situation, an observer of nature at an advanced period of life, when the novelty of common objects being exhausted, the rural solitary is reduced to pry more closely into surrounding scenes, in order to excite a new interest in them. Hence, his observations are commonly of a more curious and recondite kind than those of Thomson, who usually takes what lies obvious upon the surface of things. Every reader of the seasons has admired the pleasing description of the red-breast, "paying to trusted man his annual visit;" it is recognised for perfect nature, because every one has witnessed the reality: but few in their winter walks have made those remarks on the same bird which dictated to Cowper the following lines:—

The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes and more than half suppress'd,
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
'That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

This picture is equally natural with the former, and has the additional merit of furnishing new images to the fancy. It was from such a mature and deliberate study of nature that Mr. White, of Selborne, derived that store of curious observations, which he has presented in the most entertaining miscellany of natural history that was ever composed.

Both of these poets occasionally employ personification, which is a kind of abstract and comprehensive description. To the poet of the Seasons it was an obvious piece of mechanism that each should make its entrance as a living figure; distinguished by some characteristics of that portion of the year of which it was the harbinger; but it cannot be said that in these draughts he has displayed much fancy. The epithet of "ethereal Mildness," which he gives to Spring presents no visual image; and it has been justly objected by Miss Seward, that the "shower of shadowing roses," in which she descends is an usurpation upon the property of Summer. To Summer is assigned nothing more than "resplendent youth," and an "ardent look." Autumn has the common bearings of the sickle and wheaten leaf, with which he, or she, is oddly said to be "crowned:" and Winter is only marked

by the qualities of gloom and surliness. The other sketches of personification in his poem are too slight to merit notice.

The case is very different with Cowper. His powerful imagination was equal to those *creative* exertions which are, perhaps, the highest triumph of poetry; and though his purpose in the *Task* did not urge him to frequent attempts of this kind, yet he has exhibited specimens which, in grandeur and elegance, have scarcely ever been surpassed. His personified figures of Winter and of Evening, will justify this assertion to every reader susceptible of the charms of pure poetry; and, I think, clearly establish his claim to a higher seat on Parnassus than that occupied by Thomson.

The descriptive matter in the *Seasons* is diversified by some little history pieces, the subjects of which have a reference to that part of the year in which they are introduced. It is generally admitted that the style of Thomson is little suited to the narrative of common life. Destitute of ease, and wholly unlike the language of real conversation, it proves an awkward vehicle for the dialogue and incidents of story telling: and though an interest is excited by the pathetic of the circumstances, as in the maid struck by lightning, and the man lost in the snow, it owes nothing to the manner of narration. Cowper, on the contrary, was a master in this style. He perfectly understood common speech, and could readily accommodate his phraseology to his subject. The touching story of Crazy Kate, and the various passages in which he alludes to the melancholy history of his own life, are examples of the true natural mode of narrating; of which many more instances might be adduced from his other poems.

As the versification of Thomson has been mentioned, it will be proper, by way of comparison, to say something of that of Cowper. His blank verse is in general the apparently negligent effusion of one who, pouring out his thoughts in exuberance, does not long study to put them into measure. But he evidently possessed a musical and practised ear; and his irregularities are not always without design. It is known that in his version of Homer he paid very particular attention to the melody of his lines and its adaptation to the subject; and if, in the *Task*, his mind was more occupied with the sentiments, there are not wanting passages the flow of which is remarkably harmonious. One example shall suffice for a proof of his talent in this respect:—

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.

A fine ear is, then, another poetical requisite in which nature seems to have been more liberal to Cowper than to Thomson. It would, perhaps, be easy to quote from the latter, instances in which harsh or appalling sounds are happily imitated, for our language abounds with words which echo tones of that class : but to make English verse "discourse eloquent music," is a much more difficult task.

Such appear to me to be the principal characteristics of these two original poets in that delineation of natural objects and the incidents of rural life, for which both are so justly admired. Thomson is so far entitled to the first place, that if his minute style of painting had not obtained admission into English poetry, the descriptions in the *Task* would probably never have existed ; yet Cowper cannot be denominated an imitator in them, since his manner is entirely his own, and the objects he has represented were evidently suggested by individual observation. Between the two poems no comparison can subsist ; for, while the *Seasons* is the completion of an extensive plan, necessarily comprising a great variety of topics, most of which would occur to every poetical mind occupied in the same design, the *Task* owes nothing to a preconceived argument, but is the extemporaneous product of the very singular mind and genius of the author. It had no model, and can have no parallel.

J. A.

EDMUND BURKE.

[These remarks on the character and genius of Burke are extracted from a collection of parliamentary speeches, by William Hazlitt, entitled the *Eloquence of the British Senate*. They are prefixed to Burke's celebrated speech on economical reformation.]

The following speech is, perhaps, the fairest specimen I could give of Mr. Burke's various talents as a speaker ; his wisdom, his imagination, his wit, and playfulness of fancy. The subject itself is not the most interesting, nor does it admit of that weight and closeness of reasoning which he displayed on other occasions. But there is no single speech which can convey a satisfactory idea of his powers of mind : to do him justice, it would be necessary to quote all his works ; the only specimen of Burke is, *all that he wrote*. With respect to most other speakers, a specimen is generally enough, or more than enough. When you are acquainted with their manner, and see what proficiency they have made in

the mechanical exercise of their profession, with what facility they can borrow a simile, or round a period, how dexterously they can argue, and object, and rejoin, you are satisfied; there is no other difference in their speeches than what arises from the difference of the subjects. But this was not the case with Burke. He brought his subjects along with him; he drew his materials from himself. The only limits which circumscribed his variety were the stores of his own mind. His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meager facts, meagerly stated, or half a dozen common-places tortured in a thousand different ways: but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart, and various as the sources of nature. He, therefore, enriched every subject to which he applied himself, and new subjects were only the occasions of calling forth fresh powers of mind which had not been before exerted. It would, therefore, be in vain to look for the proof of his powers in any one of his speeches or writings: they all contain some additional proof of power. In speaking of Burke, then, I shall speak of the whole compass and circuit of his mind; not of that small part or section of him which I have been able to give: to do otherwise would be like the story of the man who put the brick in his pocket, thinking to show it as the model of a house. I have been able to manage pretty well with respect to all my other speakers, and curtailed them down without remorse. It was easy to reduce them within certain limits, to fix their spirit, and condense their variety; by having a certain quantity given, you might infer all the rest; it was only the same thing over again. But who can bind Proteus, or confine the roving flight of genius?

Burke's writings are better than his speeches, and indeed his speeches are writings. But he seemed to feel himself more at ease, to have a fuller possession of his faculties in addressing the public, than in addressing the house of commons. Burke was *raised* into public life; and he seems to have been prouder of this new dignity than became so great a man. For this reason most of his speeches have a sort of parliamentary preamble to them: there is an air of affected modesty, and ostentatious trifling in them: he seems fond of coquetting with the house of commons, and is perpetually calling the speaker out to dance a minuet with him, before he begins. There is also something like an attempt to stimulate the superficial dulness of his hearers by exciting their surprise, by running into extravagance; and he sometimes demeans himself by condescending to what may be considered as bordering too much upon buffoonery, for the amusement of the company. Those lines of Milton were admirably applied to him by some one—"The elephant to make them sport wreathed his proboscis lithe." The truth is, that he was out of his place in the house of commons; he was eminently qualified to shine as a man of ge-

nus, as the instructor of mankind, as the brightest luminary of his age : but he had nothing in common with that motley crew of knights, citizens, and burgesses. He could not be said to be "native and endued unto that clement." He was above it ; and never appeared like himself but when, forgetful of the idle clamours of party, and of the little views of little men, he appealed to his country, and the enlightened judgment of mankind.

I am not going to make an idle panegyric on Burke, (he has no need of it ;) but I cannot help looking upon him as the chief boast and ornament of the English house of commons. What has been said of him is, I think, strictly true, that "he was the most eloquent man of his time : his wisdom was greater than his eloquence." The only public man that in my opinion can be put in any competition with him, is lord Chatham : and he moved in a sphere so very remote, that it is almost impossible to compare them. But though it would, perhaps, be difficult to determine which of them excelled most in this particular way, there is nothing in the world more easy than to point out in what their peculiar excellences consisted. They were in every respect the reverse of each other. Chatham's eloquence was popular : his wisdom was altogether plain and practical. Burke's eloquence was that of the poet ; of the man of high and unbounded fancy : his wisdom was profound and contemplative. Chatham's eloquence was calculated to make men *act* ; Burke's was calculated to make them *think*. Chatham could have roused the fury of a multitude, and wicked their physical energy as he pleased : Burke's eloquence carried conviction into the mind of the retired and lonely student, opened the recesses of the human breast, and lighted up the face of nature around him. Chatham supplied his hearers with motives to immediate action : Burke furnished them with *reasons* for action, which might have little effect on them at the time, but for which they would be the wiser and better all their lives after. In research, in originality, in variety of knowledge, in richness of invention, in depth and comprehension of mind, Burke had as much the advantage of lord Chatham as he was excelled by him in plain common sense, in strong feeling, in steadiness of purpose, in vehemence, in warmth, in enthusiasm, and energy of mind. Burke was the man of genius, of fine sense, and subtle reasoning ; Chatham was a man of clear understanding, of strong sense, and violent passions. Burke's mind was satisfied with speculation ; Chatham's was essentially *active* : it could not rest without an object. The power which governed Burke's mind was his Imagination ; that which gave its *impetus* to Chatham's was Will. The one was almost the creature of pure intellect, the other of physical temperament.

There are two very different ends which a man of genius may propose to himself either in writing or speaking, and which will

accordingly give birth to very different styles. He can have but one of these two objects; either to enrich or strengthen the mind; either to furnish us with new ideas, to lead the mind into new trains of thought, to which it was before unused, and which it was incapable of striking out for itself; or else to collect and embody what we already knew, to rivet our old impressions more deeply; to make what was before plain still plainer, and to give to that which was familiar all the effect of novelty. In the one case we receive an accession to the stock of our ideas; in the other, an additional degree of life and energy is infused into them: our thoughts continue to flow in the same channels, but their pulse is quickened and invigorated. I do not know how to distinguish these different styles better than by calling them severally the inventive and refined, or the impressive and vigorous styles. It is only the subject matter of eloquence, however, which is allowed to be remote or obscure. The things in themselves may be subtle and recondite, but they must be dragged out of their obscurity, and brought struggling to the light; they must be rendered plain and palpable, (as far as it is in the wit of man to do so,) or they are no longer eloquence. That which by its natural impenetrability, and in spite of every effort, remains dark and difficult, which is impervious to every ray, on which the imagination can shed no lustre, which can be clothed with no beauty, is not a subject for the orator or poet. At the same time it cannot be expected that abstract truths or profound observations should ever be placed in the same strong and dazzling points of view as natural objects and mere matters of fact. It is enough if they receive a reflex and borrowed lustre, like that which cheers the first dawn of morning, where the effect of surprise and novelty gilds every object and the joy of beholding another world gradually emerging out of the gloom of night, "a new creation rescued from his reign," fills the mind with a sober rapture. Philosophical eloquence is in writing what *chiaro scuro* is in painting; he would be a fool who should object that the colours in the shaded part of a picture were not so bright as those on the opposite side; the eye of the connoisseur receives an equal delight from both, balancing the want of brilliancy and effect with the greater delicacy of the tints, and difficulty of the execution. In judging of Burke, therefore, we are to consider, first, the style of eloquence which he adopted, and, secondly, the effects which he produced with it. If he did not produce the same effects on vulgar minds as some others have done, it was not for want of power, but from the turn and direction of the mind.* It was because his subjects, his ideas,

* For instance: he produced less effect on the mob that compose the English house of commons than Chatham or Fox, or even Pitt; and he produced less effect on the mob that compose the English public than Paine or Joel Barlow, at least at the time.

his arguments, were less vulgar. The question is not whether he brought certain truths equally *home* to us, but how much nearer he brought them than they were before. In my opinion, he united the two extremes of refinement and strength in a higher degree than any other writer whatever.

The subtilty of his mind was, undoubtedly, that which rendered Burke a less popular writer and speaker than he otherwise would have been. It weakened the impression of his observations upon others; but I cannot admit that it weakened the observations themselves;—that it took any thing from their real weight and solidity. Coarse minds think all that is subtle, futile; that because it is not gross and obvious, and palpable to the senses, it is therefore light and frivolous, and of no importance in the real affairs of life; thus making their own confined understandings the measure of truth, and supposing that whatever they do not distinctly perceive is nothing. Seneca, who was not one of the vulgar, also says, that subtle truths are those which have the least substance in them, and consequently approach nearest to non-entity. But for my own part I cannot help thinking that the most important truths must be the most refined and subtle; for that very reason, that they must comprehend a greater number of particulars, and, instead of referring to any distinct or positive fact, must point out the combined effects of an extensive chain of causes, operating gradually, remotely, and collectively, and, therefore, imperceptibly. General principles are not the less true or important because, from their nature, they elude immediate observation; they are like the air, which is not the less necessary because we neither see nor feel it, or like that secret influence which binds the world together and holds the planets in their orbits. The very same persons, who are the most forward to laugh at all systematic reasoning as idle and impertinent, you will, the next moment, hear exclaiming bitterly against the baleful effects of new-fangled systems of philosophy, or gravely descanting on the immense importance of instilling sound principles of morality into the mind. It would not be a bold conjecture, but an obvious truism to say, that all the great changes which have been brought about in the moral world, either for the better or worse, have been introduced, not by the bare statement of facts, which are things already known, and which must always operate nearly in the same manner, but by the development of certain opinions and abstract principles of reasoning on life and manners, on the origin of society and man's nature in general, which being obscure and uncertain, vary from time to time, and produce correspondent changes in the human mind. They are the wholesome dew and rain, or mildew and pestilence that silently destroy. To this principle of generalization all religious

creeds, the institutions of wise lawgivers, and the systems of philosophers, owe their influence.

It has always been with me a test of the sense and candour of any one belonging to the opposite party, whether he allowed Burke to be a great man. Of all the persons of this description that I have ever known, I never met with above one or two who would make this concession; whether it was that party feelings ran too high to admit of any real candour, or whether it was owing to an essential vulgarity in their habits of thinking, they all seemed to be of opinion that he was a wild enthusiast, or a hollow sophist, who was to be answered by bits of facts, by smart logic, by shrewd questions, and idle songs. They looked upon him as a man of disordered intellects, because he reasoned in a style to which they had not been used, and which confounded their dim perceptions. If you said, that though you differed with him in sentiment, yet you thought him an admirable reasoner, and a close observer of human nature, you were answered with a loud laugh, and some hackneyed quotation. "Alas! Leviathan was not so tamed!" They did not know whom they had to contend with. The corner stone, which the builders rejected, became the head corner, though to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; for, indeed, I cannot discover that he was much better understood by those of his own party, if we judge from the little affinity there is between his mode of reasoning and theirs. The simple clew to all his reasonings on this subject is, I think, as follows: He did not agree with some writers, that that mode of government is necessarily the best which is the cheapest. He saw in the construction of society other principles at work, and other capacities of fulfilling the desires, and perfecting the nature of man, beside those of securing the equal enjoyment of the means of animal life, and doing this at as little expense as possible. He thought that the wants and happiness of man were not to be provided for, as we provide for those of a herd of cattle, merely by attending to their physical necessities. He thought more nobly of his fellows. He knew that man had affections and passions, and powers of imagination, as well as hunger and thirst, and the sense of heat and cold. He took his idea of political society from the pattern of private life, wishing, as he himself expresses it, to incorporate the domestic charities with the orders of the state, and to blend them together. He strove to establish an analogy between the compact that binds together the community at large, and that which binds together the several families that compose it. He knew that the rules that form the basis of private morality are not founded in reason, that is, in the abstract properties of those things which are the subjects of them, but in the nature of man, and his capacity of being affected by

certain things from habit, from imagination, and sentiment, as well as from reason.

Thus, the reason why a man ought to be attached to his wife and children, is not, surely, that they are better than others, (for in this case every one else ought to be of the same opinion,) but because he must be chiefly interested in those things which are nearest to him, and with which he is best acquainted, since his understanding cannot reach equally to every thing; because he must be most attached to those objects which he has known the longest, and which, by their situation, have actually affected him the most, not those which in themselves are the most affecting, whether they have ever made any impression on him or no; that is, because he is by his nature the creature of habit and feeling, and because it is reasonable that he should act in conformity to his nature. He was, therefore, right in saying, that it is no objection to an institution, that it is founded in *prejudice*, but the contrary, if that prejudice is natural and right; that is, if it arises from those circumstances which are properly subjects of feeling and association, not from any defect or perversion of the understanding in those things which fall properly under its jurisdiction. On this profound maxim he took his stand. Thus he contended, that the prejudice in favour of nobility was natural and proper, and fit to be encouraged by the positive institutions of society; not on account of the real or personal merit of the individuals, but because such an institution has a tendency to enlarge and raise the mind, to keep alive the memory of past greatness, to connect the different ages of the world together, to carry back the imagination over a long tract of time, and feed it with the contemplation of remote events: because it is natural to think highly of that which inspires us with high thoughts, which has been connected for many generations with splendour and affluence, and dignity, and power, and permanence. He also conceived, that by transferring the respect from the person to the thing, and thus rendering it steady and permanent, the mind would be habitually formed to sentiments of deference, attachment, and fealty, to whatever else demanded its respect: that it would be led to fix its view on what was elevated and lofty, and be weaned from that low and narrow jealousy which never willingly or heartily admits of any superiority in others, and is glad of every opportunity to bring down all excellence to a level with its own miserable standard. Nobility did not, therefore, exist to the prejudice of the other orders of the state, but by, and for them. The inequality of the different orders of society did not destroy the unity and harmony of the whole. The health and well-being of the moral world was to be promoted by the same means as the beauty of the natural world; by contrast, by change, by light and

shade, by variety of parts, by order, and proportion. To think of reducing all mankind to the same insipid level, seemed to him the same absurdity as to destroy the inequalities of surface in a country, for the benefit of agriculture and commerce. In short, he believed that the interests of men in society should be consulted, and their several stations and employments assigned, with a view to their nature, not as physical but as moral beings, so as to nourish their hopes, to lift their imagination, to enliven their fancy, to rouse their activity, to strengthen their virtue, and to furnish the greatest number of objects of pursuit, and means of enjoyment to beings constituted as man is, consistently with the order and stability of the whole.

The same reasoning might be extended further. I do not say that his arguments are conclusive : but they are profound and *true*, as far as they go. There may be disadvantages and abuses necessarily interwoven with his scheme, or opposite advantages of infinitely greater value, to be derived from another order of things and state of society. This, however, does not invalidate either the truth or importance of Burke's reasoning ; since the advantages he points out as connected with the mixed form of government are really and necessarily inherent in it ; since they are compatible in the same degree with no other ; since the principle itself on which he rests his argument (whatever we may think of the application) is of the utmost weight and moment ; and since, on which ever side the truth lies, it is impossible to make a fair decision without having the opposite side of the question clearly and fully stated to us. This Burke has done in a masterly manner. He presents to you one view or face of society. Let him, who thinks he can, give the reverse side with equal force, beauty, and clearness. It is said, I know, that truth is *one* ; but to this I cannot subscribe, for it appears to me that truth is *many*. There are as many truths as there are things and causes of action, and contradictory principles at work in society. In making up the account of good and evil, indeed, the final result must be one way or the other ; but the particulars on which that result depends are infinite and various.

It will be seen from what I have said, that I am very far from agreeing with those who think that Burke was a man without understanding, and a merely florid writer. There are two causes which have given rise to this calumny ; namely, that narrowness of mind which leads men to suppose that the truth lies entirely on the side of their own opinions, and that whatever does not make for them is absurd and irrational ; secondly, a trick we have of confounding reason with judgment, and supposing that it is merely the province of the understanding to pronounce sentence, and not to give in evidence, or argue the case ; in short, that is a pas-

sive, not an active faculty. Thus there are persons who never run into any extravagance, because they are so buttressed up with the opinions of others on all sides, that they cannot lean much to one side or the other; they are so little moved with any kind of reasoning, that they remain at an equal distance from every extreme, and are never very far from the truth, because the slowness of their faculties will not suffer them to make much progress in error. These are persons of great judgment. The scales of the mind are pretty sure to remain even when there is nothing in them. In this sense of the word, Burke must be allowed to have wanted judgment, by all those who think that he was wrong in his conclusion. This accusation of want of judgment, in fact, only means that you yourself are of a different opinion. But if, in arriving at one error, he discovered a hundred truths, I should consider myself a hundred times more indebted to him than if, stumbling on that which I consider as the right side of the question, he had committed a hundred absurdities in striving to establish his point. I speak of him now merely as an author, or as far as I and other readers are concerned with him; at the same time, I should not differ from any one who may be disposed to contend that the consequences of his writings, as instruments of political power, have been tremendous, fatal, such as no exertion of wit, or knowledge, or genius, can ever counteract or atone for.

Burke also gave a hold to his antagonist by mixing up sentiment and imagery with his reasoning; so that being unused to such a sight in the region of politics, they were deceived, and could not discern the fruit from the flowers. Gravity is the cloak of wisdom: and those who have nothing else, think it an insult to affect the one without the other, because it destroys the only foundation on which their pretensions are built. The easiest part of reason is dulness: the generality of the world are therefore concerned in discouraging any example of unnecessary brilliancy that might tend to show that the two things do not always go together. Burke in some measure dissolved the spell. It was discovered, that his gold was not the less valuable for being wrought into elegant shapes, and richly embossed with curious figures: that the solidity of a building is not destroyed by adding to it beauty and ornament; and that the strength of a man's understanding is not always to be estimated in exact proportion to his want of imagination. His understanding was not the less real, because it was not the only faculty he possessed. He justified the description of the poet,

"How charming is divine philosophy!

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

"But musical as is Apollo's lute!"

Those who object to this union of grace and beauty with reason, are in fact weak sighted people, who cannot distinguish the noble and majestic form of Truth from that of her sister Folly, if they are dressed both alike ! But there is always a difference even in the adventitious ornaments they wear, which is sufficient to distinguish them.

Burke was so far from being a gaudy or flowery writer, that he was one of the *severest* writers we have. His words are the most like things ; his style is the most strictly suited to the subject. He unites every extreme and every variety of composition ; the lowest and the meanest words and descriptions with the highest. He exults in the display of power, in showing the extent, the force, and intensity of his ideas ; he is led on by the mere impulse and vehemence of his fancy, not by the affectation of dazzling his readers by gaudy conceits or pompous images. He was completely carried away by his subject. He had no other object but to produce the strongest impression on his reader, by giving the truest, the most characteristic, the fullest, and most forcible description of things, trusting to the power of his own mind to mould them into grace and beauty. He did not produce a splendid effect by setting fire to the light vapours that float in the regions of fancy, as the chemists make fine colours with phosphorus, but, by the eagerness of his blows, struck fire from the flint, and melted the hardest substances in the furnace of his imagination. The wheels of his imagination did not catch fire from the rottenness of the materials, but from the rapidity of their motion. One would suppose, to hear people talk of Burke, that his style was such as would have suited the *Lady's Magazine* ; soft, smooth, showy, tender, insipid, full of fine words without any meaning. The essence of the gaudy or glittering style consists in producing a momentary effect by fine words and images brought together, without order or connection. Burke most frequently produced an effect by the remoteness and novelty of his combinations, by the force of contrast, by the striking manner in which the most opposite and unpromising materials were harmoniously blended together ; not by laying his hands on all the fine things he could think of, but by bringing together those things which he knew would blaze out into glorious light by their collision. The florid style is a mixture of affectation and common-place. Burke's was a union of untameable vigour and originality.

Burke was not a verbose writer. If he sometimes multiplies words, it is not for want of ideas, but because there are no words that fully express his ideas, and he tries to do it as well as he can by different ones. He had nothing of the *set* or formal style, the measured cadence, and stately phraseology of Johnson, and most of our modern writers. This style, which is what we understand

by the *artificial*, is all in one key. It selects a certain set of words to represent all ideas whatever, as the most dignified and elegant, and excludes all others as low and vulgar. The words are not fitted to the things, but the things to the words. Every thing is seen through a false medium. It is putting a mask on the face of nature, which may indeed hide some specks and blemishes, but takes away all beauty, delicacy, and variety. It destroys all dignity or elevation, because nothing can be raised where all is on a level, and completely destroys all force, expression, truth, and character, by arbitrarily confounding the differences of things, and reducing every thing to the same insipid standard. To suppose that this stiff uniformity can add any thing to real grace or dignity, is like supposing that the human body, in order to be perfectly graceful, should never deviate from its upright posture. Another mischief of this method is, that it confounds all ranks in literature. Where there is no room for variety, no discrimination, no nicety to be shown in matching the idea with its proper word, there can be no room for taste or elegance. A man must easily learn the art of writing, when every sentence is to be cast in the same mould: where he is only allowed the use of one word, he cannot choose wrong, nor will he be in much danger of making himself ridiculous by affectation or false glitter, when, whatever subject he treats of, he must treat of it in the same way. This indeed is to wear golden chains for the sake of ornament.

Burke was altogether free from the pedantry which I have here endeavoured to expose. His style was as original, as expressive, as rich and varied, as it was possible; his combinations were as exquisite, as playful, as happy, as unexpected, as bold and daring, as his fancy. If any thing, he ran into the opposite extreme of too great an inequality, if truth and nature could ever be carried to an extreme.

Those who are best acquainted with the writings and speeches of Burke, will not think the praise I have here bestowed on them exaggerated. Some proof will be found of this in the following extracts. But the full proof must be sought in his works at large, and particularly in the *Thoughts on the Discontents*; in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*; in his *Letter to the Duke of Bedford*; and in the *Regicide Peace*. The two last of these are perhaps the most remarkable of all his writings, from the contrast they afford to each other. The one is the most delightful exhibition of wild and brilliant fancy, that is to be found in English prose, but it is too much like a beautiful picture painted upon gauze; it wants something to support it: the other is without ornament, but it has all the solidity, the weight, the gravity, of a judicial record. It seems to have been written with a certain constraint upon himself, and to show those who said he could not

reason, that his arguments might be stripped of their ornaments without losing any thing of their force. It is certainly, of all his works, that in which he has shown most power of logical deduction, and the only one in which he has made any important use of facts. In general, he certainly paid little attention to them; they were the playthings of his mind. He saw them as he pleased, not as they were; with the eye of the philosopher or the poet, regarding them only in their general principle, or as they might serve to decorate his subject. This is the natural consequence of much imagination; things that are probable are elevated into the rank of realities. To those who can reason on the essences of things, or who can invent according to nature, the experimental proof is of little value. This was the case with Burke. In the present instance, however, he seems to have *forced* his mind into the service of facts: and he succeeded completely. His comparison between our connexion with France or Algiers, and his account of the conduct of the war, are as clear, as convincing, as forcible examples of this kind of reasoning, as are any where to be met with. Indeed, I do not think there is any thing in Fox, (whose mind was purely historical,) or in Chatham, (who attended to feelings more than facts,) that will bear a comparison with them.

Burke has been compared to Cicero—I do not know for what reason. Their excellencies are as different, and indeed as opposite, as they well can be. Burke had not the polished elegance, the glossy neatness, the artful regularity, the exquisite modulation of Cicero: he had a thousand times more richness and originality of mind, more strength and pomp of diction.

It has been well observed, that the ancients had no word that properly expresses what we mean by the word *Genius*. They perhaps had not the thing. Their minds appear to have been too exact, too retentive, too minute and subtle, too sensible to the external differences of things, too passive under their impressions, to admit of those bold and rapid combinations, those lofty flights of fancy, which, glancing from heaven to earth, unite the most opposite extremes, and draw the happiest illustrations from things the most remote. Their ideas were kept too confined and distinct by the material form or vehicle in which they were conveyed, to unite cordially together, or be melted down in the imagination. Their metaphors are taken from things of the same class, not from things of different classes; the general analogy, not the individual feeling, directs them in their choice. Hence, as Dr Johnson observed, their figures are either repetitions of the same ideas, or so obvious and general as not to lend any additional force to it; as when a huntress is compared to Diana, or a warrior rushing into battle, to a lion rushing on his prey. Their *force* was exquisite art and perfect imitation. Witness their statues, and other things

of the same kind. But they had not that high and enthusiastic fancy which some of our own writers have shown. For the proof of this let any one compare Milton and Shakspeare with Homer and Sophocles, or Burke with Cicero.

It may be asked whether Burke was a poet. He was so only in the general vividness of his fancy, and in richness of invention. There may be poetical passages in his works, but I certainly think that his writings in general are quite distinct from poetry; and that for the reason before given, namely, that the subject matter of them is not poetical. The finest parts of them are illustrations or personifications of dry abstract ideas; and the union between the idea and the illustration is not of that perfect and pleasing kind as to constitute poetry, or indeed to be admissible, but for the effect intended to be produced by it; that is, by every means in our power to give an animation and attraction to subjects in themselves barren of ornament, but which, at the same time, are pregnant with the most important consequences, and in which the understanding and the passions are equally interested.

I have heard it remarked by a person, to whose opinion I would sooner submit than to a general council of critics, that the sound of Burke's prose is not musical; that it wants cadence; and that instead of being so lavish of his imagery as is generally supposed, he seemed to him to be rather parsimonious in the use of it, always expanding and making the most of his ideas. This may be true if we compare him with some of our poets, or perhaps with some of our early prose writers, but not if we compare him with any of our political writers, or parliamentary speakers. There are some very fine things of Lord Bolingbroke's on the same subjects, but not equal to Burke's. As for Junius, he is at the head of his class; but that class is not the highest. He has been said to have more dignity than Burke. Yes, if the stalk of a giant is less dignified than the strut of a petit-maitre. I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of Junius, but grandeur is not the character of his composition; and if it is not to be found in Burke, it is to be found nowhere.

MR. GRATTAN.

I do not, I confess, like his style, though it is what many people call eloquent. There is a certain spirit and animation in it, but it is over-run with affectation. It is at the same time mechanical, uncouth, and extravagant. It is like a piece of Gothic architecture, full of quaintness and formality. It is "all horrid" with climax, and alliteration, and epithet, and personification. "From

injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty : precedent and principle, the Irish volunteers, and the Irish parliament." I am not fond of these double facings, and splicings, and clenches, in style. They too much resemble a garden laid out according to Pope's description,

"Where each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

MR. CANNING.

THIS gentleman writes verses better than he makes speeches. If he had as much understanding as he has wit, he would be a great man ; but that is not the case. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. However, there is a degree of elegance and brilliancy, and a certain ambitious tip-toe elevation in his speeches. But they want manliness, force, and dignity. His eloquence is something like a bright, sharp-pointed sword, which, owing to its not being made of very stout metal, bends and gives way, and seems ready to snap asunder at every stroke ; and he is perpetually in danger of having it wrested out of his hands.

Street Conversation.

THERE is a set of persons for whose colloquial comforts we have always felt a more than ordinary solicitude, and for whom we cannot but be in pain just now, especially as during the late bustle of events they appear to have been put into a vivacious condition, quite unknown to them previously, and the stimulus of which they must very sensibly miss. We allude to those, who, from being a good deal out of doors, are in the habit of meeting their friends in the street, and of being obliged to stop and *say something*. These gentlemen, from the burning of Moscow, down to the entry of the Allied Monarchs into Paris, were observed to have been gifted with a very unusual spirit of interlocution. They met not, as heretofore, with a sort of unnatural look between ardour and despondency, and an attitude prepared to take advantage of the first moment of escape. They recognised each other with eagerness, as persons who had probably heard the first news—shook hands with cordiality, as if they had not seen each other for forty-eight hours—and proceeded to breathless inquiries respecting the news—Well, what's the latest?—who beats? where is Bonaparte now? In vain they had sisters, mothers, and wives, to ask after ; in vain

there might be a cough on one side, and an inquisitive megrim on the other : in vain (almost) the east wind came piping through the shrugging collars of their coats, for days together:—the wind was put aside like an impertinent fellow—the disease was surmounted for the time being—Mrs. and the Miss Wilkins were exploded.

The world, however, now having resumed in some degree its old modes of proceeding, and news coming only in a quiet way as formerly, the chance-meeters are again at a loss. It is scarcely necessary to repeat a catechism so well known, but as we do not remember to have seen it transcribed, and malicious foreigners have a trick of misrepresenting the commonest habits, we shall record it here to prevent mistakes.

Adams and Brooks.

A. (Advancing as if he could not help it.) How d'ye do, Brooks?

B. Very well, thank'ee; how do *you* do?

A. Very well, thank'ee; Mrs. Brooks well?

B. Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye. Mrs. Adams and the children well, I hope?

A. Quite well, thank'ee.

(Here Brooks, having to speak next, gives his neckcloth a twist, and looks about a little.)

B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.

A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.

B. Yes, but that we must expect at this time o'year.

(Another brief pause—neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)

A. Seen Smith lately?

B. No, I can't say I have. (This *can't say* is a very characteristic phrase in English discourse, implying that the speaker prefers truth even to the comfort of having an answer to give, and that he wishes to heaven he *could* say it. Brooks luckily recollects, that if he has not seen Smith, he has seen Thompson.) Brooks, in continuation—But I have seen Thompson.

A. Indeed!—and how is he?

B. Very well, thank'ee.

A. I am glad of it. Well—good morning.

B. *Good morning.*

Yet, perhaps, these very English encounterers, who have nothing to say in the street, would bring up infinite subject of discourse when they found themselves pleasantly, and for some time together. At all events, if their metropolis could be taken as Paris was, they would not look upon it as any proof of their fund of thinking to criticise the entry of their conquerors as a spectacle, and to be all wondering how a lady from abroad should wear a little bonnet instead of a large one.

POETRY.

(*For the Analectic Magazine.*)

BALLAD.

THE breath of spring, to meet
In the morning air, is sweet,
And woman's love is sweeter than roses in May ;
But the breath of spring is fleet,
Like the roses round her feet,
And love, like the season, soon passeth away.

The summer sun is bright,
The swallow's wing is light ;
And woman's love is warm as a fine summer's day ;
But the sun will set in night,
And the swallow wing its flight,
And love, like the summer, soon passeth away.

The autumn leaf is frail,
The moon at eve is pale,
And woman's love is soft as her silvery ray ;
But the leaf flies on the gale,
And the silver moon will fail,
And love, like the autumn, soon passeth away.

The winter air is chill,
The frozen stream is still,
And death is yet colder and stiller than they ;
But life's expiring thrill
Relieveth every ill ;
And death, like the winter, soon passeth away.

TO ———, SINGING,

(*From the French.*)

SWEETLY you breathe the melting lay,
And Oh ! how happy should I be,
If I might to your lip repay
The pleasure it has given me !

TRANQUILLITY.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

TRANQUILLITY ! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fanie,
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
 To low intrigue or factious rage.
 For, oh ! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
 To thee I gave my earliest youth,
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
 On him, but seldom, power divine,
 Thy spirit rests—Satiety
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
 Mock the tir'd workling. Idle Hope,
 And dire Remembrance interlope,
 And vex the fev'rish slumbers of the mind—
 The bubble floats before—the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
 At morning, through the accustomed mead,
 And in the summer's sultry heat,
 Will build me up a mossy seat ;
 And when the gust of autumn crowds
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
 Thou best the thoughts canst raise—the heart attune,
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart—the searching soul,
 To thee I dedicate the whole ;
 And while within myself I trace
 The greatness of some future race ;
 Aloof with hermit eye I scan
 The present works of present man.
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
 Too foolish for a tear—too wicked for a smile.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Fine Arts. Among the most munificent instances of public patronage which the fine arts have hitherto received in this country, must be numbered the establishment of the gallery of portraits of public men, which has, within a few years, been formed by the corporation of the city of New-York. This originally consisted of Trumbull's original large pictures of Washington and Hamilton, and of his series of the governors of the state of New-York, in full length, and of the mayors of the city since 1781, in half length portraits. During the late war, it is well known, the corporation have, from time to time, voted that portraits of several of our most distinguished military and naval men should be added to this collection. Several of these are already painted, and others are now in hand; among these are large full lengths of Commodores Hull, Bainbridge, Perry, Macdonough, and of General Brown, by Jarvis, of General Macomb, by Waldo, and of Decatur, by Sully. The full length public or historical portrait, aspiring to rise above the dull common-place of the family portrait, forms an interesting link between mere portraiture and historical painting. Our artists have already attained to great excellence in portrait and miniature; and it is with pleasure and pride that we now behold an opportunity offered them of aiming a higher and bolder flight; of rising from the cold delineation of individual nature, to the dignity and invention of the higher branches of the art, and aspiring to that nobleness of conception which, says Reynolds, goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition even of perfect form—to the art of animating and dignifying their figures, and impressing them with the appearance of intellectual energy.

Boston edition of the Latin Classics. Wells & Lilly, of Boston, have commenced their proposed series of the *Scriptores Romani*, by publishing five volumes of Ernesti's Cicero. The choice of Ernesti's edition was judicious; it is not overloaded with annotations; its notes and prefaces contain almost every thing of value relative to the history and criticism of the text of Cicero; and the *clavis* affords, in a condensed form, the substance of the most important preceding commentators and scholiasts; so that Ernesti has richly merited the high praise bestowed on him by Gibbon, when, in enumerating the various editions of Cicero, he speaks of "that of Olivet, which should adorn the libraries of the rich—that of Ernesti, which should lie on the tables of the learned." This American edition is elegantly, and, as far as we have examined, very correctly printed, in duodecimo volumes of three hundred pages each, on a good paper, the firmness and whiteness of which form an advantageous contrast with the miserable, flimsy, brown paper of the original German edition. These five volumes contain about one and a half of the German octavos, so that the whole will probably amount to eighteen or twenty volumes.

Should this undertaking receive the patronage which it merits, it is intended to continue the series of the Latin classics in the same form, selecting the editions of the greatest authority, but generally omitting all commentary, except where the uncommon merit of any particular editor entitles his work to exemption from the general rule. The Horace of Baxter, Gesner, and Zeunius, is mentioned by the publishers as one of these exceptions. We hope that Heyne's Virgil may also be added to the series, in spite of the too ponderous mass of commentary which the Gottingen professor has laid at the feet of his bard. Perhaps we might also recommend the Lucretius of Gilbert Wakefield, a critic beyond all others bold and original in conjecture, and subtle and paradoxical in interpretation. But all this must, no doubt, depend upon the patronage bestowed upon the earlier volumes of the series; and surely it is an undertaking to which every well-wisher to the literature of our country must desire success. A complete edition of the Latin classics, corresponding to this specimen, would form the most elegant and commodious complete series ever published in any country.

The Bipont Greek classics are, indeed, beautiful; but the typography of their Latin is often slovenly, and the paper bad. The editions of Foulis are very neat, but not so handsome as this, and are altogether without notes, or other *subsidia*; while the Variorum, on the other hand, are perfectly overwhelmed with the heavy weight of dull commentators—Gronovius upon Vossius, and Burman upon Gronovius. The series of the Barbou classics is not unlike this; but it is exceedingly unequal, the Tacitus, and some others, being admirable, the rest very inferior.

Surely it would be no inconsiderable proof that classical taste and learning are cherished among us, if, in so important and honourable an undertaking, our printers should not merely rival, but even far excel those of Strasbourg, of Amsterdam, of Paris, and of Glasgow; and to enable them to do this, nothing is wanting but a liberal share of public patronage.

John Low, of New-York, will soon publish "*A History of the late War between the United States and Great Britain*," in 1 vol. 12mo.

Samuel R. Brown, of Cayuga, New-York, is preparing for the press, "*An Impartial History of the late War*," in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Editors of the Kentucky Palladium are making arrangements for publishing, "*A Complete History of the late War in the Western Country*."

Conrad & Co., Philadelphia, have in preparation for the press, "*A History of the late War*;" it will be printed in 4 vols. 8vo. ornamented with portraits, and with plans of the battles, and maps of the several seats of war.

Andrew Beers, of Danbury, is preparing for publication, a Gazetteer of Connecticut, on the plan of Spafford's Gazetteer of New-York.

C. Hosmer, of Hartford, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription a new statistical work by the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, a representative in congress from the state of Connecticut. It is entitled "*A Statistical view of the Commerce of the United States; its connexion with Agriculture and Manufactures, and an Account of the Public Debt, Revenue, and Tonnage of the United States; with a brief View of the Trade, Agriculture, and Manufactures of the Colonies, previous to their Independence. With numerous tables.*" It will be printed in one 8vo. volume of about 450 pages.

Dr. Cortilli, of New-York, has announced that he has ready for publication "*A Practical and Theoretical Essay on Fevers.*" It will form an 8vo. volume of 400 pages.

A society has recently been formed in Boston, bearing the name of the *Linnean Society of New-England*. Its principal object is to collect and arrange a Systematic Museum of Natural History, and especially of the natural productions of our own country. For this laudable purpose they request the contributions and assistance of every lover and student of natural knowledge.

Proposals have been issued in Albany for publishing a new monthly miscellany, entitled the "*Friend*," to contain original and select essays, biographical and historical sketches, reviews, &c. each number to consist of 24 pages, 8vo.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have lately published an edition of *Alison's Sermons*, of which a review was published in our January number. It is a handsome, well-printed volume.

E. Earle, of Philadelphia, has just published a handsome pocket edition of *Campbell's Poetical Works*. This very neat edition, beside some beautiful little poems by Campbell, which have been published in various forms, but never before collected and added to his other works, contains the biographical sketch of his life and literary character, which appeared in the March number of this Magazine.

We perceive with pleasure this new indication of Campbell's increasing popularity on this side the Atlantic. His writings are alike friendly to good morals and to good taste. He is, in our mind, the first of the poets of our own age—an age fertile, beyond example, in true poetry; though his beauties, especially in his later pieces, are not broad and glaring, but addressed chiefly to refined feeling, and cultivated taste. He has yet higher claims to honour. He has uniformly consecrated his fine talents to the interests of morals, of humanity and of freedom; he has never polluted with impurity the sacred fount of poetry, or poisoned it with false philosophy or false morality.

Now in the press of Van Winkle & Wiley, New-York, "*A Digest of the Cases decided in the Courts of the State of New-York from 1793, to October Term, 1812,*" by William Johnson, Esq. in one vol. 8vo.

Also preparing for the press "*Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Chancery of the State of New-York.*" Vol. 1st. by William Johnson, Esq. These Reports commence with the first decisions of Chancellor Kent, in that court, in March, 1814.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Germany has lately furnished a work on a subject hitherto equally perplexing, but not the less interesting to the learned and the ignorant. It is *A Treatise on Spontaneous Combustion*, by Dr. Kopp. Various instances have been mentioned, in which the entire body of a living man has been reduced to ashes, without having undergone the action of external fire. The hands and feet are usually the only parts which have escaped the general conflagration. It is remarkable, that of *seventeen* known cases of this extraordinary kind of death, not more than *one* man is known to *sixteen* women. A poet of Suabia has hence taken occasion to infer, that the fair sex is *sixteen* times more inflammable than their humble admirers. But poets have a privilege, of which it would be cruel to deprive them, and probably this disciple of Minerva was not aware that these fair damsels were arrived at an age when the escape of some part, of constitutional combustion, might fairly be presumed—*viz.* from 50 to 80 years of age. This argument is strengthened by reports that the said escape was compensated by a most ardent passion for the most ardent spirits—usually of that description known to the gods, under the name of *Aqua Vite*—its name among mortals has never been revealed by the classics.

Hitherto the cause of spontaneous inflammation has been referred to a superabundance of spirituous and ethereal particles diffused throughout the person, to which *external* fire has approached within striking distance, or immediate contact, whether by accident or inadvertency. Dr. Kopp, however, finds the cause of conflagration in *electricity* alone, principally in a time of dry weather, when the atmosphere is cool and serene. He asserts, that contact with certain animals which are themselves electric, such as the cat, the eel, the electrical eel, &c. is dangerous in the highest degree for—professed drunkards: he quotes terrible examples in proof of this.

Among other most marvellous instances, he says, An ancient governante, sitting on a bench in a garden, was amusing herself with stroking her cat, of which she was excessively fond, when suddenly a long blue flame issued from her mouth, the cat jumped away from her, and half an hour afterwards, the only remains to be found on the bench were a quantity of ashes. Alas! she had her failing;—but, peace to her manes! Nothing inferior in renown for her love of inspiring beverages was a woman cook, who was one day preparing eels for dinner; when her mistress sent for her to receive fresh orders, she could not be found; neither in the house nor out of the house—neither far nor near:—*electricity*—not *per se*, but in combination with brandy—had consumed her!!

THE NAVY.

Proceedings of a Court of Inquiry held to investigate the Causes of the loss of the Frigate President. 8vo. p. 52. New-York. Van Winkle and Wiley.

Though this pamphlet does not fall within the usual limits of criticism, yet, as it relates to a subject, upon which public feeling has been strongly and generally excited; and in which the character of our navy, and its officers, is deeply concerned, we cannot refrain from briefly noticing it. We feel it, too, to be a duty which we owe to the reputation of a brave and honourable man, to contribute in giving publicity to this judicial statement of his conduct; a statement by which the misrepresentations of the enemy are corrected, and the vague whispers of private malignity triumphantly refuted. In the course of this investigation, before a most respectable court, and conducted by a judge advocate of high legal reputation and ability, all the surviving officers of the *President* were examined; many of them generally known in the community as gentlemen of unimpeached honour and veracity, of intelligence, information, and high promise. Their evidence corroborates, in the strongest manner, the official statement of Commodore Decatur. It fully appears, that the *President*, on her leaving the port of New-York, struck upon the bar, where she received injuries by which her sailing was greatly impeded, and the effect was afterwards very visible on her arrival at Bermuda, where it was observed that she was much hogged and twisted. That in consequence of this accident, in spite of the skill and resources displayed by her commander, and the seamanship of her crew, she was at last come up with by the leading ship of the British squadron, the *Endymion*, a frigate of equal force with herself. That after a short action, within musket shot, the *Endymion* edged off, and hauled up for her companions, and her fire continued to slacken, at length firing only one or two guns every minute or two, and finally ceasing altogether. The other ships now coming up, the *President* left her; the *President* being then in perfect condition to make battle, whilst the *Endymion* was neither in a situation to pursue, or to manœuvre in action; and when the *President* hauled up, and presented her stern to the *Endymion*'s broadside, she did not fire a gun. That between two and three hours after, the *Endymion* being then seven miles astern, after receiving several broadsides from the *Pomone*, Commodore Decatur struck to the *Pomone* and *Tenedos* frigates, and the *Majestic* razee, the two former being close up with the *President*, within musket shot, and the other within gun-shot. In the whole body of testimony, there is scarce a shade of variance, except in that of the sailing master, and this goes to little more than mere matter of opinion on the propriety of the course of measures pursued in attempting to escape.

In short, it is impossible for any reader, however inexpert he may be in naval affairs, not to anticipate in his own judgment the opinion so strongly expressed by the court, "that if victory had met with its

common reward, the *Endymion's* name would have been added to our list of naval conquests; and in this unequal contest, if the enemy gained a ship, the victory was ours. That Commodore Decatur, as well during the chase, as through the contest, evinced great judgment and skill, perfect coolness, the most determined resolution and heroic courage; and that his conduct, and that of his officers and men, is highly honourable to the navy, and deserves the warmest gratitude of their country."

There is one circumstance so characteristic of the commodore, and so honourable to his crew, that it must not be omitted; and it cannot be better narrated than in the words of the court: "We think it due to Commodore Decatur, and his heroic officers and crew, to notice the proposition he made to board the *Endymion*, when he found she was coming up, (for the purpose of availing himself of her superior sailing to escape with his crew,) and the manner in which this proposition was received by his gallant crew. Such a design could only have been conceived by a soul without fear, and approved, with enthusiastic cheerings, by men regardless of danger."

The directness, the general intelligence, and the perfect coincidence of the evidence, as to every material point, is such as to leave the mind without the slightest shade of doubt as to the truth of their testimony—a conclusion which we think is, if possible, rendered more certain, by the evident reluctance, and personal hostility, of one of the witnesses.

The present publication is nothing more than a report of the proceedings of the court, together with the approbation of the Secretary of the Navy, &c. It certainly contains evidence enough, and more than enough, to justify the sentiments and opinions expressed by the court; if, however, more were wanted, it may be found in the account of the action drawn up and published at Bermuda, by the officers of the *Pomone*, which will be found to agree, in most particulars, with the statement of our officers. It differs only in representing the President as having struck to the *Pomone* alone, after the action with the *Endymion*, while the *Tenedos* was three miles astern; and this is a circumstance about which (as it was night, and in a moment of anxiety and confusion) fair and credible witnesses might easily differ. In fact, there can be no doubt on the subject: the President was taken by the British squadron, and not by the *Endymion*.

A Court of Inquiry has lately been held at New-York to investigate the conduct of Captain Elliot, in the battle on Lake Erie. It was called at the request of that officer himself, in consequence of some misrepresentations of his conduct in that action, contained in the proceedings of the British court-martial for the trial of Captain Barclay.

The opinion pronounced by the court is highly honourable to Captain Elliot.

We understand that the proceedings of this court will shortly be published.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR MAY 1815.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS.		SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.	
The Hunting of Badlewe, . . .	353	On the present State of Periodical,	
Anster Fair,	367	Criticism,	410
ORIGINAL.		POETRY.	
Biographical Sketch of the late Lieutenant Colonel James Lauderdale, 378		An Enigma,	437
The Chevalier Botta's "Storia della Guerra Americana,"	386	The Two Viziers,	438
Robert Fulton,	394	LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.	
Review of "The Life of the late General William Eaton,"	398	Domestic Literary Intelligence, .	439
		Foreign Literature and the Arts, .	440

The Hunting of Badlewe, a Dramatic Tale. 8vo. Edin. 1814.

[From the Scottish Review.]

THIS is indeed a most extraordinary production, in which the faults and the beauties are almost equally indications of no common-rate talents. The hitherto unknown author has marked out a path for himself with all the boldness at least, if not with all the originality, of Shakspeare. Those infringements of dramatic rules, or, in other words, those transgressions of probability and good taste, into which that master of the art was betrayed by ignorance, allured by indolence, or hurried by the fervours of an impetuous imagination, the author seems to have adopted from choice; and whilst he flounders, in company with his great master, through all the fragments of broken unities, he certainly comes nearer to him in his most daring and unequalled flights than perhaps *any* modern poet. In order, therefore, to convey some idea of his excellencies, we shall give a short outline of the story, with such extracts as in our judgment, tend to establish the truth of our opinion.

The scene opens with a conversation between Glen-Garnet and Kilmorack, who, as we learn from their own mouths, are part of a royal party of pleasure enjoying the amusement of stag-hunting in disguised dresses, and under feigned titles.

'Gar. This is a dull retreat!—What seek we here

Amid this waste where desolation scowls,

And the red torrent, brawling down the linn,

Vol. V. *New Series.*

Sings everlasting discord? where the mists,
 Drizzly and dank, hang lingering on the bosom
 Of the bleak wilderness; and winter's flag,
 White as the speck upon the North's cold cheek,
 Scutcheons the hill for ever?—Are our minds
 Estranged from reason's guidance, thus to tilt
 Against each principle and bold appeal
 She makes to manhood?' P. 1.

In the course of this dialogue, Badenoch, another of the disguised nobles, joins the party, and gives the following spirited account of his success in the chase:

'*Bad.* At first his horns I saw,
 Between me and the welkin, cut the wind;
 So swift, they whistled in't, and play'd and toss'd
 As light as the tall branchy fern when wav'd
 By summer gale.—My heart with ardour heav'd!
 Anon he came, and belted the green hill
 Swifter than ever raven scoop'd the air!
 Proud of his matchless speed, he snuff'd the wind,
 And bore his brow so high, as he disdain'd
 The earth and heaven. I aim'd afar before him;
 Just in the shadow of his bawsin'd ear
 The arrow stuck—headlong he fell, then, rising,
 Bolted aloft in air, as he would scale
The windows of the firmament. The bounds
 He made adown the steep were aimless quite;
 'Twas the last burst of life—the last exertion.
 He flounder'd oft, till in the mead below
 Grovelling he lay.—His slender limbs, convuls'd,
 Pawed the green sward, still struggling to proceed,
 But his fair head, disgrac'd and crimson-dyed,
 Refused to leave its flowery pillow more.' Pp. 4, 5.

The scaling of the windows of heaven is perhaps too lofty a simile for the *vaulting* of a wounded stag. From this conversation it appears that Badenoch, a licentious profligate, has a plot upon the virtue of Matilda, Lord Crawford's fair but proud and suspected wife, who is

'Elegant, comely, and tall,
 As is the poplar's stem; and her dark locks,
 Half curling o'er her eagle eye, appear
 Like ebon wreaths on polished ivory.' P. 7.

With whom the milder graces of Annabel, the daughter of Sir John Drummond, are finely contrasted by Kilmorack,

————— 'The chaste snow
 That falls o'er night, when neither smoke nor steam,
 No, not the smallest atom is afloat
 To grime its breast, is not more pure than she.' P. 8.

Badenoch, who is well named, after boasting of his seventeen mistresses, is found to be the seducer of Elenor, the daughter of the Earl of March, and who is now attending him in the dress and the character of a page. Annabel is pleased with the courtly manners and address of the knights, but particularly with Kilmorack. Sir Ronald, one of the party, in order to warn the unsuspecting Annabel of her lover's base designs, narrates the following beautiful incident:

'Once on a lovely day,—it was in spring,
I rested on the height of that dread cliff
That overlooks old Stirling. All was gay;
The birds sung sweet; the trees put forth their leaves,
So pale, that in the sun they look'd like blossoms:
The wild thyme and the violet deck'd the sward
On which I lay, scenting the air with sweets.
Some children wandered careless on the hill,
Selecting early flowers. My heart rejoic'd,
For all was glad around me. One sweet maid
Came tripping near, eyeing, with gladsome smile,
Each little flower that bloom'd upon the hill;
Nimbly she pick'd them, minding me of swan
That feeds upon the waste. I blest the girl!
She was not maid nor child, but of that age
'Twixt both, when purity of frame and soul
Awaken dreams of beauty born in heaven.
Deep in a little den, within the cliff,
A flowret caught her eye—it was a primrose
Fair flaunting in the sun. With eager haste,
Heedless of risk, she clamber'd down the steep,
Pluck'd the wish'd flower—and sigh'd; for when she saw
The depth she had descended, then she woke
To sense of danger. All her flowers she dropt,
And tried to gain the height, but tried in vain!
I hastened to her rescue; but, alas!
I came too late!

Anna. O God! and did she fall?

Rom. Yes, lady; far, far, down on rocks below
Her lovely slender form was found at rest!
I saw her, middle air, fall like a seraph
From out the firmament. The rooks and daws,
That fled their roost in thousands at the sight,
Curtain'd her exit from my palsied eye
And dizzy brain. O! never will that scene
Part from my heart; whene'er I would be sad,
I think of it.' Pp. 20—22.

Soon after this conversation, we find Lord March, in search of his runaway daughter Elenor, falling in with an honest-hearted shepherd, who makes him acquainted with her un-

happy story, and affords him shelter under his humble roof. With this shepherd Lord March holds the following interesting conversation:

‘*Shep.* If you had loved a wife, to you more dear
Than is your own existence, would you list
To see her very virtues, by the power
Of studied, deep deceit, turned to her bane,
And point to paths of ill? To see her love
Estranged from you, and her unweeting heart
Lured into slumbers of depravity?

Or say you had a daughter, knight, the child
Of your breathed vows; one bred beside your knee,
Who wont to sit thereon, and clasp your arm
In her young bosom, climb your chair, and throw
Her little arms around your neck, and kiss you!
Nay, say that daughter were your only hope,
The sole remaining comfort of your age,—
You tremble! had you ever a daughter, sir?

‘*Mar.* Yes, yes, O yes!—I had a daughter.

‘*Shep.* Then you can judge. But did you love that daughter?

‘*Mar.* Love her?—() yes; He who perceives the heart
Knows how I loved her.—(*Aside*) O eternal Heaven,
What bears he on? my soul’s in agony.

‘*Shep.* Could you endure to see that innocent
Vilely betrayed, disgraced, and then thrown out
Derisive on a cold injurious world?

Could you bear this, sir?—For my part I cannot;

No, and I will not bear it. I will go,

And dare such things!—What, are you weeping too!

Then you are good, and God will bless you for it.

‘*Mar.* Shepherd, I do much long to meet those men.

‘*Shep.* Then so do I. Come, we’ll go seek them straight.

‘*Mar.* I fain would balk discovery.—If thou

Wilt lend me thy attire, then will we go

And meet them forthwith.’ Pp. 45, 46.

The shepherd and earl, sallying out in search of Badenoch, March meets him in the pass,—they come to an explanation, fight, and, by the most infamous treachery, March is killed. The shepherd returns to his cottage and to Elenor—the now fatherless Elenor, betwixt whom and the old shepherd this conversation ensues:

‘*Elen.* Do not hear, nor see them coming, Sir?

‘*Old Shep.* They’ve not had time; they will be here anon.

Be comforted, dear lady.

‘*Elen.* The weight that hangs upon my heart to-night
Is all unbrookable—would it were broke!

The dead have peace and rest! Have they not, shepherd?

‘*Old Shep.* Yes, they have rest; peace to their souls,
Sweet lady.

'*Elen.* Their home is very still. Of all beyond
'Tis dangerous to conjecture. Mind is lost
On shoreless tides, or wanders darkling on
O'er vales immeasurable, till it shrinks
Back to the blaze of time, giddy and blind.
Yet they do sleep so sound, so peaceably,
So calm, so unmolesting, side by side,
No one to wrong them, and no sin to lure,
That I have often thought they were most happy
Whom the Eternal Wisdom chose to call,
In early life, from this most wicked world.
O yes, the dead are happy: I'll believe't
With my whole heart. Yes, yes, the dead are happy!

The scene soon after changes to the hall of Crawford, where Matilda expects the returning guests. Lord Crawford is missing; and, according to Badenoch's own boasting account, slain by him. Matilda, though struck with respect for his prowess, avows her abhorrence of her husband's murderer.

'*Mat.* Thou hast wrought horror, and my souls recoils
From thee and from thy love; yet I admire
Thy wondrous might!—What! Crawford, March,
Both in one day! I did not ween there lived
That man could match the arm of my Lord Crawford.
O, thou fell fiend! thou hast cut off a knight
Whom, though I loved not, yet am bold to say,
Scotland bears not his equal. Therefore list,—
Hope not to thrive in my affection hence:
Thou hast effaced thy image in my heart,
And placed before mine eye a soul deformed,
Bloated and stained with blood. All I concede
Is to keep silence till the event is proved.' Pp. 64, 65.

In the mean time Kilmorack is forming a scheme with Coucy to carry off Annabel from her father's castle—a request is sent for a last personal interview—which, notwithstanding the foolish advice of an ambitious mother, is refused; but, some how or other, Annabel goes out to meet her father, and falls into her faithless lover's hands, who after going through all the usual rounds of protestations, adjurations, and asseverations, without effect, has recourse to force, from which the lady is happily rescued by her guardian angel and protector, Sir Ronald.

In the mean time Sir John Drummond pays a visit of divination to the cave of Merlin, with the view of learning the fortunes of his house. This introduces a scene so truly original, that we cannot avoid putting our readers in possession of the most prominent parts of it.

SCENE IV.—*The Cave of Merlin.*

'The Sage is discovered asleep, dressed in a frock of sackcloth, and a white cap on his head; a large book lying open before him, with great red characters, and a dim lamp burning beside him.

'Enter Sir JOHN DRUMMOND.

'Drum. Hail to the central habitant who dwells
In this dread, hallowed, subterranean home,
Sacred to that which human power transcends!—
Hail to thee, mighty Merlin!—
What!—Asleep!
And ope before him that mysterious book
Which human eye hath never looked upon!
I'll have one peep, though it should freeze my blood.

(He goes to the book, looks at it, then starts, holds his head, and returns to the front of the stage.)

Ah! what is this? methought one single glance
Of these red characters beamed on my soul
With such refulgence, its whole powers were dazzled;
Its latent principles were waked anew,
Expanded like the halo of the moon
When wading from the dark and folding cloud,
And nigh had melted from my frame for ever!
(Pause.) Say that I took that wondrous book a while;
I should be wise as he,—haply much wiser!
'Tis a great prize!—I would not pilfer ought;
But knowledge is a treasure that should charm
All bars that circumscribe it into air.
Say, that no other way remains but this,
Which ever can reveal to mortal man
The mysteries of that book—all argument
Lags impotent!—Haply a week, a day,
May well suffice to open stores of wisdom
Yet sealed from man.—And such another chance
Ne'er to recur again!—I'll take the book.

(As Drummond retires with the book, thunder and lightning, and shades, like spirits, are seen gliding at the further end of the cave; and a voice is heard in a slow lamentable tone.)

'Voice. Wo be to thee, man, that ever thou wast born!

(Pause. Then groans and low tones of music are heard.)

'Voice. (As before) Awake!—awake!—O Merlin, awake!
Thou son of a thousand years!

(Groans and tones of music are again heard.)

'Enter CRAWFORD.

Cra. Heavens, what a dreadful coil! Hell has been here!
I heard strange sounds; and lo! a horseman past,
In mad and furious guise, away. The sage
Is fast asleep.—Ho! Merlin, rouse thyself;
The habitants of hell and earth are mixed
In tournament. Arise, and make division!

'*Mer. (Waking)* Out on thee, knight! What seek'st thou here! Begone.

I pity all thy follies, but to-night
I hold no talk with thy preposterous race.
I know thee; thou art slave unto a woman;—
That thing made up all the adverse grains
Of jarring elements and steams of hell;—
And thou art come to prate of her to me!
I say, begone!

'*Cra.* Great prophet! I'm an injured man, and came
To thee for insight and for counsel.

'*Mer.* Injured!—by whom?

'*Cra.* By some mysterious strangers;
But chiefly by a woman, whom I love.

'*Mer.* Ay, by a woman;—Injured by a woman!
I knew it.—It is very well with thee!

The man who takes that scorpion to his bosom,
Deserves the worst she can inflict.—Begone!

'*Cra.* I say I will not hence, till thou unfold
The book of fate, and tell me all my doom.

'*Merlin. (Looking, misses the book)* Where is my book?—
Wretch! hast thou touched that book?

'*Cra.* I touched it not; but ere I entered here
I heard unearthly voices, and I saw
A knight, with book in's arms, pass on so swift,
That he outrode the whirlwind, and brought back
The passing gale in's face. Adown the glen
His furious courser dashed the pebbled path
So fierce, it seemed to rain red fire around him,
And spatter from the earth.—Your book is gone!

'*Mer.* Gone! saidst thou? Wo, then, to the hapless man;
And woe to all that touch it!—Wo,—wo,—wo!
Nature will soon be in a stayless uproar,
And all the elements in roaring war.
Oh! there are openings in that volume, knight,
That mortal may not look upon and live!

'*Cra.* How, then, dost thou?

'*Mer.* Think'st thou the soul that animates this frame
Is mortal; or came to this world with me?
Ah, no! when first these mysteries I learned,
That melted from its earthly tenement,
And left this mould a moving, gaping corpse.

'*Cra.* O dreadful! dreadful!

'*Mer.* Seven days I lay or stalked in ghastly guise,
Void of all sense, of feeling, or of mind;—
My moveless visage held its idiot gaze,
And my two eyes, like globes of burnished glass,
Flung no reflecting image inwardly;
They would not wink even in the noon-day sun.

‘*Cra.* How was this vacancy of mind supplied?

‘*Mer.* The spirit, that now directs this faded form,
Lived ere the sun or stars of heaven were lighted;
Ere the broad world was in the centre fixed
Of yon great frame that ever spins around it,
Wheeled by the polar angels. She has journeyed
O’er the unpaled and diamond floors of heaven;
Has climbed the steep brows of the summer moon,
To mark her influence on things below;
Skimmed o’er her glossy seas, dreamed in her shades,
Winged the blue void, and sung the hymns of God
On yon green glimmering star.

‘*Cra.* Sire, my heart quakes, and all my blood runs cold,
Hearing thy words.—That awful book!—

‘*Mer.* I’ll tell thee, knight,
Some pages in that book, if read by man
Unused to guard with spell, will wake the dead!
Yes, you shall see the new swollen corpses rise;
Unbowelled forms in bloated winding sheets,
And ribbed skeletons, shall join the array,
With nerveless joints all clattering to the night!
Even the dark aisle and churchyard ground shall stir,
Heaving, like earthquake, with the struggling throes
Of crumbling bones and congregated dust!

(Moans, and tones of music, are heard.)

O God! the book is opened!—*(Pause.)*
One other page shall rend the firmament.

(Loud thunder with lightning.)

The tumult spreads amain!—What shall be done?
Where are my lingering spirits?—One leaf more,
And he that looks shall fall a senseless mass;
And yet that mass have motion!

(Loud groans, and deep tones of music, are heard.)

’Tis done! he’ll look no more!—O hapless man!—
Good knight, if thou hast pity in thy heart,
Or sett’st at aught the miseries of men,
Conduct me through this awful night, that I
That relic may regain.

‘*Cra.* With thee I fear not;
For thou can’st quell the boisterous elements:
But such a night by man was never braved! [*Exeunt.*]

‘SCENE V.—*A dark Glen.*

Enter CRAWFORD, leading MERLIN.

‘*Mer.* Where are we now?

‘*Cra.* We are past the linns of Tallo, and descend
Into the vale. Some habitation’s nigh.

‘*Mer.* See’st thou, (for my old eyes are dim,) where yon
Dark cloud impends, and all these thunders jar?

‘*Cra.* ’Tis not far hence.

Mer. There let us bend our course:

My book is there.—The sprites have done their work,
Spite of the fiends and enemies of man.
I'll tell thee, knight,—The great eternal Power
That holds the balance of the universe,
Is this dire night incensed; and sprites, that lie
Chained in the burning stars, have dashed abroad,
And with their bolts, blue-burning from the forge,
Whiz, boom, and rattle through the foldy night.' P. 76.

In continuation we find them at a shepherd's cottage:

Wom. Confusion is abroad! The world's last day,

The awful day that terminates our race,
Draws on apace!—Now is the change begun!
Had not the Eternal strengthened my weak heart,
That heart had sunk beneath th' united horrors
Of this dire night!—There lies my good old man:
This moment well, the next a ghastly corse!
And none but I, no living creature near me,
To close his eyes, or lay his lifeless form.
Here have we lived these many fleeting years;
We knew we had to part—we talked of it—
It came familiar, and we were resigned,
And loved each other better.—But the time,
And horror of the scene, what heart could brook!
The wandering rack of the night-heaven wheeled back
To one great vortex o'er my lonely cot;
The thunders poured their moddering voices forth,
Till the earth tottered, and the liquid flame
Hissed fluttering o'er the floor!—All this I stood.
Yet, desperately resolute as I was,
Methinks my head grew crazed, and my mind wandered;
For I remember, and the thought distracts,—
'Tis like a cold spear trembling in my breast,—
Methinks I saw the corpse rise from the bed,
And shake its head, and point with sightless gaze.

(Looking at the bed with horror.)

It cannot be! my senses are benumbed!
But O, that book! that awful book!—It was
No mortal man who left it in such horror.

*(Her eye turns to the bed; she starts, stands fixed in terror
for some time, then slowly lifts her eyes to heaven.)*

O everlasting Father, what is this?
Is nature all reversed? And shall the dead
Thus rise, and motion for their soul's return?—
I will be calm—what's life or death to me?
'Tis nature's last convulsion!

*(She kneels. Thunder and lightning. She appears for some
time in silent devotion, with her hands and eyes turned
towards heaven.—A loud knock at the door.)*

If you are beings of this world, approach,—
 Uplift the latch, and enter:—All is one!
 Or be you summoning angels, you are welcome;
 Come in! come in!—All's one! All's one!

Enter MERLIN, followed by CRAWFORD.

No, no!—No human being walks to-night!
 Whence art thou, grizly form?—Deliver straight
 Thy dread commission; I am ready.

‘*Mer.* My name is Merlin—this a friendly knight:
 Be not alarmed.

‘*Wom.* Art thou the old mysterious sage, who dwell'st
 Deep caverned in the wild, and walk'st the night,
 To read the heavens, hold converse with the stars,
 And to the dumb and bodiless creation
 Give earthly voice and semblancy of frame?
 I fear thee not!—All is confusion here.

‘*Mer.* Woman, thy speech is born of agony;
 What so distracts thee?

‘*Wom.* There my husband lies,
 Struck lifeless in a moment!—That's not all—
 Once and again that pallid form arose,
 Shook its gray locks, and wagged its head at me.

‘*Mer.* O hapless, hapless man!—Saw you a book?

‘*Wom.* Yes; sure I did:—know'st thou aught of that book?
*(As she mentions the book, they all start, and look at
 the bed with horror.)*

‘*Mer.* See this and tremble, knight.—In that same state
 Was I for days and nights.—Woman, bring me the book;—
 All shall be well.

*(As she brings the book, a dressed corpse is seen to stalk across
 the further end of the stage; it goes off a few seconds, then
 returns to the bed. They seem terrified, and cling to Merlin.)*

‘*Cra.* Great Sire, can that form live again?

‘*Mer.* Ah, no!—not till the awful day of retribution.
 The human soul is from that body fled,
 Mixed with the pure celestial flame that burns
 In other worlds, fed by the vital sparks
 Which human beings nurse;—from that beatitude
 'Tis now inseparable. Should other spirit,
 Commissioned, come to animate his frame,
 Unhappy he! I would not undergo
 That I have done, for empire of the earth.
 I've been estranged from this world where I dwell,
 Holding communion with another where
 I was not habitant, and with its dwellers,
 Of whom I was not one.

‘*Wom.* Hast thou no charm, no power to lay the dead.
 And make cold dust lie still?

‘*Mer.* Yes: would to heaven I could as easily

Lay this old form to rest as I can his!

(He takes a cross from under his frock, goes to the bed, and is heard repeating these words:)

Cæli fulgentes domus nondum reclusæ sunt:
quiesce,—dormi, donec te Redemptor e tenebris experget.
Peace to his soul!—Now he's at peace for ever.

Good woman, say, how camest thou by that book?

'Wom. Just as the darkness fell, there came one in,
A knight; he seemed with shuddering horror pale;
No word he spake, but left the book and fled.
The storm was on.—My husband oped the book,
For he could read;—And aye the thunder roared—
And aye he read and read. His looks were changed,
And seemed unearthly;—nigher, nigher still
The storm approached; but he regarded not,
But read and read; till, with a cry that spoke
Unspeakable amaze, backward he fell,
And grasping with his hands, as if to hold
Something that would not stay, that instant died.' P. 83.

Merlin, after revealing the high destiny of Sir John's house, undergoes a final change, and evanishes. Sir John Drummond thus relates his extraordinary adventure to his wife:

'Drum. I saw, and felt malignant spirits' power:
A light old book grew heavier than a rock;
Low voices moaned within it; beings ran
Vengeful around me. My good steed they scared
A thousand times; drove him o'er steep, o'er crag,
In lake, in fen. They tittered in my ears;
And scattered burning sulphur in my path.
I yielded up the prize;—a prize by which
I might have moved the world; but not before
All the wild spirits round the mundane sphere,
That swim the cloud, or pace the liquid air,
Were in commotion. That rash deed of mine
Hath given them power over my Annabel.
Now all my hope in this vain world is lost;
And I'll go mourning to the grave for her.' P. 94.

In the mean time Sir Ronald arrives with Sir John's daughter, whom he had rescued, and whom, after due deliberation, and some preparatory conversation with her father, he marries, immediately before setting off to the court at Linlithgow, from whence he promises to return in due time for his bride. The plot now begins to thicken.—Crawford, habited as an old friar, arrives at his own domains, where he meets with the seducer of his wife, Badenoch; upon which some conversation ensues. Whilst Crawford continues here on the watch, he is accosted by the shepherd in search of Elenor, who had run mad.

'*Shep.* 'Tis well remembered.—I am come in search
Of a poor damsel, whom mishap hath reft
Of her true mind.—She had been raving much
Of this same castle;—of its dame;—and one
Who robbed her of her all.—Escaped o'er night,
Her steps I this way traced, and she was seen
Enter this glen. Have you observed her, sire?

'*Friar.* I saw a beauteous country maiden stand
Upon the margin of yon rippling stream,
In strange fantastic mood, most pitiable.
Her fading cheek was on her shoulder leaned;
Her lips just parted, and her full blue eyes
Pointed inquisitive into the air,
Where nought was to be seen: Yet she there saw
Something by wild imagination framed;
For still more fixed and curious grew her look,
Till, by degrees, her hand stole from her breast,
Where it was placed, as with intent to hold
The trembling heart within its citadel,
Moved imperceptibly into the air,
Till it was pointed at the very aim
On which her eye was bent.—Then all at once
She pulled a flower, and steeped it in the brook;
Washing her fair hands with such frantic haste
As if the water of the stream were boiling.
She's not far hence; we'll seek her conjunctly. [*Exeunt.*]

'SCENE III.—*Another part of the Glen.*

Enter ELENOR in a fantastic russet dress, carrying some flowers; she looks ruefully upward, and motions as with intent of extinguishing a light.

'*Elen.* Will none take pity on me, and put out
That little lamp, or turn it to one side?
Wilt thou not do it? were't in other point
Than just the zenith, I could bear with it;
But there it burns, and burns, and burns,
And my poor head burns with it!
Who hung it there, or how it comes suspended
So close above my head, I cannot learn;
But it torments me. Oh, sway it aside
One little inch! That is a small request,—
Yet none will do it!—Yes, I know thou wilt;
For thou art kind,—kind,—kind,—kind!—
Now,—now,—now,—now,—now;—
Uh!—uh!—uh!—There it is off.
Now I am well;—quite well!—O, what a weight
Is from my heart! 'Tis light,—light!

(Laughs feebly and frantically; it dwindles to a kind of crying: comes forward, and sits down in a feeble convulsion of laughter.)

I cannot help laughing at the conceit of the poppy being a lord. It was so like! like!—(*Laughs, and selects a daisy*). It was in hard circumstances the little virgin-flower, for it had no one to defend or protect it—it said, no; and the tear was in its eye.—What could it do more, when it said no, no, to the last? And it wept too. (*Weeps*)—Then it laid down its head and died! (*Weeping and sobbing.*)

Enter Shepherd and Friar.

‘*Shep.* Elen!—Why sitt’st thou weeping here alone
Over a faded flower?

‘*Elen.* Dost thou not see
How all the virgin gold with its bosom
Is stolen away; and all the blushy hues
That tinged its cheek? O, I *must* weep for it!

‘*Friar.* Kind Heaven restore her! She’s a gentle dame.
And is’t all true that thou hast said of her?
Seduced, maltreated, spurned away indignant
For a new flame! Her father foully murdered!

‘*Shep.* All by this upstart lord, who governs here.
O sire, hast thou no influence with Heaven,
Whose justice stands arraigned by such misdeeds?
Canst thou not bring the forked bolt adown;
Or make the earth to ope her furnaced jaws,
And gorge him to the centre?” Pp. 107—110.

We do not remember any description of madness which can at all be compared with this.—The infamous Badenoch, in order to impose upon the friar, holds dalliance with a female whom Crawford imagines to be his wife; but an interview betwixt Badenoch and Crawford ensues, which leads to a duel, in which Badenoch is slain, and with his last breath attests the innocence of Matilda. She is consequently restored to her husband’s affection, and suffered to end her days in peace.

Annabel, who had been married to Sir Ronald, is now found, along with her father, in “durance vile.” They have appealed to the king for justice upon the absconded knight, and, after some confinement and uncertainty, are given to understand that, in order to obtain redress, they must in public court identify the person of Sir Ronald.—The trial arrives—the father and daughter are introduced—look round the hall—and, after being reduced to the very extremity of despair, observe what follows:

‘*Drum.* O daughter, fears for thee have so benumbed me,
I can’t distinguish one lord from another!

‘*Anna.* I noted some I knew for nothing good.
Sir Ronald is not there; or if he is,
I do not know him.

‘*Drum.* Then all is over!—I’ll move heaven and earth
For thee, my Annabel.

(*They turn to the king: Drum. kneels.*)

O gracious king,
Behold a doating, a distressed old man,
And this poor harmless maiden, with compassion!
When thou becom'st a parent, thou may'st feel
What I now suffer—

(The king rises much agitated; Annabel screams, then exclaims,)

'Anna. Sir Ronald!

'Drum. *(Starting up)* What dost thou mean, fond girl?
Sir Ronald!—Where is Sir Ronald?

'Anna. The—the—king—*(Leans on Drummond's bosom. The king comes down, and takes Annabel's hand.)*

'King. My love! my beauteous Annabel, forgive me!

Yes, Annabel, Sir Ronald is the king,—
Fair Scotland's king,—who has not now done that
He blushes to acknowledge.—*(Seating her by his side.)*
Thou art my queen!

For love, and not for state, thou wedded'st me;
Therefore I love and value thee the more.
Thy sovereign is thy husband, Annabel:—
My dames and nobles all, this is your queen.

(All come forward, and make obeisance at once.)

'Omnes. Long life to our good king and beauteous queen!

King Robert and queen Annabel of Scotland!

(Drummond runs up greatly agitated; kneels at their knees, taking hold of their hands.—Curtain drops.)

Enough has been quoted, if we may judge from our own feelings, fully to justify our original position; enough to prove that the author is no common man—and that, with the aid of experience, and mature judgment and taste, there is no degree of excellence which he may not hope to attain. At the same time, we, who are, of course, less liable than other men to be misled by the ardour and extravagances of imagination,—we who sit above the feculence and fermentation of inspiration, would timely admonish him of the sin which most early besets him—the false sublime; or, in one word, the bombast:

'He outrode the whirlwind, and brought back
The passing gale in's face.'—————

Again:

————— 'Then, rising,
Bolted aloft in air, as he would scale
The windows of the firmament.'—————

In point of indelicacy and silliness, nothing can exceed the following stupid enumeration of the mistresses of Badenoch:

'Bad. Let me see,—*(counting his fingers slowly, pausing, and shaking his head.)*

‘*Kil.* Again go over them. What! only those?
No more than seventeen? Right moderate!’

The resolution of the shepherd to punish Badenoch might, we imagine, have been expressed in more dignified and appropriate language.

The following line is any thing but poetry:

‘*Shep.* Thou shalt have suit of mine.—Come home with me.’

The mock heroic is fully caricatured in this expression:

‘*Ron.* How hap’d this bloody stern monomachy?’

But after all, there is, we do not say a redeeming, but we affirm there is a preponderating quality, in the great merits of this little dramatic essay, which demands our highest approbation.—Let our author proceed in the track he has traced for himself—let him follow the bent of his own genius, which, though not faultless, is truly original—let him even commit sins of the most anti-unitarian description—let him write, in short, according to the impulse of his own mind, provided he continue to afford us such incontestable evidence of his chartered claims on the name and privileges of a poet.

Anster Fair: A Poem in Six Cantos; with other Poems. 8vo.
Edin. 1814.

[From the Scottish Review.]

ALTHOUGH the author of this volume has not put his name on the title-page, the bookbinder has announced, by a placard on the outside, that it is the production of ‘W. TENNANT.’ Whether he be some ’squire whose name has not previously been known to the public, or some inspired shepherd, we cannot conjecture; and having read the contents of the book in perfect ignorance of the *status* which the person by whom it is written holds in society, we shall express honestly the opinion we have formed of its intrinsic merits, without reference to his possible eminence, or humbleness of condition.

The principle poem in this volume seems to be a poetical illustration of the old song ‘Maggy Lauder.’ With that song the most superfine critic and the most rustic reader in Scotland must be quite familiar from his youth upwards. The catastrophe of that ballad is not, as far as we recollect, of the most moving description. Like all poetry, however, it is no doubt a little figurative; but, taking its literal meaning, the burden of that song is an interview betwixt a good piper and

an Anster lass, who relished his play, danced heartily to his music, and invited him to '*spier*' for her if he should again visit an 'Anster fair.' This slender foundation is the basis of an epic poem in six cantos, containing above 3000 lines, and filling 240 pages of letter-press. The author has not guided us through his long track of fairy land by a prefatory *argument*; and, therefore, before saying one word in praise or in censure, we shall give an account of the fable as well as we can in plain prose.

Maggy Lauder, a well *tochered* lass in the neighbourhood of Anster, (Anstruther,) in Fife, of a comely person, and possessed of sundry other qualifications fitting her to be the subject of song, was, it seems, sorely pressed by divers lovers to give her hand in wedlock. Being of a constitution which inclined her not to think of fanning the vestal flame, she employed herself one evening in picking the breast-bone of a hen, and cogitating on the merits of her numerous suitors, when, to her great surprise, a very pretty little gentleman, of the fairy breed, leaped out of her mustard-pot, and, after paying his devoirs with all the grace of a preternatural being, he advised her to adopt a mode of selecting a husband for the comfort of her body and mind. The advice which this monitor gives is, that she shall issue a proclamation to all the king's lieges, (we have forgotten to mention, that these important events are supposed to have occurred in the reign of James V.) who have any desires towards her, to come to the Anster fair, and, by a fair competition in certain arts and sciences, to settle their pretensions to her hand. After playing upon a very pretty little pair of bagpipes some very fine music, to which the lady danced alone until she was tired, the piper, in a most poetical manner, again entered into his elegant retirement, the mustard pot. Maggy 'slept and waked' upon the business, and then issued an advertisement through the whole kingdom, that all who felt any inclination to be honoured with her hand must come to the fair, and gain her heart and person by superiority in riding an ass-race—by running a sack-race—by playing the bagpipe best—and by telling the best story. In consequence of this notification, the king himself and all the world came to the fair, and the competition commenced. A youth from the border, whose real name was Robert Scott, but who, like the thieves of the present day, had another, *alias* Rob the Ranter, having had certain supernatural intimations, which we must not yet reveal, won the ass-race by means of an excellent donkey. He also won the sack-race, being strengthened in the good work by some secret influence, and being only opposed seriously by an Edinburgh lawyer, who,

under the direction of the devil, like all his tribe, first played foul game, by making a hole in his sack, out of which he put a foot in running, and then defended the trick *viva voce*, until the majesty of the people decided against him. Rob gained the piping prize too, but not very honourably; for some sprite sent a ball of fire which burnt the bags of all the other pipers, and left to Rob alone a sound instrument. He played up his chanter, which 'discoursed' most eloquent music, so movingly, that the king and all his subjects convened, danced themselves into breathlessness and perspiration, and his majesty could scarcely give directions about the last feat—the tale-telling. Rob, however, true to the border lyre, and the minstrelsy thereof, told a long cock-and-a-bull story about the celebrated wizard Michael Scott, the main facts of which were, that a bull tore off a lover's nose with its horn, while the said lover attempted to rescue his mistress from being gored by the brute: that the lady was unkind to the noseless youth, and received the attentions of another person; that she was patronised by the wizard, who was converted into a hare one day as he sat, in great state, carving at table, by virtue of a violent knock on the scull with a long stick; that the said wizard found refuge in a *jaw hole* (common sewer) from canine pursuit; that the lady was afterwards mortified for slighting her lover, by having her nose elongated in company so much as to drop into her plate of broth, and by getting a hump on her back through the power necromancy. The moral of the tale is, that a lady should never jilt a gentleman. There is no competitor of the rhyming race, and Rob gains the prize, not so much on account of the excellence of his lay, as of the want of opposition. The fair is proclaimed at an end; the crowds move off to their respective places of abode; and the king and the victorious lover accompany Maggy to her house, where the long story closes with a supper.

At supper the happy Mr. Scott makes a speech to the king, and honestly confesses that he was *inspired* in his pursuit of Maggy, and that, when the mustard-pot proclamation reached him, a fairy lady, from his pepper-box, had directed him how to proceed. To corroborate his story, and to check the titters which were beginning to break upon him when he produced the wonderful pepper-box, Maggy's mustard-pot and his said pepper-box both begin to cut capers on the table-cloth, and, skipping through among the plates, approximate one another, to the great astonishment of all the beholders; and, on reaching the middle of the table, out start from their different prison-houses Mr. and Mrs. Puck, the two fairies who had directed

the whole of this sublime drama. After various evolutions the plot is fully unravelled. These two fairies had, it seems, offended the arch wizard Michael Scott, (who was turned into a hare, as above mentioned,) and he in revenge had put the husband, after a beating on the breech, into the mustard-pot, and the lady into the pepper-box, declaring that they should not again be conubially united until the handsomest lad and lass in Scotland should be man and wife. In order to effect the deliverance of her subjects from their durance, the Queen of the Fairies guided the consecrated vessels aright into good hands, and suggested to the prisoners the plan of Anster fair; and to accomplish the outlet of Tom and Mrs. Puck, it was necessary that Mr. and Mrs. Ranter should be proclaimed man and wife with trumpets. After the particulars are told, after the little man and wife hug one another, and the health of Mr. and Mrs. Puck is toasted by the festive prince of that day with three times three, we hear no more of the bride and bridegroom, who are most delicately left to themselves without farther notice; and the great and celebrated city of Anster is described to have been as gay that night as London itself could possibly be on some recent occasions—huzzas, illuminations, and all the et ceteras of modern rejoicing abounded—save and except always a sea fight on shore.

Such is the burden of this song; and it really bids defiance to criticism. The author of it is evidently a man of considerable poetical genius, or we would not have taken the trouble to write a syllable about his production; but he has been miserably misguided by some propensity for which we cannot account. It is quite impossible, for us at least, to discover what his object was in writing this thing; whether he meant seriously to write a burlesque on poetry, or only to give a ludicrous, because an incongruous, picture of scenes which *might possibly exist*, blended with as much of the marvellous and unnatural as to prove that he possessed an *original* fancy, and could work with the machinery of other ages. Perhaps he had no very well defined purpose in his mind; but, at any rate, we are not so acute as to discover whether Anster Fair is written in sheer mockery of all poets and poetry, or with the view of painting nature, or something like it. It is an incomprehensible, and, in our estimation, a puerile jumble. Let us not be thought harsh, because we do not give unmeasured and indiscriminate praise; for criticism of that kind no author ought to thank us; and though we shall by-and-by most willingly give this author the praise to which we think him really entitled, false delicacy, affectation of tenderness, shall not deter us from objecting to faults which are not indeed peculiar to him, but to which he has put in his

claim for an ample share. We cannot afford room for a minute criticism, but shall limit our remarks to the characteristic qualities of the 'Anster Fair.'

And, first, as to the general structure and nature of the fable; really, after stripping it of the obscurity through which it toils in many a stanza—after telling in prose all that is told in verse, it turns out to be quite a *hoax*. A poem at this time of day, in which the grand agents are fairies, or other preternatural beings, is quite intolerable: in that respect it is not now even admissible into the nursery, or rustic winter evenings' entertainment; for all the legend-mongers, the prosing old women who are wont to fill the hearts of children with alarm at the sight of their own shadows, and to disorder the heads of grown children with extravagant stories of witches, and warlocks, and hobgoblins, have died out, and a plain, natural, and rational race has arisen, who have no relish for romances of the incredible kind. There must be something at least natural in the frame of modern poetry; and, except the border race of bards, no man now dreams of shocking the public taste with the superstitions and fooleries of ruder times. Even those who are the warmest advocates of the fays, and wizards, and water-kelpies, are compelled to confess that it is not to those appendages that the readers of Mr. Scott and his fraternity give one atom of their admiration. That a man of poetical genius can impart a charm to the most absurd, unnatural, and outrageous fictions, by the decorations which his fancy throws around them, is most true; but still those characteristics are defects, they lessen the delight of the reader, and destroy, in a great measure, that full effect which a purer taste and the same genius would have conferred. The province of poetry is undoubtedly to please; but it is to please in the very highest degree of which it is capable; and, therefore, every circumstance which tends to diminish the pleasure arising from poetical inventions—every thing monstrous in conception—every thing incongruous in execution—every thing that violates the natural, permanent, and universal feelings of mankind, is an abatement of the excellence which commands universal approbation in any poetical composition. We are quite aware of certain canons in criticism which hold preternatural agency indispensable to epic poetry; and some people, perhaps, would deem it quite anti-Homeric to move in epic measures without the aid of machinery worked by the gods, or other local and temporary objects of superstition. But, holding all criticism, as well as poetry, amenable to the same tribunal—undistorted and cultivated rationality—we must resolutely turn our backs on any dogmas which militate against nature. It is not the

gods of Homer that are the objects of modern poetic idolatry; it is the soul that animates the whole frame of his Iliad by which the admiration of all ages is led captive. It is not Milton's hellish spirits, embodied in attributes of mortality, in whom we *naturally* take an interest; we are hurried along by the torrent-power of his imagination, until we forget our first strong repugnance to have faith in the existence of the beings created by his fancy. But these are the master-minds of the world. Who dare follow in their path?—Mr. Walter Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, gravely employs a hunchbacked animal, of the spirit kind, (we forget both the name and species) to extricate the events of his fable; but did any person ever read that poem without being disgusted with the silly conceit? Some people, we believe, are so peculiarly constituted, that the very name of a baron's hall, or of a witch, forthwith fills their minds with images which they mistake for poetical, and a set of barbarous jangling words and rhymes, about an Abbey or a *Donjon*, awaken associations which seem to lead, by an invisible path, to fairy land. But this is a diseased and perishable taste, created by vulgar, local, and individual habits. Who, beyond the influence of little coteries and fleeting fashions, can swallow the garbage in the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, as poetry fitted to delight in the nineteenth century, or endure the plagiarisms and imitations to which that collection has given birth? Those relics are interesting undoubtedly as characteristical of other times; but to build a new school, as it is called, on such a basis, is, to say the least of it, building on a foundation of sand; it is indeed, almost already swept away: for legendary tales are now so common and so bad, that they are quite out of fashion; and so many hop-step-and-leap poetasters pass before the public eye, that they move into oblivion with a rapidity only equalled by that of their poetical appearances. As an illustration of our doctrine, we would merely appeal to every reader of Mr. Scott's poetry, whether, in recurring to a perusal of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, (for example,) he does not uniformly and instinctively open the book at the description of Melrose Abbey, the apostrophe to Caledonia, or some of those pages in which the face and the feelings of nature are delineated, and pass over, in disgust or forgetfulness, the baser trash of incomprehensible and mystical superstition? Who now thinks of the raw-head and bloody-bone ballads of Germany, or of Mr. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*? Who reads them twice, or sympathizes with the authors of such productions? A poet may, from adventitious circumstances, and especially if he possess any poetical talent, attract fleeting notice even for splendid absurdities and extravagant nonsense;

and a great poet may, like Shakspeare. with his witches in Macbeth, employ the superstitions of his own age as powerful agents to operate on the minds of cotemporary believers; but the immortal attributes of poetry, those which charm all minds in all ages and in all countries, court not an alliance with *obsolete* local mythologies, and manners, and vulgarities. Upon these grounds, therefore, we apprehend Mr. Tennant has selected his poetical theme and machinery, almost as injudiciously as if he had given us a poem in which all the Heathen gods had flourished, and all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the golden age had piped and made love in English rhyme couplets. This objectionable character, as a whole, seems to us to preclude all chance of Anster Fair ever attaining notice beyond the Good Town, or the little circle of determined admirers whom every man, perhaps, that ever wrote a line may reckon upon; but Mr. Tennant would do well not to expect acclamations from the polite mob in the rude republic of letters; and we would advise him, should he indulge himself in the amusement of writing poetry, to devote his thoughts to subjects more likely to be acceptable, and evidently better fitted to the display of the talents he possesses. In the few specimens which we shall subjoin, our readers will easily perceive no inconsiderable portion of poetical feeling; but they will also see it blended and confounded with the most indiscriminate combinations of ribaldry, coarseness, and illegitimate wit.

Mr. Tennant's intention is evidently to be very humorous; but he has egregiously mistaken his powers, we think, as well as the sources of what he aims at possessing. Through the whole of his poem he perpetually substitutes what is really in its own nature essentially and incorruptibly elevated for the mock heroic; and by uniting images of the very finest and most enchanting description with mean thoughts, words, and deeds, he produces pictures not in the least degree amusing, but, on the contrary, quite unsatisfactory as unnatural combinations. It is not by the mere mixture of sublime and vulgar images that ludicrous thoughts are engendered; the false sublime and its kindred bathos well combined seldom fail; but Mr. Tennant seems to make no distinction. He often introduces good descriptions of natural scenery and circumstances, which are and can only be of the grave and sober kind, and might form a part of a most solemn tragic poem; but in a moment some incongruous thought is excited by the intrusion of a word or a combination utterly unsuitable; and we feel the disappointment which arises from being unable to admire what, in other circumstances, would be admirable, or to laugh at a conceit which,

if introduced into proper company, might produce such an emotion. Anster Fair is, to us, entirely destitute of genuine humour; it is often too *fine* for the subject; and it is by far too long, and too pompous in its versification, for a *funny* delineation of a vulgar and commonplace scene. Ferguson's Leith Races, and Burns's Holy Fair, are exquisite specimens of this kind of poetry; even Butler himself overwhelms us with the never-ending flash of his Hudibras: we tire of a long continued application of the most exquisite stimuli. These remarks are not written in ill-nature, or with any view to chill the rising fervour and hope of a young poet. We have much more delight in giving praise than in finding fault; and much more pleasure in contemplating the aspirations and the efforts of unknown genius, than in puffing the tradesman-like productions of fashionable bards. We shall not fill our pages with notes about heavy lines, false quantities, and ill-applied words and phrases; but request our readers to judge of the whole from a few of the *best* stanzas. We take leave of our author with the belief that he will trace in these remarks not merely a friendly remonstrance against wasting his strength in an ignoble field of poetry, but some encouragement to traverse those regions of nature which Goldsmith, and Thomson, and Burns, and Beattie, and Campbell, have consecrated as the true scenes of poetical enchantment. We wish he could cancel Anster Fair, were it not for the poetical mind which it discloses; but we exhort the author in future to avoid writing a long poem, aspiring to humour, in the Spenserian stanza; and, above all things, to divorce from his poetic embraces the Fairy Queen and her entire suit of attendants.

‘I wish I had a cottage, snug and neat,
 Upon the top of many-fountain'd dide,
 That I might thence in holy fervour greet
 The *bright gown'd* morning tripping up her side;
 And when the low sun's glory-buskin'd feet
 Walk on the blue wave of the *Ægean* tide,
 O, I would kneel me down, and worship there
 The God who garnish'd out a world so bright and fair.
 ‘The *saffron-elbow'd* morning up the slope
 Of heav'n *canaries* in her *jewell'd* shoes,
 And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
 Her *golden apron* dripping kindly dews;
 And never, since she first began to *hop*
 Up *heaven's blue causeway*, of her beams profuse,
 Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
 As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

‘Round through the vast circumference of sky
 One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
 Save in the east some fleeces bright of die,
 That stripe the *hem* of heav’n with woolly gold,
 Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
 Lolling, in amaranthine flow’rs enrolled,
 That they may spy the precious light of God,
 Flung from the blessed east o’er the fair earth abroad.

‘The fair earth laughs through all her boundless range,
 Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
 City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
 Gilt as with nature’s purest leaf-gold seem;
 The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
 Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
 And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
 Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

‘Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
 Full merrily the little sky-larks spring,
 And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
 Mount to the heaven’s blue key-stone flickering:
 They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
 And hail the genial light, and cheerly sing;
 Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

‘For when the first up-sloping ray was flung
 On Anster steeple’s swallow harb’ring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling loud without a stop;
For toilingly each bitter beadle swung,
Ev’n till he smok’d with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster fair with tinkle-tankling din.

* * * * *
 ‘Upon a little dappled nag, whose mane
 Seem’d to have robb’d the steeds of Phaeton,
 Whose bit, and pad, and fairly-fashion’d rein,
 With silvery adornments richly shone,
 Came Maggie Lauder forth, enwheel’d with train
 Of knights and lairds around her trotting on:
 At James’ right hand she rode, a beauteous bride,
 That well deserv’d to go by haughtiest monarch’s side.

* * * * *
 ‘Each little step her trampling palfrey took
 Shak’d her majestic person into grace,
 And, as at times his glossy sides she strook
 Endearingly with whip’s green silken lace,
 (The prancer seem’d to court such kind rebuke,
 Loit’ring with wilful tardiness of pace;)
 By Jove, the very waving of her arm
 Had power a brutish lout t’ unbrutify and charm!

' Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
 The dawning sun delights to rest his rays;
 Compar'd with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
 With flaunting roses, had resign'd its praise;
 For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
 Mocking the morn and witching men to gaze;
 And he that gaz'd with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice bak'd beneath the pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
 Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
 And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling:
 The piping silly zephyrs vied t' infold
 The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
 And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
 And play'd at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

* * * * *
 ' Meantime, the rabblement, with fav'ring shout,
 And clapping hand, set up so loud a din,
 As almost with stark terror frighted out
Each ass's soul from his partic'lar skin:
 Battered the bursts of laughter round about;
 Grinn'd every phiz with mirth's peculiar grin;
 As through the loan they saw the cuddies awkward
 Bustling some straight, some thwart, some forward, and
 some backward.

' As when the clouds, by gusty whirlwind riven,
 And *whipt'd* into confusion pitchy-black,
 Detach'd, fly diverse round the cope of heaven,
 Reeling and jostling in uncertain rack,
 And some are northward, some are southward driven
 With storm embroiling all the zodiac,
 Till the clash'd clouds send out the fiery flash,
 And peals, with awful roll, the long loud thunder crash.
Just in such foul confusion and alarm

Jostle the cuddies with rebellious mind,
 All drench'd with sweat, internally so warm,
 They loudly bray before, and *belch behind:*
 But who is yon, the foremost of the swarm,
 That scampers fleetly as the rain-raw wind?
 'Tis Robert Scott, if I can trust my een;
 I know the bord'rer well by his long coat of green.

* * * * *
 ' With hats upon their heads they down did light,
 Withouten hats disgracefully they rose;
 Clean were their faces ere they fell and bright,
 But dirty-fac'd they got up on their toes;
 Strong were their sinews ere they fell and tight,
Hip-shot they stood up, sprain'd with many woes;

Blithe were their aspects ere the ground they took,
Grim louting rose they up, with crabbed ghastful look.

‘And, to augment their sorrow and their shame,

A hail abhorr’d of nauseous rotten eggs,

In rascal volleys from the rabble came

Opprobrious, on their bellies, heads, and legs,
Smearing with slime that ill their clothes became,

Whereby they *stunk like wash-polluted pigs*;

For in each sputt’ring shell a juice was found,

Foul as the dribbling pus of Philoctetes’ wound.

‘Ah then with grievous limp along the ground,

They sought their hats that had so flown away,

And some were, cuff’d and much disaster’d, found,

And haply some not found unto this day:

Meanwhile, with vast and undiminish’d bound,

Sheer through the bestial wreck and disarray,

The brute of Mesopotam hurries on,

And in his madding speed *devours* the trembling loan.

‘Speed, cuddy, speed—one short, short minute more,

And finish’d is thy toil, and won the race—

Now—one half minute and thy toils are o’er—

His toils are o’er and he has gain’d the base!

He shakes his tail, the conscious conqueror;

Joy peeps through his stupidity of face;

He seems to wait the monarch’s approbation,

As quiver his long ears with self-congratulation.’—*Canto 3.*

With these specimens of Anster fair, we take our leave of it; and if our estimate of its merits be erroneous, we shall be happy to find it corrected by public opinion.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES LAUDERDALE,
OF TENNESSEE.

[For the *Analectic Magazine*.]

WHEN a brave and good man falls in the cause of his country, the memory of his virtues ought not to perish with him. By preserving a memorial of his worth and valour, we furnish to the living both a motive and a model for imitation. When to this consideration is added, the strong feeling of personal friendship, no other reason need be given for offering to the world a brief biographical sketch of the late Colonel Lauderdale, who bravely fell in the memorable battle of *Bienvenu*, on the night of the 23d of December, 1814.

This patriotic soldier was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the most ancient and respectable families of that state. He was bred a land surveyor, and having removed with his father's family to West Tennessee, he there acquired by the accuracy of his professional knowledge and his habits of attentive industry, a handsome competency. Although no man enjoyed with more sensibility the pleasures of social life, yet his ardent and high-reaching mind panted for a wider field of action—for scenes of glory and brilliant achievement. At length in 1803, when a large body of militia was ordered from Tennessee and the Mississippi Territory, to take possession of Louisiana, Lauderdale, with that zeal which ever characterized him, joined a company of militia and marched as far as Natchez by land; when it was discovered that the ceded terri-

tory, contrary to expectation, was peaceably delivered to the commissioners appointed for that purpose:—The Tennessee militia were consequently discharged, and returned home.

When, in 1812, the secretary at war ordered General Jackson with the volunteers from Tennessee, to descend the Mississippi for the defence of the same country, against an attempt which was supposed to be meditated by the Spaniards, he was among the first who repaired to the standard of his country. Such was the opinion entertained of his merit, that he was appointed first major in the regiment of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Coffee; and though no opportunity was at that time afforded him to display the gallant spirit, for which he afterwards became distinguished, yet such was the cheerfulness with which he bore the hardships and privations to which that expedition was so remarkably exposed, from the inclemency of the season and the scarcity of every necessary supply; such the courage he imparted to his men by his example and exhortation, and such his strict attention to discipline and instruction, that sufficient indications were afforded to those who accompanied him, of the reputation which he was destined to acquire, whenever his country should become involved in war.

The war against the Creeks, at length afforded an opportunity to display his talents, and to realize the high hopes which his friends had so justly entertained. The forces intended to be employed against this ferocious enemy, who had so long ravaged our frontiers with impunity, were to be drawn principally from Tennessee. Lauderdale stood foremost amongst those who volunteered their services on that important occasion. He was now appointed Lieutenant Colonel in the brigade of mounted infantry, commanded by Brigadier General Coffee. It is impossible, and indeed unnecessary, to particularize the numerous hardships, privations, and dangers, to which all engaged in that expedition were exposed. The mounted men being sent in advance for the protection of Madison County, in the Mississippi Territory, which was hourly expected to be invaded and ravaged, were joined on the 12th of October, 1813, at Camp Coffee, by Major General Jackson with the infantry.—General Coffee was now ordered to scour the *Black*

Warrior, and fall in again with the main army on its march to the Ten Islands, where they expected to meet the principal force of the enemy. In this excursion, which was attended with innumerable difficulties, Colonel Lauderdale deserved and received the particular praise of his immediate commander. Having rejoined the main army, General Coffee was a second time sent in advance, for the purpose of cutting off a considerable detachment of the enemy posted at Tatushatchie. This was the first occasion on which Colonel Lauderdale had an opportunity to display in battle his bravery and skill as an officer; and his conduct in this successful expedition merited and received the highest encomiums. A few days after this fortunate and splendid achievement, the commander in chief received intelligence that the main body of the enemy advancing to meet him, had invested Talledega, a fort belonging to the friendly part of the Creek nation, with a view of wreaking their vengeance on those who had refused to join in hostilities against the whites, and of possessing themselves of the stores it contained. He immediately determined on attacking them before they should be able to effect their purpose; and with this view, put his army in motion at midnight of the same day in which he received the intelligence. Having come up with the enemy on the morning of the 9th of November, 1813, a general engagement commenced, and was maintained on both sides with the utmost spirit and obstinacy. On that memorable occasion, Colonel Lauderdale greatly raised the reputation he had already acquired. His bravery and his skill were alike conspicuous; but unfortunately while at the head of his regiment encouraging their valour by his own example, he received a wound which obliged him to leave the field. His fortitude, on this occasion, was remarkable even among soldiers. The most excruciating agonies were not sufficient to disturb the habitual cheerfulness of his temper, and he seemed only to lament his misfortune, as it deprived him of still further opportunities to distinguish himself.

After the battle of Talledega, the want of supplies compelled the commander in chief to return to his encampment at the Ten Islands. The same cause, combined with the turbulence of a few disappointed officers, produced in the army the utmost

disquietude, and a strong inclination to abandon an expedition which had proceeded thus far so gloriously. To so high a degree had this spirit been fomented by the factious and designing, that it broke out on several occasions into bold and wide spread mutiny; and nothing but the energy of the commanding general, could have arrested its progress, and prevented the most fatal calamities. During this critical situation of affairs, Colonel Lauderdale, though confined by his wound to his tent, made a noble display both of patriotism and of firmness. He exerted every means in his power to bring back the deluded soldiery to a sense of their duty, and those who had led them astray, found in him the bold exposor of their hidden machinations, and the sternest opposer of all their views. Many of these had been his closest friends, and several of them were his near relatives; but idolizing his country, he was ever ready, when duty called, to offer up on her altar, friends, relatives, and even life itself. Never were his feelings observed to undergo so severe a shock, as when he received the intelligence that his regiment, led by the colonel commandant, who was his friend and relation, had abandoned its post and was returning home. He lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "would to God that the ball which wounded me, had passed through my head, that I might not have lived to witness the dishonour of my countrymen and friends."

Scarcely had the Creek war been brought to a successful termination, when the citizen soldiers of Tennessee were again called upon to engage in a more important and perilous campaign. Great Britain disengaged from the necessity of maintaining a struggle on the continent, was left with the means of prosecuting the war against America on a broader scale. Baffled and disgraced at every important point of attack, she at last determined to make one great effort to close the war with brilliancy, and accordingly a formidable expedition was planned against the southern section of the union. The forces employed were composed chiefly of the veterans of the Spanish Peninsula, and led by officers of high reputation, experience and merit. Our government had at length been awakened to a due sense of the military talents of General Jackson, and he was appointed to the command of the seventh military district,

and charged with its defence. It was to be expected that this great commander, who was so well acquainted with the genius and ability of General Coffee, and who had so often witnessed and directed the bravery of his brigade, would at such a crisis be anxiously desirous of their services. His invitation was obeyed with so much alacrity and despatch, that by the time that it was known to the citizens of New-Orleans, that an army was assembling in Tennessee for their defence, General Coffee had already reached the head-quarters of the commander in chief, at Mobile. Colonel Lauderdale, though still suffering under his wounds, was again foremost in tendering his services. He was appointed to the command of a regiment, and in the expedition to Pensacola, he displayed all the qualities of an able officer and of a most sincere and zealous patriot. The high and generous ardour that animated his own bosom, he had the happy faculty of imparting to all around him.

The enemy being expelled from Pensacola, the commander in chief immediately determined to place as much of his disposable force, as could be spared from the defence of the frontiers and the posts on the Mobile, in a situation to protect New-Orleans against the attacks which he perceived the enemy meditated against that important place. With this view a part of General Coffee's brigade, in which was included the regiment of Colonel Lauderdale, was ordered to Baton Rouge, there to recruit their horses and keep themselves in readiness, to march to whatever point might be threatened by the enemy. It was not long before a large British force was discovered to have entered Lake Borgne, and to be advancing towards New-Orleans. The forces stationed at Baton Rouge, were therefore ordered to hasten with the utmost despatch to this point. The order was executed by General Coffee, with his usual promptitude and celerity of movement; and in two days after receiving it, he reached the neighbourhood of the city, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Never was a forced march more necessary—never was one attended with happier or more important consequences. But for that march, the city of New-Orleans must have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Scarcely had this timely reinforcement arrived, when the commander in chief received intelligence, that the enemy had

succeeded in entering the Bayou Bienvenu, undiscovered, and had debarked a considerable part of his forces; with which he had advanced to the highlands on the Mississippi, and occupied a position not more than seven miles below the city. The crisis was now approaching. General Jackson foreseeing the danger of suffering the enemy to attack him, determined to become the assailant himself. To execute this bold and hazardous, but wise measure, his eyes were immediately turned to that distinguished corps, whose bravery had been so often and so amply tried. Every disposition being made for bringing on the engagement that night, the left of General Coffee's brigade was confided to Colonel Lauderdale. The action had already been commenced by General Jackson, with the regular troops and the artillery on the extreme right, and the fire was extended to the left, when the right of General Coffee's brigade came in contact with the enemy. This gallant body of men poured so destructive a fire upon the invaders, that their advancing line was instantly halted under cover of a fence. At this moment, Colonel Lauderdale on the left, was seen animating his men and leading them into action in the most gallant manner. But scarcely had a few rounds been fired, when he received a musket ball in the head, which immediately put an end to his life. This disastrous event produced a momentary confusion in our line, and the enemy now began to advance; but recovering their spirits and order, the followers of the fallen hero soon avenged his death;—the enemy was compelled to retreat; when the smoke of a most incessant fire, together with a thick fog which arose, rendered it prudent for the commanding general to draw off his forces.

Colonel Lauderdale was found on the field of battle, with his sword firmly grasped in his hand, thus evincing in the agonies of death, that determined courage which had marked the whole course of his life.

in death he laid low,
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe:
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Looked proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame.

No person possessed in a higher degree the confidence and esteem of his general or of his brother officers. Richly did he

merit that confidence and esteem. No officer was ever more correct in his deportment, or more assiduous and faithful in the performance of duty. Decisive and firm in his character, he had introduced the strictest subordination into his regiment; but while he enforced obedience, so impartial was his conduct, and so tempered with mildness, that even those whom he punished, were compelled to approve the sentence under which they suffered. Beloved by all, the whole army mourn his loss as a brother.

In private life, the unaffected worth of Colonel Lauderdale was not less conspicuous than in the tented field. Before his inflexible integrity, vice and crime stood confounded and abashed. Never was man more open and ingenuous. It might truly be said of him, that "he carried his heart in his hand, and those who ran might read it."

His humanity and charity were active and discriminating; not running waste in false sensibility or heartless professions, nor yet with careless profusion lavishing bounty upon the undeserving as well as upon the worthy. He was the delight and the ornament of the social circle; ever cheerful himself, he diffused all around him the same happy spirit.

Having been buried on the battle ground where he fell, it was an early care of the commanding general, after the enemy was driven from our shores, to have his remains taken up, and interred with the honours of war in the Protestant burying ground, in the city of New-Orleans. His brethren in arms intend to erect a monument to his memory, as a testimony of their respect for his virtues.

The green sod on his grave will oft be watered by the tears of his companions in arms; and the patriot soldier of the west, when he recounts the toils and perils of battle, will heave a sigh to the memory of Lauderdale.

Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his honoured head;
His virtue more to labour, Fate forbids;
And lays him low in honourable rest,
To seal his country's liberty with death.

A SOLDIER AND A FRIEND.

THE CHEVALIER BOTTA'S "STORIA DELLA GUERRA AMERICANA."

[For the *Analectic Magazine*.]

It is a remarkable circumstance that the best and most classical history of the *American* revolution has been written by an *Italian*. There is nothing humbling to our national pride in the admission of this fact; since the genius of the men, by whom that great event was consummated, far transcends that of any historian who may possibly record their actions. History, like other literary and fine arts, only attains perfection with a high state of national opulence and social improvement.

The CHEVALIER BOTTA is the author of the work alluded to, which is entitled, *STORIA DELLA GUERRA AMERICANA*. It is written upon the models of ancient historical composition; and it might be said, without flattery to the author, that were Thucydides or Livy to write our annals, this is the very manner they would adopt. This imitation of the classical writers, the author has carried to what some will deem a blameable excess—in making speeches, and putting them into the mouths of the characters. But it must be confessed that this fault, if it be such, is redeemed by the great beauty of the orations which he has invented. To give an idea of the manner in which this part of the work is executed, and also of its general merit, I have translated the supposed speech of Richard Henry Lee for the declaration of independence; and should it be desired, will give, in another number, that of John Dickinson on the opposite side of the question. These specimens will enable the American reader to form some idea of the spirit and style of a composition, which as it records the dawning glory of our country, ought to be naturalized amongst us by a translation into our own language.

Speaking of Paine's '*Common Sense*,' the author remarks, Words cannot describe with what unanimous applause the people received this pamphlet, and how wonderful were its effects. The warm, became zealous; the ardent, enthusiastic; and some Tories, even, became whigs. All desired independence.

Congress determined to embrace the opportunity. But to proceed with prudence, they first sounded the minds of the people by publishing a resolution, which, if it was not independence itself, approached very near it. They intended to observe its effects, in order to get safely on. They decreed that, whereas the British king, in conjunction with the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, had, by the late acts of Parliament, excluded the United Colonies from the protection of his crown; and whereas no answer had been, or probably would be, given to their humble petitions for the repeal of the obnoxious laws and for a reconciliation with Great Britain; that on the contrary all the force of that realm, with the aid of mercenary foreigners, was to be employed for the destruction of the good people of the colonies; and finally, whereas it is contrary to sound reason and to the consciences of this people to take the oaths and make the engagements necessary to the assumption and exercise of offices under the crown of Great Britain, and it is necessary that the exercise of every authority proceeding from the said crown should be totally annulled, and all the powers of government exercised under the authority of the good people of the colonies; and this in order to maintain therein internal peace, good morals, and public order, as well as to defend their lives, liberty, and property from the assaults and cruel plunder of their enemies: therefore it was recommended to the respective Assemblies and Conventions of the United Colonies, where no government suited to the exigency of affairs had till then been constituted, that they should establish such governments as according to the opinion of the representatives of the people should be most conducive to the happiness and security of their constituents, and of America in general. This resolution, being received in the different colonies, found in them all a different state of things. Some had already anticipated it, and assuming the powers of government had created public officers independent of the royal authority, and these not for a limited time as before, but without any limitation or restriction whatever. They had proceeded thus in Virginia and South Carolina. Connecticut and Rhode Island had no changes to seek; since there, from the earliest times, every authority originated in the people, from amongst whom all public officers were chosen, as well

those to whom were entrusted the legislative as the executive powers. Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York hesitated; but at last yielded to the necessity of the times. Thus the people of the colonies framed new constitutions, preserving those forms which are peculiar and appropriate to the English constitution, but abolishing those parts of it which relate to regal authority. The three powers, legislative, executive, and judicative, were in general carefully separated from each other; and great jealousy was manifested of the executive. In some colonies, the legislative power was divided into two branches. In others, it was undivided; but those who held offices of trust or power under the executive were excluded. The judges were paid by the legislature. In some provinces they held their seats for a limited period, in others during good behaviour. The governors were elected for a longer or shorter period of time, according to the greater or less jealousy of the people. In some colonies they possessed a *veto* on the proceedings of the legislature; in some not; whilst in others this power was vested in an executive council of revision.

In all these transactions, so important to the happiness of the United Colonies, no threats, discord, or discontent were heard; and it appeared as if all laying aside ambition, aspired to nothing but the prosperity and liberty of their country. A memorable example of prudence, moderation, and civil benevolence! Let other nations reflect on this and blush; if corruption of morals does not make them insensible to the shame of having acted so differently from the Americans: for what have other nations done but rush from conflicts of opinion to discord, and from discord, to bloodshed?

Congress, finding the colonies disposed to second their views, and wishing to finish the work they had begun, nothing was wanting but that they should be authorized by the people to declare independence. This affair was conducted with so much prudence, and the people were so much inclined to favour the design, that the greater part of the provincial Assemblies communicated to their representatives in Congress full powers to carry it into effect. Moreover, some authorized them to conclude alliances with foreign princes. Pennsylvania and Maryland remained alone in opposition.

Such was the state of affairs, when Congress assembling again on the 8th of June, and a motion to declare independence having been made, Richard Henry Lee, one of the deputies from Virginia, spoke as follows, and was listened to with the most profound attention.

“I do not know, most prudent men and virtuous citizens, whether among the transactions handed down to us by historians, which originated in civil discord, and excited either a love of liberty in the people or ambitious desires in their rulers, any can be found more interesting and important than that which now engages our attention; whether we consider the future destiny of this free and virtuous people, or that of our enemies, who, notwithstanding this cruel war and unaccustomed tyranny, are our brethren, and descended from a common stock; or that of other nations, whose eyes are intent upon this great spectacle, and who anticipate from our success more freedom for themselves, or from our defeat apprehend heavier chains and a severer bondage. For the question is not whether we shall acquire an increase of territorial dominion, or wickedly wrest from others their just possessions; but whether we shall preserve or lose for ever that liberty which we have inherited from our ancestors, which we have sought to preserve by crossing a wide and tempestuous ocean, and which we have defended in this land against barbarous men, contending at the same time against the beasts of the wilderness and the diseases of an ungenial clime. And if so many and distinguished praises have always been lavished upon the generous defenders of Greek and Roman liberty, what will be said of us, who defend, not that freedom which rests upon the capricious will of an unstable multitude, but on immutable statutes and our tutelary laws; not that which was the exclusive privilege of a few patriots, but that which is the property of all: not that, finally, which is stained by unjust ostracisms or the decimation of armies; but that which is pure, temperate, and gentle, and conformed to the mild manners of the age in which we live. Why then, why do we procrastinate, and to what purpose are these delays? Let us finish the undertaking so well begun; and since we cannot hope to secure that liberty and peace, which are our delight, in a continuance of the union with England, let us

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break the ties which bind us together, and perfect that which we enjoy already, I mean, our entire and absolute independence. Nor must I here, in the beginning of my discourse, omit to say, that if we have reached that fatal extremity, where nothing else can exist between America and England but such war or such peace as may exist between nations foreign to each other, this can only be imputed to the insatiable cupidity, the tyrannical proceedings, and reiterated outrages of the British ministry. On our part, nothing was omitted that might preserve the ancient state of peace and harmony. Who has not heard our prayers, and who is ignorant of our supplications? England alone was deaf to our complaints, and wanted that compassion which was generously bestowed upon us by other nations. And as at first our forbearance, and then our resistance have been equally insufficient; since our prayers were unavailing, as well as the blood lately shed; we must go further, and secure our independence. Nor let any one believe that this alternative can be avoided. The time will undoubtedly come, when the fatal separation will take place, whether you will or no; for such will be the inevitable consequence of the nature of things; of our always increasing population; of the fertility of our land; of the extent of our territory; of the industry of our countrymen; of the wide intervening ocean; of the distance of the two countries. And if this be true, as it is most true, who does not see that the sooner it takes place the better; and that it would be not only imprudent, but the height of folly not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, produced concord, convinced the understandings, and made us fly to arms to defend our lives? And how long shall we be compelled to traverse three thousand miles of a tempestuous sea to ask of haughty and insolent men for counsel or commands respecting our domestic concerns? Does it not become a great, rich, and powerful nation, as we are, to look at home, and not abroad, for the government of our affairs? How can a ministry of strangers judge correctly of our concerns, respecting which it has no knowledge, and in which it has no interest? The past justice of the British ministers should make us beware of the future, if they should again fix their iron fangs upon us. Since it has

pleased the cruelty of our enemies to place before us the alternative of slavery or independence, where is the generous minded man and the lover of his country, who can hesitate to choose? With these perfidious men no promise is secure, no pledges sacred. Let us suppose, which heaven avert! that we are conquered, or are obliged to come to terms. What assurance have we of the British moderation in victory, or good faith in treaty? Is it their having enlisted, and let loose against us the ferocious Indians of the forest, and the merciless soldiers of Germany? Is it that faith, which has been so many times pledged, and so many times broken, during the present contest? Is it the British faith, which is considered more false than the Punic? Have we not rather reason to expect, that when we have delivered ourselves naked and unarmed into their hands, they will wreak their vengeance upon us, will bind us with heavier chains, in order to deprive us not only of the power, but even of the hope of again casting off the yoke? But let us suppose that there will happen in the present case, what has never happened in any other, that the British government will forget past offences and comply with the conditions of peace; can we believe that after so long a contest, after so many wounds, so many deaths, and so much bloodshed, our reconciliation could be durable, and that every day in the midst of so much hatred and rancour would not afford some fresh subject of animosity? The two nations are already separated in interest and affections; the one is conscious of its former strength, the other has become acquainted with its recently exerted force; the one intends to rule in an arbitrary manner, the other will not obey even if allowed its privileges. In such a state of things, what peace, what harmony can be expected? The Americans may become faithful friends of the English, but subjects, never. And let us suppose even that union could be restored without rancour, it could not without danger. The wealth and power of Great Britain should inspire prudent men with fears for the future. Having reached such a height of grandeur that she has little or nothing to dread from foreign powers, in the security of peace the hearts of her people will become enervated, manners will be corrupted, her youth will become vicious, and the nation degenerating in body and in mind, England will become the prey

of foreign enemies or ambitious citizens. Should we remain united with her, we should partake of her corruptions and misfortunes, so much more to be dreaded as they would be irreparable; separated from her, and remaining as we now are, we should have to fear neither the security of peace nor the dangers of war. And by a declaration of our freedom, the perils would not be increased, but the minds of men would be better prepared, and victory more sure. Let us then take a firm step, and escape from this labyrinth: we have assumed the sovereign power, and dare not own it; we disobey a king, and acknowledge ourselves his subjects; wage war against a nation, upon whom we always profess to be willing to be dependent. In this uncertain state of things the inclinations of men are wavering; ardent resolves are impeded; new difficulties are continually arising; our generals are neither respected, nor obeyed; our soldiers neither confident, nor zealous; weak at home, and despised abroad, foreign princes can neither esteem nor succour so timid and wavering a people. But independence once proclaimed, and our object avowed, more manly and decided measures will be adopted; the greatness of the end in view will inspire the minds of the people with an energy proportionably great; the civil magistrates will be filled with new zeal, the generals with new ardor, the soldiers with new courage, and all our citizens with more constancy and alertness intent on this sublime and generous undertaking. But in consequence of it, will England contend against us with more energy and rage than she has till now? Certainly not—she terms resistance to oppression, rebellion, as well as independence. And where are those formidable troops, that are to subdue the Americans? the English could not, and shall the Germans do it? Are they more brave, or better disciplined than the English? No!—Besides, if the enemy's numbers have increased, ours have not diminished; and we have acquired in the severe battles of the present year, the practice of arms and the experience of war. Who doubts then, who doubts, that a declaration of independence will procure us allies? For all nations are desirous of partaking of the commerce of our exuberant soil and opulent sea ports, which the avarice of England has hitherto monopolized. Nor do they less desire to see humbled her hated power: they all loathe her

barbarous dominion; all long to see the hydra crushed; and will aid our brave countrymen, and crown with everlasting gratitude their efforts in this glorious and benevolent cause. Foreign princes wait only for the extinction of all hopes of reconciliation, to throw off their present reserve. And if this measure consist with expediency, it becomes not less our dignity. America has attained that greatness which entitles her to rank among independent nations. We are as worthy of this exalted station as the English themselves. For if they have wealth, we have wealth too; if they are brave, we are so; if they are numerous, so we through the incredible fruitfulness of our chaste wives shall soon equal them in population; if they possess men famed in peace and in war, we likewise have such; and these political revolutions usually produce great, strong, and generous minds. By what we have done in these first achievements we may easily infer what we shall hereafter accomplish; for experience is the parent of wise resolves, and of the liberty of enlightened men. Already have the enemy been driven from Lexington by thirty thousand armed men collected in one day; already have their celebrated generals in Boston yielded to the skill of ours; already are their ships driven from our harbours, and wandering over the ocean with their crews perishing by famine. Let us hail the favourable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we may live subjected to England, but in order to establish amongst us free and equal laws, and a just and independent government. The Greeks contended successfully against an innumerable army of Persians, because they were inspired by liberty. The Swiss and Dutch humbled the power of Austria by memorable defeats, and reclaimed their freedom, because they were animated by the love of independence. This American sun shines on the heads of brave men too; our weapons are as sharp-edged as theirs; here too undaunted courage is known; here too unanimity prevails; here we can meet death not merely with firmness, but with enthusiasm, in our country's cause. Why then do we longer delay, why still deliberate? Let, my countrymen, this happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not impelled by a thirst for blood and conquest, but pacific, mild, and gentle; the eyes of Europe are fixed upon us. She requires

from us a living example of freedom, where the happiness of the citizen may present a striking contrast with the ever increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She demands of us an asylum, where the unhappy may find comfort, and the persecuted, rest. She intreats us to prepare a propitious and well cultivated soil, where that generous plant which first sprung up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and extensive shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens; by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe and the pestilence which broke out amongst Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible storm which sunk seven hundred vessels in the waves near the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to the country, the names of the American legislators shall be exalted in the eyes of posterity to a level with those of Theseus, Lycurgus, Romulus, Numa, and the three Williams, and of all those whose memory has been, and hereafter shall be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens."

W.

ROBERT FULTON.

THE controversy on Mr. Fulton's claim to the invention of the steam-boat, has excited great interest and called forth great talents in its discussion. If it be considered merely as a question of legal right, it is certainly not without some degree of doubt and intricacy. But if throwing aside every other consideration we look only to Mr. Fulton's agency in introducing and improving steam navigation, it is, I think, impossible to deny him the honours due to a great public benefactor, to one who has extended the empire of human power, who has increased individual comfort and augmented national wealth.

Let us not endeavour to lessen the value of his services by magnifying the importance of those rude and abortive attempts which paved the way for his success. This is one of those poor arts by which the unwilling gratitude of mankind seeks to palliate its baseness, and the envy of low and grovelling minds endeavours to conceal the mortification of conscious inferiority. The narrow and prejudiced who, while invention is yet untried, regard every project of improvement as the wild dream of overheated speculation, are ever ready to degrade the triumph of successful genius, and if they are forced to confess the excellence of the achievement, at last solace themselves with the hope of transferring the laurel to some unworthy brow. How little is there of science or of art which is not the work of slow improvement, the result of the successive labours of many generations. Here and there in the long history of the progress of the human mind, may be found a great genius who like Newton has proceeded with a steady and unwavering flight, like the eagle in his course 'forth and right on,' and crowded the discoveries of ages in a single life; but for the most part, every great accession to human knowledge or power has been produced by the aggregate labour of many minds. Something is struck out by accident, something suggested by general speculation or gathered from analogy, and he is at last the real benefactor of

his kind who combines all these scattered materials and adapts them to the use of man. For instance, trace the history of the steam-engine. Who can deny to Savary, to Newcomen, to Watt, the praise of original mechanical genius in their several important improvements? and yet they have done nothing more than barely to fill up and improve the suggestions thrown out, long before their day, by the marquís of Worcester.

All of us can remember the time when steam-navigation was ranked with those projects of visionary speculation, which were indeed just within the limits of possibility, but far removed from the ordinary probabilities of human life and fitted only to adorn the declamations of the philosophical theorist or the verses of the philosophical poet. Darwin might indeed predict that

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge and drive the rapid car;

But when the late chancellor Livingston, certainly among the first men of his time, attempted to reduce this poetical anticipation to practice, in spite of his acknowledged character as a man of genius and science, his labours received no other notice than the cold contempt and the malicious ridicule which ever await the chimerical projector.

Experiment after experiment had failed, and every additional unsuccessful attempt served to retard rather than to advance the progress of invention. In this state of the art Fulton enlisted in its service, and it was at once carried to the highest degree of perfection. He did not seem, like other inventors, to grope his way by oft-repeated experiment, but as if guided by a strong and steady light of scientific theory he proceeded at once to his destined point. How perfect in his success—how admirable—how important the invention. While it adds in an incalculable degree to individual comfort and accommodation, and facilitates all the operations of domestic commerce, it also greatly increases the strength and unity of the nation, by connecting the most distant parts of our extensive territory, and thus enabling us to combine the several and contrary advantages of a widely diffused and a compactly settled population.

By applying the same principle to the purposes of defensive warfare, in the steam battery, Fulton has contributed in no

small degree to the independence and security of every nation. There can be but few inventions which can lay claim to a higher order of usefulness than one which enlarges the power of self-protection, which lessens the invader's chance of success, and places new obstacles in the way of the conqueror.

Fulton had all the characteristics of an original inventive genius. He had nothing of that anxious trick and mystery with which those who have stumbled by accident upon a valuable discovery brood over their secret. Nor did he ever consider the profit which he derived from his successful schemes as a source of wealth to be laid aside for his own private use, but he identified all his interests with his inventions, and in the proud confidence of boundless resource, used his success only as the means of enlarging his plans of enterprise and of engaging in new experiments.

His mind was trained and familiarized to habits of mechanical invention. It was the constant subject of his thoughts—the world in which he lived. He was, as it were, ‘native and endued unto that element.’ He viewed every object with the eye of one who was habitually seeking out new combinations of physical power, and he threw out his lesser improvements and contrivances upon the world with the careless profusion of a mind confident of its own fertility, and valuing what it had already accomplished chiefly as the earnest of higher success. Nothing which could add to the physical power or augment the personal comforts of man was too high for his enterprise or too minute to escape his attention; he sometimes busied himself in improving the economy of the kitchen, and sometimes aspired to the discovery of new modes of warfare which might change the public policy of the whole civilized world.

When Rowley, says Dr. Johnson, had completed the orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chemistry he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation. That the attempts of such men will often miscarry we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which yet lie waste, and for the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life.

If in some of his undertakings Fulton was unsuccessful, we

ought not therefore to consider his labours as altogether useless; the world may profit even by his miscarriages. To know what is possible and what impossible is something gained in the progress of every art, nor is it at all improbable that in the course of these investigations, he has struck out many lights which will guide the future and more fortunate experimentalist to those results which he himself failed in attaining.

REVIEW.

The Life of the late General William Eaton, &c. &c. 8vo.

[Continued from p. 320.]

EATON, being thus checked in his victorious career, at the moment his ardent imagination was flattering him with the prospect of the usurper's downfall, and of seeing the American flag wave on the towers of Tripoli, amidst the shouts of his captive countrymen throwing off their chains, was filled with resentment and indignation. He charged commodore Baron and col. Lear with duplicity, treachery and want of spirit. The former he accused of neglect and inertness in fulfilling his repeated assurances of a vigorous co-operation with his squadron, and the latter he treated with ridicule and contempt, as being devoid of military experience, and incompetent to judge of the probabilities of success.

It is difficult for those at a distance from the scene of action, to form a just opinion on a subject of this nature. The primary objects of our government in sending a squadron into the Mediterranean were the protection of our commerce, the liberation of our captive and enslaved citizens, and to compel or induce the Tripolitan regent to come to terms of accommodation. The circumstance of a rival Bashaw presented an opportunity of making an experiment on the fears of the regent, and as it was presumed that Hamet was not devoid of the spirit of enterprise, nor destitute of resources, it was certainly not unwise in our government to make use of him as an instrument subservient to the purposes of the war. It could hardly be expected, however, that they were to furnish troops, from this country, to aid in an invasion. Our military establishment was not adapted to such a project. Money, to recruit an army of adventurers on the confines of Tripoli, and the co-operation of a squadron on the coast, were the only means that our government could supply. Gen. Eaton, therefore, in stipulating with Hamet for a debarkation of troops, was hurried by his zeal beyond the limit of his powers. He asserts, to be sure, in one of his official

letters, that the government had promised him, when he first embarked in the expedition, six field pieces, a thousand muskets, and eighty thousand dollars. It should be remembered however, that at this period, Hamet still held a position in the dominions of Tripoli, and that before the expedition was ready to sail from this country, he had been driven from his post, and had retired into Egypt. This change of circumstances materially altered the affair, and reduced it to the appearance of a very doubtful, if not visionary experiment. The general nevertheless was vested with some discretionary power to concert measures of attack on Tripoli in conjunction with Hamet, in case he should be found in such a situation as to invite the co-operation of the United States in so novel an enterprise; but it does not appear that more than 20,000 dollars were to be hazarded in the attempt. This sum was furnished, and a detachment of the Mediterranean squadron accompanied the army along the coast, and rendered very essential aid in the capture of Derne. They were still seven hundred miles from the capital, and the forces of the Bashaw were occupying the intermediate space. The invading army amounted to about a thousand men, consisting of Greeks and Arabs, and Tripolitans, and only *nine* Americans including officers. The general however, was of opinion that with a supply of *cash* he could easily have increased his force, and with the assistance of a hundred marines from the squadron, he would have marched to the gates of the metropolis, and hoisted the star-spangled banner on its walls. Such an achievement would indeed have immortalized his name, and extended and brightened our national renown; it would have imprinted also a useful lesson on the minds of the piratical despots of Barbary, and whilst it would have taught them to pay more respect to the American flag in that quarter of the world, might at the same time have pointed out the way to the tributary nations of Europe, to break in upon their dominions, and by dismantling their fortresses, and destroying their armaments, have for ever after rendered their seaports and cities more easily assailable, and by this means have made their good conduct the condition of their safety.

The experiment, however, as far as it was permitted to pro-

ceed, effected, as has been already intimated, one great object of the war. It induced the reigning Bashaw to surrender the American prisoners on terms less exorbitant than he had at first required, and to consent to a new treaty of peace, unincumbered with the annual tribute he had formerly exacted.

Having finished with his adventures abroad, the author of the memoirs then proceeds to relate the manner in which he was received by his countrymen upon his return home, and the principal incidents that marked his eccentric life, for the few years that remained. At Richmond and at Washington he was honoured with a public dinner, and the President made honourable mention of him in his message to Congress. A resolution was proposed in the House of Representatives to present him with a medal, but was not carried, in consequence of some warm and ill-natured opposition on the part of two or three influential members, who had probably been disgusted by the general's egotism and vanity, and therefore determined to depreciate his services and his title to honorary reward. They denominated the battle of Derne a mere scuffle, and insisted that the badges of honour should be reserved for greater and nobler exploits. The legislature of Massachusetts, however, entertained different, and in our humble opinion, more just and generous views of the conduct and services of Eaton. 'Desirous,' as they stated in their resolution, 'to perpetuate a remembrance of the heroic enterprise of William Eaton, Esq. whose undaunted courage and brilliant services, &c. &c.,' they therefore direct the committee to convey to him ten thousand acres of land.

The memoir next proceeds to relate in a summary way the affair of col. Burr's arrest and prosecution, in which the memorable deposition of general Eaton excited so much amazement, and gave rise in the course of the trial, to so much criticism and angry invective. A few months afterwards he was elected a member of the legislature of Massachusetts, but by the versatility of his political opinions, and his increasing habits of intemperance, he soon forfeited the esteem and confidence of his constituents and colleagues, and lost the regard of most of his genteel acquaintances. As a politician, he had the reputation of belonging to what is called the Washington school,

and often indulged himself in very bitter invectives against the measures of Mr. Jefferson and Madison.

He offended his party however, by a speech in the legislature, in which he condemned the conduct of chief justice Marshall, and even impeached his integrity; and at the same time by uttering some sentiments that were considered incompatible with the doctrines of federalism—so that he finally enjoyed the respect of neither party. He appears indeed to have been a man of an unamiable disposition, of a sanguine or rather choleric temperament, irascible, authoritative, vain and arrogant, and more fitted for command than obedience. Of irrepressible ardor in whatever business he engaged, of a bold address and assuming manners, and of a dauntless and persevering spirit,—no man was perhaps better qualified than himself for commencing and conducting an enterprise like the one in which he gained so much notoriety and renown. His negotiations with the insolent despot of Tunis, his traversing Egypt in search of the fugitive Bashaw, and encouraging and engaging him to undertake the expedition; mustering an army of strange warriors in a strange land, inspiring them with confidence, controlling their impetuous and intractable disposition, whilst leading them two hundred leagues through a sandy desert to the storm and capture of a populous and fortified city, are strong evidences that Eaton was no ordinary man. He appears also to have possessed considerable literary talents, and his official letters and other written communications are creditable both in point of observation and expression. He had some merit too as a poet, and the few pieces inserted in the memoirs, display strength of conception and a poetical imagination, though not much cultivated and refined by study and art. The following lines descriptive of a storm at sea, which he addressed to Mrs. Eaton, are no unfavourable specimen of poetic powers.

Hoarse thro' the cordage growled the threatening blast,
Portentous of the storm. The expanse of heaven,
O'ercast with murky columns, seemed convulsed
With one wide waste of elemental war.

From every point, along the bounding surges,

Rolled the black phalanx of electric fluid,
Borne on the pinions of the maddening storm.

Ocean oppressed, and shrinking from the alarm,
Rushed from the deep with agonizing pangs,
And urged, in vain, precipitate retreat.

Down rushed the glaring tempest, rain and hail
In winding torrents closed, and the vast space
Of sea and air seemed one promiscuous deluge.
Blue streams of angling sulphur blazed around,
Transforming midnight to the fire of day,
Reserving all her horrors. Peals on peals
Burst from the flaming batteries of heaven,
And nought but horror stalked along the gloom.
Deep plunged the tortured brig beneath the gulph,
Then bounding o'er the waves, along the skies
Inveloped in the storm, wrapt her broad decks
Amidst the lightning's source; then plunged again
Beneath the breaking surges.

Eight gloomy hours we plunged in deep suspense:
Fear and amazement occupied the soul,
And hope was almost exiled: till at length
Breathed the soft spirit of our gentler fate,
Wafting the lightning's vapor through the skies,
Silenced the distant murm'rings of the thunder,
And soothed the angry surface of the deep.

Once more the prince of day smiled from the east,
And each glad heart to a relenting heaven
Tendered the silent gratitude of praise.

The following letter serves as a fair specimen of his more elaborate and elevated prose style.

Grand Cairo, December 26th, 1804.

CAN you expect me to say any thing of Egypt after Volney, and Denon? They have drawn from life; and in nothing exaggerated. Egypt's physical appearance is the same; and its political is only

changed, in that British regulars have succeeded to French marauders, and Turkish brigands to both. The domination of the country is now disputed with these by the Mamelukes: and the desert Arabs, like the ravens and vultures of our wilderness, hanging on the rear of both armies, devour every thing which is left defenceless; the consequent wretchedness of the inhabitants is inconceivable; danger and despair stalk every where.

Egypt must really seek a deliverer in a foreign conqueror. There is however a singular tradition among the people that this deliverance must be effected by *Mamelukes*, another name for *slaves*; because God hath ordained, that, since its salvation by Joseph, a Mameluke, the country must be saved by *slaves*! They admit that the English rendered them much service by expelling the French; and pray for their return to drive out the Turks: but then, all must be ascribed to *Joseph's spirit*.

Whatever events may take place to regulate its government, and ameliorate the situation of its inhabitants, Egypt, like Carthage and Syracuse, will no more see its ancient splendor. It was the commerce of India and the borders of the Red sea, flowing through these plains, more than inherent resources, which gave wealth and grandeur to ancient Egypt: these sources having found new channels, wealth and grandeur have flown with them. I can see nothing therefore on the celebrated Nile which the Ohio, Mississippi, Altamaha, Savannah, and Chesapeake, do not offer us: even her crocodiles and her *cajal* would have nothing to boast side and side by our alligators and catfish; they are precisely the same; and her *half grown mice* of geography can certainly be nothing more than abortions. But when I contrast the pure currents, healthful margins, and delightful landscapes of our Susquehannah, Delaware, Hudson, and Connecticut, with the muddy waters, miry or parched banks and eternal deserts of this river; and the intelligence, freedom and felicity of the citizens there, with the stupid ignorance, riveted vassalage and hopeless misery of the peasants here, I almost lose the sensibility of pity in the glad reflection that I am a citizen of the United States.

Ruined temples, pyramids, and catacombs, monuments of the superstition, pride and folly of their founders, disgust my sight; for

with their magnificence I cannot but couple the idea of the slaves who must have groaned under the oppressive folly of their fabrication.

We shall indulge ourselves in one more extract, which while it contains some valuable hints to the patriotic and enlightened botanist, gives strong evidence of the activity and observation of Eaton's mind.

TO MR. PICKERING.

FROM the similarity of soil and climate between this country and some parts of the United States, it may be presumed that the *date*, *fig* and *olive tree*, may be successfully cultivated in our country.

The date seeks a dry, hot bed of sand; it grows where no other vegetation is seen. The pine barrens of Georgia would be peculiarly friendly to this tree. It is produced from the seed; is slow in growth, but very durable. It very much resembles in appearance the cabbage tree. The fruit is very nutritive: many people upon the borders of the desert subsist almost entirely upon it. It is used as a dessert at many tables. I send a few seeds by Mr. Shaw; and could wish that an experiment might be made with them by putting them into the hands of a Georgian, who extends his ideas of agricultural improvement to the Yazoo grants, and a hundred years into futurity. The tree requires watering in the hot seasons. The fig also flourishes in a sandy soil: it requires less moisture than the date. The *wild fig* grows spontaneously upon the islands on the coasts of Georgia; which is a sufficient proof that the tree may be cultivated there. If the scion can be grafted I intend trying the experiment of introducing it to America. The healthy properties of this fruit are known to every body. When green, as well as dry, it forms an agreeable dessert.

The olive requires a tenacious soil; but the circumstance of the plains of this country being verdant with them, when there has not fallen a drop of rain for more than fifteen weeks, proves that the tree can subsist with very little moisture. The marly soil of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the clay bottoms of the Southern States, would be most probably favorable to the cultivation of the

olive. It is produced from the alip; it is of slow growth; but it lives to an amazing age. We see olive groves here which from the ruins of the walls that enclosed them, appear to have been planted by Europeans; and which are yet fruitful. There is no need that any thing should be said of the produce of this tree neither as it respects the sustenance of life nor as a source of wealth. I contemplate attempting to introduce this tree also to America, if circumstances should operate to favour the project. I do not know that the project has been assayed. Whatever may be the success of it, the anticipation that future generations may see sources of life and wealth covering the immense sand and clay barrens of our country, which now present a discouraging surface, is an agreeable subject of contemplation.

In his younger days he is said to have been a serious believer in the christian religion according to the system of the Calvinistic churches of New England, but his faith afterwards wavered and at length died away, and he seems to have resigned himself to the notion that all religions were equally true, or rather equally false, so far as relates to the account of their supernatural origin. Whilst at Tunis, and before he had avowed his scepticism, he had a conversation with the Mahometan mufti or chief priest on the subject of religion, in which Eaton undertook to explain the principles of the christian system, the evidence of its divinity, and its superior purity and sublimity over the Mahometan creed. The mufti, with great zeal, then undertook to combat his arguments, and at the conclusion of the debate, grasping Eaton's hand with much emotion, with a broken voice and streaming eyes, earnestly entreated him to forsake his infidelity, and fly to the true faith, believe in the Prophet, and save his soul. Eaton, says his biographer, frequently mentioned the effect this interview had on his mind, in leading him to a belief that the mercy of the omniscient extended to the moral and sincere of every climate and every creed. He thought it however the duty of a good citizen, to conform to the religious institutions of his country. For some time before his death he took occasion in several instances to show his respect for

the religion in which he had been educated, particularly by requesting to have his children baptized; but on account of some scruples of the clergyman to whom he made the application, his request was refused.

Oppressed with gouty and dropsical complaints, which were aggravated, if not occasioned by intemperance in drinking, in spite of his reiterated resolutions to refrain, he languished for some time in great distress; enervated in body and mind, whilst remorse and sorrow for the errors of his conduct, and for the imprudent management of his affairs, by which his health, reputation and estate were all very seriously injured, tempted him to seek a momentary relief in the Lethe or rather *Phlegethon* of the bottle. He retained his senses, however, to the last, and died on the 1st day of June, 1811, without a struggle or a groan.

With all his faults in private life, Gen. Eaton possessed many good qualities; his personal courage was undoubted; he is represented as being generous, hospitable, and humane, in one word, devoid of sordid selfishness. His hospitality however was not guided by economy, and his generosity was sometimes indiscreetly profuse. Prudence, indeed, entered very sparingly into the composition of any part of his character.

This volume contains several instances of his liberal benevolence. In a letter to his wife from Tunis he says:

My last letter was dated 15th August; in that I mentioned I had redeemed six Danish prize vessels. But I have restored them to their original proprietors. Ask you why? because there is more pleasure in being generous than rich. I could undoubtedly have saved eight or ten thousand dollars by the speculation, but 'Man wants but little nor that little long.' I have had the pleasure of seeing eighty-six unhappy captives embark in these vessels and shape their course for their native country. p. 180.

It is impossible to despise such a character, however it may be otherwise alloyed and debased. Indeed in spite of his overweening arrogance and self-conceit, as well as of the grosser vice of his later years, there was so much about him to conciliate

good will and to command respect, that we should willingly have drawn a veil over the melancholy and humiliating scenes of his closing life, did we not regard them as affording one of those most salutary though mournful examples which *melius et doctius Chrysippo aut Crantore docent*, which teach humility to talent, and remind those who in the confidence of capacity disregard the common maxims of life 'that nothing can supply the want of *prudence*, that negligence and irregularity will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.'*

The author of the present biography, or rather compilation, as he modestly calls it, appears to have been prompted in his labours by the spirit of truth, candor and impartiality. We discover no premeditated plan to force upon the world a belief, that General Eaton was a wonderfully great character; no pains are taken 'to hide the man, in order to produce a hero.' The task of the author, indeed, has not been a very arduous one. Transactions in the Mediterranean, from which the life of General Eaton borrows all its fame, and the volume almost all its bulk, are comprehended and detailed in his Journal, and in the letters official and private, which are set forth at length in the compilation, with very little comment or supplementary narrative.

These, to be sure, might have been compressed and abridged much more than they are, greatly to the improvement of the volume. But in this age of voluminous biography, when every dead author great and small, on the other side the Atlantic, is considered as justly entitled to his two bulky quartos of *Memoirs*, we presume that our compiler thought that the dignity of an American general could not be satisfied with a humble duodecimo, or even with a meagre octavo.

The events of Eaton's life, antecedent and subsequent to these adventures, being of no great importance or interest, the author has dispatched this part of the business with judicious brevity.

His observations and reflections, though very sparingly introduced, except at the close of the work, are always sensible, appropriate and well expressed; and in selecting the materials

* Dr. Johnson.

for his compilation, he has succeeded we think in producing a volume, which though it may not be read with deep interest as a mere piece of biography, is nevertheless well calculated to gratify curiosity and impart much useful information. There are several views and descriptions of human nature, of national manners, local customs and natural and artificial objects, that we regret the limits assigned to the present article, do not permit us to extract, and we must therefore refer the curious reader to the volume itself, which we venture to say, will afford him a considerable degree of rational entertainment.

B.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

On the Present State of Periodical Criticism.

[From the Edinburgh Annual Register.]

IT is not without some apprehensions that we approach the province of Periodical Criticism, impeded as our road must be with jungles, thorns, and thickets, and rendered dismal by the gibbeted reliques of unfortunate authors. The dark and mysterious forest of Massilia, in whose gloomy recesses human sacrifices were offered to invisible and malignant demons, impressed hardly more horror upon the veterans of Caesar:

————— *barbara ritu*
Sacra deum, structæ diris altaribus aræ;
Omnis et humanis lustrata cruoribus arbor.

Our field of research, like the sacred grove of Lucan, is also subject to its fated periodical revolutions, its monthly or quarterly almutens, when the master of the sign, as astrologers said of old, sits in full power upon the cusp or entrance of the planetary house, as Lord of the Ascendant, and the bookseller, the printer, nay, the very devil himself, can hardly brook his presence:

————— *Medio cum Phœbus, in arce est,*
Aut Cœlum nox atra tenet, pavet ipse Sacerdos
Accessus, dominumque timet deprendere luci.

Yet have we not entered rashly or unadvisedly upon our dread adventure, but have availed ourselves, like the knight errants of old, of such arms as might best secure us in an encounter with the magicians of the maze of Criticism, and in some respects bring the contest nearer to equality. Are these wizards periodical in their exertions? We are annual.—Are they numerous and confederated? We also are plural.—Can they shroud themselves in obscurity by virtue of the helmet of the sable Orcus? We have the invisible cap of Jack the Giant-killer. Nor shall we lack the prayers of the oppressed to forward our chivalrous undertaking. Wherever, through the wide realms of literature, there is one who has writhed under the scourge of this invisible tribunal; wherever there is a gentle

minstrel who bewails his broken harp, a fair maiden who weeps over her mangled novel, a politic knight who hemoans his travestied lucubrations, or a weary pilgrim who mourns his anathematized travels, we find a friend and a beadsman in the sufferer. Then with good courage, and St. George to speed, we boldly press forward upon our purposed achievement.

The early state of periodical criticism is of little consequence to our present purpose. At first the art pretended to afford little more than a list of the works of the learned in the order of publication, with some brief and dry account of the contents of each, a sort of *catalogue raisonnée* in short, where the books published within a certain period, were arranged according to order, with such a view of each as might inform the book-buyer whether it fell within the line of his reading or collecting. These earlier journalists contented themselves with intimating what the work under consideration actually contained, without pretending to point out its errors, far less to supply its omissions by their own disquisitions. As for satire and raillery, the laborious compilers of these dry catalogues, many of whom actually expired under the task they had undertaken, had neither leisure nor spirits for such flights of imagination. These were abandoned to the editors of newspapers and journals, whence flying shafts of satirical criticism were often discharged amid the thunder of political artillery. It was not from reviews, but from *Mist's Journal*, the *Daily Journal*, the *Gazetteers*, &c., that those volleys of abuse against Pope were hurled forth, which, contemptible as they now appear, had but too much effect upon the poet's irritability. It is hard to guess what would have been the feelings of the Wasp of Twickenham, had he lived in the present day, when ten or twelve periodical works, devoted to criticism alone, claim as their proper subject, or rather their natural prey, every new publication which issues from the press. But the grave authors of the "*Works of the Learned*," and other early publications approaching to the nature of reviews, could not long preserve the neutrality to which at first they confined themselves. It was scarcely to be expected, that a critic of competent judgment should, in giving an account of a new work, resist the temptation to express the information or pleasure he had received from particular passages, still less that he could refrain from manifesting his own superiority, by pointing out occasional omissions or errors of his author. And thus reviews gradually acquired the form and character which they now exhibit, and which is too well known to require definition. But within the last ten years, a very important change has taken place in the mode of conducting them, a change which, as it has inexpressibly increased their impor-

tance and influence upon literature, claims for its causes a candid and critical attention.

The discerning reader will easily perceive that we allude to the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*; a journal which in its nature materially differs from its predecessors, and has given in many respects an entirely new turn to public taste and to critical discussion. It becomes our duty to state in what particulars the ancient system was innovated upon, and where the charm lies which has enabled a journal of such recent establishment, not only to take the lead, and give the tone to most of its predecessors, but in a variety of instances utterly to supersede their authority, and reduce whole cart-loads of criticism to a melancholy inactivity in the publisher's warehouse. For this purpose, it is necessary to take a view of the state of the popular reviews previous to 1802.

The imperfections of these journals may be traced to one great cause. Each of the leading English reviews, though originally established by men of letters, had gradually fallen under the dominion of the publishing bookseller. We have no wish to join in the common cry against this class of tradesmen, which is chiefly swelled by the deep-mouthed discontents of neglected authors. On the contrary, we feel great sympathy for their situation, and are humbly of opinion, that not only the authors, but even the age, are very ready to transfer the depression of neglected genius, and other consequences of their own egotism or stupidity, to the broad shoulders of the gentlemen in the Row. A bookseller, to live by his trade, must buy so as to sell with profit. If the demand for any work, be it ever so ingenious, is insufficient to pay for print and paper, is it reasonable to expect that the tradesman can pay for the copy-right? The shameful fact, that the *Paradise Lost* was bought for ten pounds, throws infamy indeed upon the taste of the age, but not on the conduct of the purchaser, who did not sell an edition in eight years, and was probably a loser by the bargain. In short, a bookseller, even supposing him a judge of literature, has it not in his power with common prudence to make the author of a new work an offer which may be fully adequate even to his own ideas of its value; for the risk arising from the caprice of the public must be covered by such an insurance as makes no small deduction from the price of an author's labour. But this deduction becomes much greater, and almost intolerable, if, which is far more commonly the case, the bookseller is obliged to provide some guarantee against the consequence, not only of the public fickleness, but of his own ignorance. Few of these gentlemen are, and fortunately for the state of their warehouses, few even affect to be, judges of

literary merit. They buy copy-rights as a blind man might purchase a lot of horses, at such an average price, that the success of one book may compensate the loss upon twenty. In this point of view, the accounts between the worshipful Company of Stationers, and the no less worshipful Society of Authors, come, upon a general balance of the ledger, nearly to an equality, although, no doubt, the personal accounts with some individuals may stand greatly in favour of the bibliopolists. We are, therefore, fully sensible how much this trade is a lottery, and it is without the least wish of censuring those engaged in it, that we point out the divers inconveniences attending those reviews which are under mercantile management.

A periodical publication has been often said to resemble a mail-coach. It must set out at a particular day and hour, it must travel the road whether full or empty, and whether it conveys bullion to the bank of England, or a sample of cheese to a grocer in Thames street. In such a case, the prudent owner of the vehicle purveys such horses as are fittest for this regular, fatiguing, and, in some points of view derogating duty. He buys no "fine framped steeds," that are fitted for a chariot or curicle, nor yet brutes that, by their clumsy make and bulk of bone, are qualified only to tug in a drayman's cart; but he labours to secure, of

"Spare-fed prancers many a raw-boned pair;"

such as have, perhaps, seen their best days, and acquired discretion to submit to their necessary task, while they retain vigour and animation sufficient to tug through it speedily and hardily. The bare-worn common of literature has always afforded but too numerous a supply of authors who hold a similar description; and who, by misfortune or improvidence, or merely from having been unable to force themselves forward to public notice, are compelled to subject talents worthy of better employment, to whatever task a bookseller shall be pleased to dictate. In London particularly, where the pursuit of letters is a distinct profession, whose students cannot easily provide for themselves in the more ordinary walks of life, there are, and must be, many men of learning, of mental vigour, even of genius, whose circumstances do not entitle them to despise the regular and fixed emolument which may be procured by stated employment in an established review. Amongst these, then, the bookseller might easily select such as could at once labour at the most reasonable rate, and to the best effect; while he may be supposed also to have possessed the authority necessary to direct their industry into those channels which had obliquely the effect of advancing his own trade. It was,

accordingly, a thing so well known, as to be observed even by the dullest, that from the publisher's name in the imprint of a new book, readers were enabled to calculate, with absolute certainty, the nature of the treatment it would receive in the corresponding reviews. From this it naturally followed, that the more heavy, or, to speak technically, the more dull of sale a work happened to be, the more this tender assistance was necessary on the part of the reviewers, and the more eagerly it was called for by the proprietors of both works. A man of genius, and many have been engaged in such labour, might sometimes wince a little under the burden which was thus imposed upon him, since to produce a panegyric without merit is as difficult as to make bricks without straw. But the strongest minds are bent to circumstances,—even Johnson submitted to Cave the bookseller, a sheaf of his powerful and varied effusions, with the humiliating acknowledgment *emptoris sit eligere*; and it may be readily supposed, that few, who have resembled him in poverty and in talents, have been more nice and fastidious than Johnson. It thus happened in the general case, that the reviewer, like a fee'd barrister, sacrificed his own feelings and judgment to the interest of the bookseller his employer; and it followed, almost of course, that, without bending the whole force of his mind to so ungracious and unsatisfactory labour, he was satisfied if he discharged it in a workman-like manner, and, without aiming at excellence, was contented if he could not be justly charged with ignorance of his subject, or negligence in the mode of treating it. In this manner, a dull and stupifying mediocrity began to be the most distinguishing feature of the English reviews, even of such as were written by men of acknowledged learning and admitted talents. Articles doubtless occasionally appeared of a very different description, where the reviewer, pleased with a theme which corresponded with his own taste and pursuits, threw off the labourer, assumed the author, and analysed with a kindred spirit the productions of genius or the researches of philosophy. In other cases, the gentleman of the trade, whose book was to be reviewed, sought out among his own customers, or the literary friends of the author, some person whom he supposed qualified to treat the subject well, and disposed to use the work favourably. Such a voluntary assistant, though he might not possess more ability than the person on whom in stated routine the task would have devolved, took it up nevertheless with the eagerness of novelty; and if, at the same time, he was paying a tax to friendship, or endeavouring to throw a double lustre upon opinions which he himself professed, his article was likely to possess a spirit and energy which might raise it above

the cold uniformity of those with which it was mingled. But exceptions, arising from either of these causes, were comparatively of rare occurrence, and, upon the whole, there was a visible tameness and disposition to lethargy in the English reviews at the close of the eighteenth century.

A spirit of indolence is usually accompanied with a disposition to mercy, or rather those whom it has thoroughly possessed cannot give themselves the trouble of rousing to deeds of severity. Accordingly the calm, even, and indifferent style of criticism, which we have endeavoured to describe, was distinguished by a lenient aspect towards its objects. The reviewer, in the habit of treating with complacency those works which belonged to his own publisher, was apt to use the same general style of civility towards others, although they had not the same powerful title to protection. A certain deference was visibly paid to an author of celebrity, whether founded upon his literary qualities or on the adventitious distinctions of rank and title, and generally there was a marked and guarded *retenue* both in the strictures hazarded and in the mode of expressing them. If raillery was ever attempted, there was no horse-play in it, and the only fault which could be objected by the reader was, that the critic was

Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

This rule was not, indeed, without exceptions; the mind of a liberal and public-spirited critic sometimes reversed the sentence of his employer, and, unlike the prophet of Midian, anathematized the works on which he was summoned to bestow benedictions. Neither was it meet that the critical rod should be hung up in mere show, lest in time, as it is learnedly argued by the Duke of Vienna, it should become "more mocked than feared." The terrors of the office were, therefore, in some measure maintained by the severity exercised upon the tumberry novels and still-born poetry which filled the monthly catalogue, whose unknown, and perhaps starving authors, fared like the parish-boys at a charity school, who are flogged not only for their own errors, but to vindicate the authority of the master, who cares not to use the same freedom with the children of the squire. Sometimes also "fate demanded a nobler head." The work of a rival bookseller was to be crushed even in birth; a powerful literary patron, or perhaps the reviewer himself, had some private pique to indulge, and added a handful of slugs to the powder and paper which formed the usual contents of his blunderbuss. Sometimes political discussions were introduced, before which deference and moderation are uniformly found to disappear. Or, in fine, the sage bibliopolist

himself occasionally opined that a little severity (so it came not the way of his own publications) might forward the sale of his review, and was therefore pleased to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. But the operation of each and all of these causes was insufficient to counteract the tendency of this species of criticism to stagnate in a course of dull and flat and lukewarm courtesy. Something of the habitual civility and professional deference of the tradesman seemed to qualify the labours of those who wrote under his direction; and the critics themselves, accessible (not, we believe, in almost any case, to pecuniary interposition, but) to applications for favour in divers modes, which they found it difficult to resist, and mixing, too, in the intercourse of private life with many of those who afforded the subjects of their criticism, were seldom disposed to exercise their office in its full, or even in its necessary rigour. These were days of halcyon quietness for authors, especially for that numerous class, who, contented to venture their whole literary credit on one dull work written upon as dull a subject, look forward less to rapid sale and popular applause than to a favourable criticism from the reviewers, and a word or two of snug, quiet, honied assent from a few private friends. The public indeed began to murmur that

Lost was the critic's sense, nor could be found
While one dull formal unison went round.

But the venerable and well-wigged authors of sermons and essays, and mawkish poems and stupid parish histories, bore each triumphantly his ponderous load into the mart of literature, expanded it upon the stall of his bookseller, sate brooding over it till evening closed, and then retired with the consolation, that, if his wares had not met a purchaser, they had at least been declared saleable, and received the stamp of currency from the official inspectors of literary merchandize. From these soothing dreams, authors, booksellers, and critics were soon to be roused by a rattling peal of thunder; and it now becomes our task to show how a conspiracy of beardless boys innovated the venerable laws of this lenient republic of literature, scourged the booksellers out of her senate-house, overset the tottering thrones of the idols whom they had set up, awakened the hundred-necked snake of criticism, and curdled the whole ocean of milk and water, in which, like the serpentine supporter of Vistnou, he had wreathed and wallowed in unwieldy sloth for a quarter of a century. Then, too, amid this dire combustion, like true revolutionists, they erected themselves into a committee of public safety, whose decrees were written in blood, and executed without mercy.

As in many other great revolutions, the causes which gave rise to this change of system were slight and fortuitous. A few young men, who had just concluded their studies at the University of Edinburgh, and were united together by a similarity of talents and pursuits, conceived a project (designed, we believe, to be temporary,) to rescue this province of literature from the state of degradation into which it had gradually sunk, and to give to the world what for many years it had not seen—a fair, but, at the same time, a bold and impartial review of such works as appeared to merit public attention. The scheme of publication, although deeply laid, contained some staggering preliminaries. The associated critics, while they asserted the most uncontrolled freedom from the influence of their publisher, stipulated, it is well known, a subsidy at more than treble the rate allowed to the best as well as supplest mercenaries which London could afford. The mention of this circumstance, though it may seem to savour of minute inquiry, is in truth neither trivial nor petulant. Young men just entering upon life, especially if they belong to Scotland, are seldom in a situation to afford their time gratis, or, if in such a situation, are still more seldom disposed to bestow their leisure hours in labour of any kind. Besides, every one knows the inadequate recompence usually made to a Scottish barrister, during the early years of his practice, and it was probably not injudiciously conceived, that a more ample guerdon might seduce some of that well-educated and peculiarly acute class of young men to lend their aid to the new undertaking, which was carefully cleared of every thing resembling mercenary drudgery, while the *honorarium* it held forth made the ordinary professional emoluments kick the beam. In one respect that mercantile part of the matter was managed with equal delicacy and prudence. No distinction was permitted between the Dilletanti writer, and one whose circumstances might render copy-money necessary or acceptable. If Czar Peter laboured in the trenches, he drew his pay as a common soldier; and thus the degrading distinction was excluded between those whose fortune or generosity inclined them to labour for nought, and the less fortunate scholar, to whom reward was in some degree an object; the pride of the latter remained unwounded, and, mingled as he was among many critics of wealth and rank, it remained a secret known to none but himself, whether he was actuated by any additional motives besides the desire of literary distinction. The report, too, of this uncommon premium gave a sort of eclat to the undertaking, and showed that the associated critics claimed a merit and consequence beyond the ordinary class of reviewers; that their band, like the confederates of Gadshill, were

PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

"no footland-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, but nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers." In short, this subordinate circumstance (for it must be supposed that we hold it highly subordinate to the principle causes of success) gave the undertaking at its outset an appearance of seriousness, for which, considering the youth of those upon whom the execution was to rest, they might otherwise hardly have gained the necessary credit.

In another circumstance, the Edinburgh Reviewers judiciously took a difference from their brethren of England. Their criticism was professedly limited to works which, in one shape or other, deserved the public attention; and, that ample time might be allowed for selecting such subjects, their term of publication was made quarterly instead of monthly. At the same time, and as a part of the same arrangement, it was announced to the public, that it was the object of this new publication to be distinguished rather by the selection than for the number of its articles; that the editors did not assume any merit for conveying priority of literary intelligence, and therefore left such a space of time betwixt their periods of publication as might avail for mature consideration of the works fit to be reviewed, as well as of the judgment to be passed upon them. It cannot be doubted that this deliberate mode of proceeding at once added to the real merit of the review, and greatly raised its character with the public. The reviews had been hitherto published monthly, and it was a necessary consequence, that those numbers which appeared in what is called the publishing season, which lasts from the end of November till after the King's birth-day, were overwhelmed with important discussions which the critics had neither time maturely to consider, nor room to treat at length. Hence we have frequently seen the reviewer under the inconvenient but unavoidable necessity of continuing a single article of importance from one number of his review to another, by which division his argument sustained deep and material injustice. It was a yet more serious inconvenience to the editor, that he was obliged to bolster out his summer numbers with an extra proportion of those insignificant and still-born productions which never for an instant either did attract, or ought to have attracted, the attention of the public. But at all times their plan admitted too much of this trumpery. The monthly catalogue, where, as in the cauldron of Acheron, all mingles that mingle may, while it occupied a degree of room widely disproportional to its no importance, had, in a secondary point of view, an effect disadvantageous to the character of the reviews, and those by whom they were written. We have already stated our belief that the booksellers principally interested in

the success of these works, took care for their own sakes to procure respectable assistance for what are called the leading articles. But what man of talent would be bribed to the analyzing and reporting this dunghill of shreds and patches, this "mass of all things base," or write these paltry and brief notices, which were strung together, and appended to the more dignified articles, like the shreds of paper which form the tail of a boy's kite? Or, if such a critic were willing to stoop to the task of a scavenger, and was condescending enough to sift this heap of cinders, could a bookseller be expected, upon mercantile principles, to compensate his labours according to the writer's merit and not to their worth? It is probable, therefore, that these departments in many cases slipped into the hands of a low description of hackney scribblers, whose very names tended to throw disrespect upon the employment of reviewers, and who may be supposed little scrupulous as to the indirect modes by which they mended the pittance allotted them. As, therefore, in this subordinate department, the partiality of private friendship, and the rancour of personal malignity, could be summoned into activity, unsuspected and undetected, it seems farther probable, that, if there were any real grounds for actual corruption and bribery, to which we believe the superior class of reviewers were strangers, they might perhaps occur in this ill-scoured sink, this lowest dungeon of critical publication. In disclaiming, therefore, any intention of reviewing what was naturally destined to obscurity, the Edinburgh critics at once cleared their hands of a huge, ill-arranged, and most uninteresting class of subjects, and relieved themselves from the necessity of associating in their labours those discreditable compeers, upon whom the task of considering it must necessarily have devolved. They did more—by this arrangement, they pledged themselves to the reader, that they would exercise no absolute and peremptory *fat* of acquittal or condemnation without treating the subject at some length, and giving the grounds of their sentence, so that, if just, they might be assented to, if ill-founded, they might be opposed and confuted. Thus every thing in their plan bespoke the purpose of men capable and confident in their powers, bending themselves gravely to a purpose from which they had studiously excluded all that was trifling, vulgar, or insignificant.

The associated critics having thus provided for the expenses of their campaign, calculated the duration of their marches, and estimated the importance of their proposed achievements, the Edinburgh Review appeared in October, 1802. A circumstance is said to have occurred in the very outset, unimportant in itself, but tending strongly to show the necessity that some

PERIODICAL CRITICISM,

review should exist altogether free from bookselling influence, as well as to evince the strong opinion of the right of management which the trade retained as to all such works. A very respectable bookseller, selected as the London publisher, took upon him to decline or delay publishing the first number of the Review, alleging (it is said) very frankly, the detriment it was likely to occasion to the sale of a certain expensive work in which he was concerned, and which the Northern Aristarchus had treated with slender ceremony. The future services of this gentleman were of course declined, and it was made sufficiently manifest that the publishers were to derive no other advantage from this work than the direct emoluments which the sale might produce to them.

The first numbers of the Edinburgh Review asserted the character which it has in most respects maintained to this day. The style was bold, caustic, decided, and intolerant. To mark as far as possible the new principles of their criticism, the adventurers hung out the bloody flag in their title-page, and by the appropriate motto (*Judex damnatur si nocens absolvitur*) intimated their intention to discard the courteous rules and indulgent civility, under the restraint of which their contemporaries had been hitherto content to wage their drowsy warfare. It was a sort of imprecation on themselves and their infant publication, if they withheld their arm from battle for pity, need, or respect of persons.

"Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young orphan, be thy paine,
If I or thou due vengeance do forbear."

Most readers must remember the hubbub occasioned by the first issuing forth of this unruly northern whirlwind. The confusion is before our eyes and in our ears, as if it happened but yesterday. A hail-storm, or rather the alarm of a mad-dog in Kensington Gardens, about four o'clock on a fine Sunday, is the best emblem we can propose to those who did not witness the universal consternation of the book-writing and book-selling world. The Edinburgh critics meanwhile, like their countryman Lismahago in a similar situation, beheld, with a Sardonian grin, the confusion they had occasioned, and proceeded to fire their second barrel among the astonished multitude, regardless alike of the piteous state of those who fell into the ditch in attempting to scramble out of gunshot, or supplicated mercy on their knees, and of the threats of the hardier few who gathered stones and mud, or waved canes and umbrellas, to repel their assaults. "Remarks," "Observations," "Defences," "Vindications," came forth without end; nor were there wanting those who endeavoured to retort the injuries they or

their friends had received in the scuffle, by circulating pieces of personal abuse and scurrility against the supposed authors of the fray. But the public, after viewing so new a scene for some time with amazement, began to learn that an insulted author is an animal not better furnished for defence than the poor sloth, which can only annoy its hunter by its plaintive and discordant screams. A writer who complains of the severity or even the rudeness of criticism, is like one who should tell of the inhumanity with which his adversary kicked or cudgelled him; for the disgraceful nature of the injury attracts more scorn than his sufferings can inspire pity.

We do not, however, know whether the *pocourante* disposition of the master critic, although a quality as remarkable as any by which he is distinguished, could have actually borne him through in his undeviating course of severity in despite of fear and favour, had he not resided at a distance from the capital in which his review had excited this ferment. Lampoons, libels, and all that pop-gun train of scandal's artillery, may annoy the most stoical and indifferent philosopher, if he be placed within the actual range of their explosion, and view them primed and levelled against him from every bookseller's window; but these paper pellets, which may have some little teasing effect when discharged across a street in town, lose their force entirely in the space between London and Edinburgh. A single copy or two may reach our northern metropolis, perhaps by the medium of some "damn'd good natured friend;" but, as they never get into general circulation, or become subjects of discussion in society, a man must be very irritable indeed who can disturb himself at the mere knowledge of their existence. Had Pope lived two hundred miles from London, he would probably never have heard of the puny attacks which called down vengeance in the *Dunciad*; and we cannot help taking notice, that the only personal assault which the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* ever gave himself the trouble to answer, was written and published in Edinburgh.

The same accidental distance from London probably fortified the Edinburgh critics in adherence to their general plan of an impartiality bordering on rigour. They were separated from the great body of English authors, and a gulf as it were, placed between them, so that, while their works were under consideration, no personal image of the writer could excite either favour or commiseration in the mind of the critic. They escaped also the manifold ties that warp almost insensibly round one who is fond of literary society, and which wind him into partiality which it is difficult to discard, and expose him to solicitations which it is impossible to parry. Edinburgh, indeed,

it may be said, has a literary society of its own, the members of which frequently subject themselves by publication to the censure of periodical criticism. But, in the first place, the literati of Edinburgh are generally engaged in other pursuits in life, and are not, we have observed, apt to feel sore under the lash of criticism, as probably more indifferent to literary fame than their brethren of the south, who frequently make that and the emoluments which accompany it, the prime object of life. The critic may therefore exercise his faculty even on those with whom he lives and converses, we do not say with security, but at least with little fear of converting a friend into an enemy. But, secondly, if the ties of private friendship sometimes occasion a tendency to partiality, of which we cannot deny there may be found traces even in the Edinburgh Review, the narrowness of the sphere in which such temptations occur necessarily renders their influence rare and occasional. Lastly, we must observe to the honour of the literary society of Edinburgh, that if there exist any causes why a critic who is their fellow-citizen and daily companion should delight to honour them more than perhaps they merit, there is little room for that darker motive of partiality, which arises from the feuds, factions, and heart-burnings in which he might be elsewhere involved. There is, indeed, a difference between two classes of our philosophers, which we (to use Sosia's expression) shall leave to the "other we," our physical associates to make plain, and which, if we (meaning we ourselves) rightly comprehend the matter, resolves into a dispute whether the world at the creation was roasted or boiled into its present form. But we do not find our Neptunists and Vulcanists inclined to draw daggers on this question; (at which we are rather surprised, considering that it seems incapable of proof, and is of very small consequence,) on the contrary, they discuss their roast and boiled together in a very sociable manner. As for our literary class, it is well known that our Celt sits down with our Goth, our war poet with our peace poet, our Marian with our Elizabethan, and all with our critic; so, until the lion lie down with the kid, and the child play upon the hole of the asp, we can hardly expect a more edifying accordance of opposite natures. Perhaps this may be owing to the narrow circle in which these gentlemen move; perhaps to the predominance of barristers among their number,—a class of prudent persons, who account all angry debate too valuable to be thrown away in gratuitous controversy, and keep it carefully corked up in guinea and two guinea bottles, for the use of those who may chance to need it at the bar. But whether the ludicrous cause we have assigned, or one more honourable to those who are by profession in the

daily habit of maintaining controversy with temper, and enduring contradiction without animosity, gives stability to the amicable and pacific state of our little literary republic, the fact is certain, that the critics who are members of it can draw from thence no food to stimulate malevolence, though it is possible they may find some motives for indulgence or partial preference. And these secondary causes had doubtless their effect in establishing the character of the Edinburgh Review, since candour, like other virtues, is most easily adhered to where there are the fewest temptations to disobey its dictates.

All these, however, were but accidental advantages, which could only further this undertaking in proportion to the internal vigour and stamina with which it was supported. The aim was judiciously taken, but it remained to prove the elasticity of the bow and the nerves of the archer. And, after laying due weight upon the particulars we have enumerated, as contributing to the success of the Edinburgh Review, it must be allowed that the talents of the editor and his associates would have been of themselves sufficient to force the work into public notice under the most disadvantageous circumstances. The tone of the editor's mind necessarily pervaded and regulated the principal articles. It was bold, uncompromising, and intolerant, fraught deeply with various science, yet still more remarkable for prompt arrangement of the knowledge he possessed; distinguished for the clear, summary, and perspicuous statement of argument or theory, but unequalled for the ready and acute felicity of brilliant illustration. With these high gifts was combined a fluent eloquence upon almost any given topic, the coruscations of a lively wit, and the power of pungent sarcasm and unmerciful irony. The possessor of such talents could hardly be ignorant of the superiority which they afforded him over all whom he met in the ordinary walks of life, and over most of those whom he conversed with through the medium of their literary essays. And perhaps this sense of his own uncommon powers has given rise to the most striking feature in the Edinburgh Review, an indifference, namely, to the work treated of, and a tone of superiority, both over the book and the writer, often just, but sometimes offensive to the reader, and always irritating to the author. It is scarce necessary to observe, that the despotic exercise of authority, though it may subdue, seldom can reform; and, considering the cause of literature as alone in question, a tone of haughty and uniform superiority on the part of the critic is sure to harden the author in the offences charged against him. The latter is of a class not famous in any case for pliability or meekness; he is probably conscious that, whatever his general inferiority may be, he

must have bestowed more thought and research upon the immediate subject of his work than the reviewer by whom his labours are vilipended, and his wounded pride finds a respectable pretext for resisting counsels, which, however just and useful, have been conveyed with supercilious contempt and acrimonious censure. By adopting this tone of general severity, therefore, the real advantage which literature might have derived from the Review was greatly diminished. There is prudence in the maxim which recommends us to glean knowledge even from an enemy; but few are able to practise so humiliating a lesson, or to derive the same profit from contumely and reproach, which they might have been disposed to deduce from friendly advice and gentle reproof. It will be readily admitted, that we only object to the indiscriminating use of severity. We have already stated our sense of the degraded state of lethargy into which the critical art had fallen for want of a little animated and independent satire, and we can have no wish that those days of gentle dulness should return, when all the disquisitions of criticism, like the messes of the Romans, were sweetened with honey and oil. In the name of public justice, let conceits be flogged and pickled, immorality ducked and pilloried, and folly brayed in a mortar. It is when works conveying, perhaps useful, nay important information, are ridiculed for the want of graces which were not necessary to their matter—it is where writers of talent may have erred in the application of their powers—it is where early genius, in a premature attempt at distinction, may have fallen short of the mark at which it aimed, that we would recommend to a critic who shares that information, talent, and genius, to suspend the lash of ridicule, and to essay the effects of a friendly and warning voice. It would have the appearance of cant, were we to expatiate on the pain which a contrary tone inflicts upon the sufferer; nor can we expect that such an argument should influence a professional critic to whose occupation such infliction is indispensable. But in the Memoirs of the late amiable and ingenious Kirke White, we find a scene of which no good man would willingly hazard a repetition, whether for the sake of exhibiting his wit, or of extending his reputation. To crush the spirit and annihilate the hopes (as far as the reviewer was able) of such a young man, was not merely harsh and unjust cruelty to the individual, it was defrauding the public of all they had to expect from awakening talent, and smothering the fire of genius ere it had struggled through the damps of timidity and modesty. There is at least the same cause for forbearance and moderation, where information really useful in itself is communicated by a person perhaps not well fitted by taste or education to

come before the public as an author. In such a case, a critic is bound by his duty to the public, rather to consider the merit and value of the work, than the talents or manner of the author. The latter is often peculiarly obnoxious to ridicule; for the creeping style of the laborious antiquary, the egotistical verbiage of the traveller, the stately and self-important dogmatism of the experimental philosopher, may be easily rendered ridiculous, while the value of their discoveries remains unimpeached. But the boy in the apologue could not have justified his imprudence in cutting off the supply of the golden eggs by pleading that it was a goose which produced them; and, as every one who reads must be conscious that our most valuable information has not always been obtained by men the best fitted to put it into an elegant shape, a discerning critic ought rather in such cases to consider the intention and effect of the information conveyed, than amuse himself and his readers by bantering the shape and fashion of the vehicle which brings it before his tribunal.

It remains we should notice the effect of this tone of dogmatical superiority in the reviewer, when it is assumed towards authors of some name and an ascertained rank in the literary world; and, to say the truth, it is in such a case that we consider the critic as most justified in assuming an independent at least, if not a lofty tone of censure. Too much deference to merit generally admitted, too much delicacy in pointing out the errors of an author of acknowledged rank, would in fact be a cowardly dereliction of his own critical authority, and an admission that he had cited to his bar one who should have sate upon his bench. It is, therefore, in such instances that a moderate and manly, nay somewhat a peremptory assertion of the dignity of his craft becomes a reviewer well, if it be supported with the skill and knowledge necessary to render it more than an empty assertion. And we are reconciled to a certain severity of criticism in such a case for two reasons; both because it is ten to one that such an author will peruse the article respecting him either with good-humoured conviction, or with contemptuous indifference; and, secondly, because there is ground for a fair and manly contest between the assailant and the party assailed, and not unattended with risk to the reviewer himself, since he cannot fall into the error of over-loading his critical artillery without somewhat endangering his reputation by the recoil. Yet even in this struggle, "where Greek meets Greek," the Edinburgh reviewers are apt to forget, that fair and generous opposition of sentiment ought to be like open war between civilized powers, undebased by the use of undue advantages and poisoned weapons. Above all, the critic should

remember, that the form of the fight gives him the right of attack,—an advantage to be used with courtesy, not with audacity. The author, by the very act of publication, gives, as it were, his cheek to the smiter; he must, like the Duke of Austria in the old romance, who undertook to receive a buffet from Richard Cœur de Lion, “stand forth, and hold his head fair as a true man.” We think this advantage ought not to be abused on the reviewer’s part; that the combat ought to be maintained according to the laws of courteous chivalry; and our literature, if possible, preserved from disgraceful wrangling between the professors and the judges of literature, and from the revival of such controversies as disgraced learning in the days of Sciopius and Scaliger.

Another leading innovation, introduced by the example of the Edinburgh Review into the art of periodical criticism, is perhaps strictly connected with, and derived from, the tone of superiority assumed by these critics over the subjects of their lucubrations. It is the right which they assume of at any time deserting the work which gives the title to their article, and, without further reference to it than a few lines of general vituperation, proceeding to canvass the subject matter according to their own views. Former reviewers accounted it their principal and indispensable duty to give an account of the work upon their table, and conveyed all their own remarks in such a form as might bear upon and be applicable to their immediate text-book. But the Edinburgh reviewers have often flung it aside, as an extemporaneous preacher shuts the Bible after he has read his text; and it is well if, on such occasions, they have again adverted to it during the whole of the article. It cannot be denied that this mode of considering a subject, in a general point of view, gives scope to the genius of the critic, and an ample opportunity for the display of his own knowledge; nor are we inclined to join the cry of the neglected and discontented authors, who complain that the edifice of the critic is often run up with bricks surreptitiously abstracted from their own contemned Babel. On the contrary, the Edinburgh Miscellany must be admitted to contain many original and luminous essays upon subjects the most generally interesting, written in a style alternately powerful and lively, and forming a species of composition which, if it cannot be properly termed a review of any work, is often much better worth reading than if it were. It is no doubt true, that the example of this leading publication has induced those of minor fame to neglect the natural and usual discharge of their functions, in order to wander into disquisitions quite beyond their own depth and talent. But we cannot so far adopt the severity of the northern critics, as to

make them responsible not only for their own mode of writing, but for the errors and absurdities of all who, emulous of their fame, may attempt to imitate them in it. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that this novel practice is peculiarly convenient for the numerous class of grown gentlemen who are desirous to have a superficial knowledge of the topics of the day, without being peculiarly anxious about its accuracy, or disposed to encounter much toil in the acquirement. To this body of readers, reviews, magazines, pamphlets, and all the light-armed forces of the press, have been always a principal resource; and, as it is quite the same to them whether the scantling of information which they require comes from the reviewer's mother-wit, or is only an abstract or report from the author before him, it is probable that the variety, liveliness, and perspicuity of the lucubrations on general subjects in the Edinburgh Review have tended not a little to extend its popularity, although they may not be strictly consistent with its title and professed purpose.

Hitherto we have spoken only of certain peculiarities in the conduct of this celebrated and popular journal, of its general and uncompromising tone of severity, and of the uncereemonious neglect of the various works which it professes to review, but which have often as little connection with the article to which they give the title as the sign of the inn with what passes in the tap-room. Something remains to be said of the nature and taste of criticism which it exhibits; and it is with some regret that we must necessarily consider it separately, as exercised upon topics of general literature, and as connected with party politics.

Upon the first of these points we confess our inability to deduce any precise canons of criticism from the sixteen volumes which are now before us. Nor do we consider this as matter either of surprise or censure. A series of unconnected decisions, each resting upon its own specialities, pronounced perhaps by different judges of the same court, can scarcely afford coherent materials for compiling a code of laws. But perhaps the articles of a review still more resemble the pleadings of an ingenious barrister upon various points of law, or the theses of a learned sophist on different points of controversy, in which the sole object, besides that of displaying the versatile genius of the advocate, is the maintaining some isolated and unconnected proposition by arguments which, upon another occasion, may be changed or exploded, without incurring the charge of inconsistency. Thus the same premises may be used on various occasions, as authorizing the most opposite conclusions. For example, the decided and extended

popularity of one author may be represented as arising from his dealing more in the common-places of poetry than his contemporaries, and another may be consoled by the assurance, that if his work be caviare to the multitude, it is the more valuable to the few who can estimate the just representation of the most ordinary feelings of our nature, which are precisely those upon which the common-places of poetry are founded: nay, if it be necessary, both these propositions may be abandoned, to charge a third poet with want of popularity, as a conclusive sentence against him, pronounced by the silent practical judgment of the public. Now, although each of these dogmata may be supported by very plausible and ingenious reasoning, it must certainly puzzle any author, disposed to act under such high authority, to discover whether, by using the most hackneyed language and subjects of his art, he is most likely to secure the applause of the multitude, or that only of the select few; and if he should determine on pursuing the road to popularity, recommended in the reviewer's latest opinion, he would be still uncertain whether, when attained, it is to be considered as a mark of merit or reprobation. In the same manner, if an author be dubious what degree of labour or distinct description he ought to bestow on the detail of those minute particulars which form the accompaniments of his picture, he may find difficulty in reconciling two articles in the *Review* for April 1808, in one of which the author of a tale of chivalry is *censured* for the pedantic specification of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, caps of maintenance, portcullises, and wimples, while, in another, the poet of the village is distinctly *applauded* for the minute and Chinese accuracy of detail which inventories the whole household goods of a thievish smuggler, including ill-sorted packs of cards, unpaired pistols, frocks, wigs, hats, and bludgeons. To us it appears, that both poets, in completing their pictures, were obliged to fill up the back-ground with the objects best suited to the nature of the scene and character of the actors, and that whatever advantage might be on either side in the mode of execution, the minute specification in question was to both a rule of art which they could not easily elude or disobey, any more than Teniers could have finished his Flemish carousals without introducing tubs, barrels, pots, ladles, and other vulgar utensils, or than Spagnolette could have brought out his group of banditti without the necessary accompaniments of chains, axes, torturing engines, and bloody armour.

It would be easy to point out similar instances of critical inconsistency in the reviews which refer to different works of the same author, and to show that the unfortunate wight has

been sometimes censured for taking, in his second work, the tone which the critic had approved and recommended in the first. But we are satisfied to have adduced proofs of our proposition from leading articles upon popular works, composed, it is understood, by the same ingenious critic; and where therefore the conclusion which we have drawn is not liable to be evaded by ascribing the apparent inconsistency which they display to their being written by different hands. So that, if the author be disposed to pardon what Dryden calls the horse-play of the reviewer's raillery, he may be confounded by the capricious distribution of favour or censure, which seems to have been adopted from the involuntary exercise to which a cat subjects an unfortunate captive. This tone of uncertainty, and variation of opinion, or rather of humour, seems necessarily to arise from the leading principle of the Review, which renders each article an independent essay. It is impossible for the critic, while considering every new work as an isolated subject for the display of his own genius, to maintain perfect consistence with what he may have formerly advanced upon similar occasions; nor would his doing so amuse or interest the generality of the readers, who are accustomed to consider each Review as an ephemeral publication, the contents of which are banished from their recollection before the next number makes its appearance. These will, of course, expect a new disquisition, as lively and brilliant as the preceding, upon every fresh work which an author may send forth, and will care very little whether such disquisition be founded on the same, or upon new and inconsistent critical doctrine. We have, therefore, been often tempted to compare these distinguished articles in the Edinburgh Review to the prefaces and critical essays of Dryden, abounding in striking passages, animated language, and acute reasoning, but written to serve some instant or pressing purpose; and so far from having any regard to an uniform or general system, that they are often in direct opposition to each other. They are, in short, like a series of decisions of certain courts of law, in which each question is studiously separated from all others by a detail of circumstances, and decided as upon grounds proper to itself, until the lawyer, instead of being able to extract general principles of law from the train of practice, is utterly perplexed by the maze of contradictory judgments, and only consoled by the reflection, that in the hour of need he can never fail to discover a precedent in favour of his own cause, whatever sort of precedent that cause may chance to stand in need of. That the law would grievously suffer in the parallel case supposed cannot be doubted for a moment; and if literature does not sustain the same disadvantage in that

before us, it is because the decisions in the court of criticism are not necessarily binding upon the parties over whom they are pronounced. But it is evident that, in this desultory mode of delivering his opinion, the critic abandons the chance of rendering real service to letters, by establishing, or at least acting upon, something like permanent rules of taste; and that, however amusing the revolutions of his doctrine may be to the public, they can only serve to confound the unfortunate author, for whose benefit, one would suppose, admonition and reproof were principally intended. In short, we conceive this determination to be equally brilliant, and striking, and witty, and new, upon every article of importance which comes before them, is, in the critical court, a sacrifice of the high duties of the judge's office to the love of amusing and of dazzling an extensive circle of readers. Were we to attempt to make any general deduction from a style of criticism so shadowy and variable, we should say, that subjects of pathos, bearing immediate reference to domestic feelings and affections, seem to come most home to the critic's bosom. The wilder flights of fancy find little there which is responsive; and had our northern Aristarch sat in judgment at the Grecian recitations, we are certain he would have given his vote for Euripides, while we shrewdly suspect the flights of Pindar would scarcely have atoned for their irregularity by their beauty and sublimity. There is something in this distinction appropriate to the very art of criticism, which, although, in a good and kind disposition, it cannot be supposed to harden the heart, may have no small effect in blunting the ardour of fancy. Under the analytical process of such an observer, traits of natural feeling are like the perfume of the violet, which is only increased by the dissection of the botanist, while those beauties which address themselves to the imagination are, like the colours of the same flower, defaced under his scalpel. This, however, is descending more minutely in our observations on the character of the journal than is here necessary.

There are general subjects, and we record the fact with pleasure, upon which the Edinburgh critics have exhibited no variation or shadow of turning, but have passed and uniformly adhered to their well-advised and well-merited censure. We allude to that class of poetry which, while it is particularly addressed to the young and gay of both sexes, is calculated to exhibit a sentimental refinement of the strains of Sedley and Rochester of old. We rejoice to say, that the northern blight has so far affected the bays of the modern "men of wit and pleasure about town," that, when they shall sprout again, we may confidently expect a very different foliage. Nor do we

notice with less pleasure their sturdy defence of morality in general, and their animated exertions against the negro trade in particular,—a cause which they early adopted, and contributed, we believe, not a little, by well-timed and well-written articles, to conduct to its present fortunate and honourable consummation. This tenacity upon points of morality may be well allowed to counterbalance a thousand variations of the reviewer's opinion upon matters of taste.

Our approbation of the theological articles of the *Edinburgh Review* cannot be so unqualified. They are deeply tinged with party spirit; but of that we shall speak presently more at length. But they also exhibit an unbecoming mixture of buffoonery and "fool-born jest" with subjects of the deepest political and religious import. The tone with which the methodists in particular are treated, is that of a jealous clergyman who affects in his coterie to ridicule those of his flock whom his pulpit eloquence is unable to withhold from the tabernacle. But the matter is grown too ominously serious for this jocular mode of discussion. If it is intended to convert the methodists from their more enthusiastic tenets, let the effort be made in such a manner as will neither irritate the feelings which prompt them, like other men, to repel contumely by contempt, or shock those of reverential awe, with which they, above all other sects, are trained to regard every thing connected with religion. There is much good and much evil in methodism, and it is difficult to conceive how it should have been made the subject of ludicrous discussion by those very men who pretend to regard the question of catholic emancipation as a matter of such serious and vital importance, unless indeed they allege the novelty of the sect as sufficient excuse for treating its doctrine with familiarity, and think with Enobarbus,

——— 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.———

Upon metaphysical subjects, the *Edinburgh Review* vindicates the ancient reputation of our metropolitan university, long celebrated for that species of cobweb reasoning, as Paisley is for our national gauze. The *non est tanti*, always an ungenerous argument, might be more decidedly applied to pure metaphysics than to any other pursuit, were it not that, like the abstract propositions of algebra, they afford a facility of generalizing or analyzing at pleasure questions of political and moral importance, and, if they bewilder weaker minds, afford to those of a firmer texture, an acuteness of perception and argument not to be acquired by any other study. Upon no subject, indeed, has the manager of the *Edinburgh Review* displayed more of his characteristic acuteness, than upon those

where metaphysics are treated, either separately or as applied to practical subjects. There is at once a force, a dignity, a simplicity, and a precision in his mode of expression peculiarly fitted, not only to impress upon the reader the importance of the subject, but to enlighten and delight the attention which he has previously fixed. He never uses words of a dubious import, or in an imperfect sense; his illustrations, although numerous and splendid, never exhibit that doubtful analogy which tends to mislead the reader, or bewilder him in the puzzling consequences of an imperfect and inaccurate parallel. The reviewer not only fully comprehends all which he means to say, (no small virtue in a metaphysician,) but he has the happy art of expressing himself in language as plain as it is precise, and of conveying, in the most distinct manner, to every reader of moderate intelligence, the propositions which his own mind has conceived with so much accuracy. It is but his just praise to say, that, as a guide through the misty maze of speculative philosophy, none has trod with a firmer step, or held equally high a torch which has glowed so clearly.

Several disquisitions of great classical value have at different times appeared in this work; and the scientific department is sustained by masterly talent. On historical and archiologival subjects, the journal does not merit the same commendation.

The fault which we are under the necessity of charging against this able review with the most unqualified censure, is the spirit of political party which pervades it in so remarkable a degree. We are far from saying that reviewers are not entitled, nay called upon, in the fair discharge of their duty, to express their own political sentiments whenever the nature of the subject requires them to do so. Accordingly, though we might feel disposed to combat the opinions delivered by the Edinburgh reviewers in many of their political articles, we do not pretend to question their right to treat these questions in the way which appeared to them most fitting. But the evil lies in the strain of party feeling, which visibly infects those articles of general literature with which politics have least to do, in a sort of narrow factious spirit of distributing censure or approbation with an eye to the political predilections of the author, rather than to the literary merits or demerits of his work. In former reviews, the effect of the critic's politics was confined to a few articles, where every reader was prepared to expect that he should give way to his partialities, and therefore considered his argument with the necessary allowances; but on the modern system, these prejudices are like the plague in *Leviticus*, which not only infected warp and woof, linen and woollen, but left its foul stains upon the walls, the mortar and the stones,

upon subjects whose natures seemed incapable either of admitting or retaining the tokens of pestilential infection. It is not enough that the critics have "relaxed their brows severe," and softened their tone of censure in favour of those authors with whom they may stand connected by party alliance, and by the *sodalitium* of clubs and societies. This partiality, although it falls under the imprecatory censure of their fulminating motto, may be pardoned to the weakness of humanity. There are even other temptations under which the critic who yields to them may claim our commiseration, if not our pardon. A severe attack upon a popular demagogue, or an incendiary scribbler, may draw down his vengeance, not perhaps on the person responsible for the review, (for the manager himself may consider the attempted retribution only as matter of contempt,) but upon friends engaged in political life, and bestirring themselves in that stormy ocean, where a gale from any quarter is hazardous. Here, therefore, the call of friendship is likely to predominate; the provoked Cerberus must be propitiated, and, instead of dragging him to day with the arm of Hercules, the reviewer, in woeful inactivity, sits down, like Theseus beside Pirithous, and sacrifices his own honour and duty to the security of his friend. We are much mistaken if such feelings did not somewhat paralyze the attack upon Cobbett, which, whatever the Edinburgh reviewer may suppose, gained him more credit with the moderate part of the public than ought to have been sacrificed to the fear of exposing any of the critical fraternity to the illiberal virulence of the Political Register. We write these things, rather in sorrow than in anger, and own ourselves more disappointed upon recent occasions, that we had formerly seen the lion pawing to deliver himself from the sordid soil with which he was encumbered, and have had one more glimpse of the service which the acute and generalizing powers of the leading critic, if freed from the adhesive slime of party, might render to a country which at no former time so greatly needed the light of a vigorous and intelligent mind. Amid the sacrifices which have been made to party-spirit, (if indeed we are to regard it as consummated,) a more powerful understanding and more varied talent have never been immolated than by the individual to whom we allude with a mixture of respect and sorrow.

But, omitting and pardoning the departure of the journal from its duty, whether for fear or favour, and cancelling at once its sins of omission, the Edinburgh critics, must still be arraigned for the strange and unjustifiable despotism of visiting, upon the literary productions which have no concern with politics, the supposed political attachments of the authors. It

is inconceivable to what trivial motives may be traced the shade of censure which pervades a whole article. A dedication to an obnoxious character, the praise bestowed upon one public man, or the omitting to praise another, the censure inflicted, or the compliment withheld in a passing paragraph, are quite sufficient to colour the whole character of a work in the *Edinburgh Review*. This has even been carried still farther; for there are instances in which the author has not left a single opening through which his political opinions could be glanced at; and yet he has been arraigned upon his general character, and his productions, literary, philosophical, or historical, turned the scamy side without, solely because his party-faith did not square with that of his reviewer. In such cases the *Edinburgh* critic seems to adopt the opinion of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who held it sound reason to call a man to account for a sentiment he had never uttered, and was so subtle a disputant as to differ from one who was not at the moment giving any opinion at all. So sweeping a charge of gross and glaring partiality, of which the purpose is to write *up* the characters of men of their own party, and to write *down* that of all others, it may be said, ought not to be hazarded without some proof. Now for this our limits are unfortunately too narrow; but if any reader will have the curiosity to divide the authors reviewed for these last five years into two classes, we pawn our credit, that out of those whom the *Edinburgh* critics are visibly inclined to favour, and those upon whom they exhaust the rigours of criticism, he will be able to form a black and a white list, in which Pittites and Foxites shall be as regularly arranged in opposite columns as in a division in the House of Commons. This partiality does not, it is true, altogether weigh down the scale of favour, or lighten that of censure, but we distinctly aver, that it gives a strong cast to the beam. It is the leaden bias, which, however concealed from sight, and small in proportion to the circumference of the bowl, however liable to be more or less counteracted by the manner in which the player delivers it from his hand, has still a subtle and controlling influence upon the course which his cast pursues. In a word, as every mess dressed by a Spanish cook relishes somewhat of garlic, this unfortunate spirit of party, gives more or less a tone and a colour to the most ingenious criticisms in the *Edinburgh Review*. In some cases, it cools the praise which it dares not altogether suppress; in others, it mitigates and qualifies the censure which it cannot entirely withhold. The critic keeps one eye upon the author's merits, and industriously watches with the other his political acts and opinions; and where an individual is marked as falling under the ban of the party, a direct attack upon his literary

reputation is perhaps the least he has to dread, since there are, in the course of such an extensive work, a thousand modes of obliquely assailing him, by illustration, comparison, or allusion. And these insidious animadversions are the more dangerous, because in such a passing observation the critic is at liberty to assume the premises on which they are founded, which, in a direct attack, he is under the necessity of supporting by proof. Now, considering how widely party differences extend through a free country like Britain, and how much the good, the learned, the wise, and the accomplished have differed upon political points, we cannot but regret that the Shibboleth of party should be fixed upon as a pass-word to the favour of a court of literature. What we now think of Winstanly, who declared that Milton's fame had become "extinguished and stunk, because he reviled our sovereign lord king Charles," will be the opinion of future times concerning all critics, whether Whig or Tory, Pittite or Foxite, who shall make their literary decisions truckle to party politics.

Having said thus much upon the predominance which a party-spirit has gained in the general conduct of this able journal, it becomes less necessary to notice those articles in which, by general admission, as well as by the very charter of their office, the reviewers are called upon to deliver political opinions. In this department the Edinburgh Review once asserted an independence of public men and party leaders, as absolute as their abjuration of bookselling management. The controversy with a certain noble peer upon the Sources of National Wealth, the angry retort of his lordship, and suppressed rejoinder of the critic, are not yet forgotten, and may be contrasted with the fond indulgence extended to a later and still poorer production of the same noble lord upon Indian affairs. But the progressive course of human affairs will not always permit a systematic assertion of the lofty independence with which the generosity of youth commences its career. Every step which a political adventurer makes in his advances into public life, convinces him how little unassisted and isolated talent is able to raise its possessor to the distinction of which he is laudably ambitious. At every turn a friend is to be acquired, or an enemy to be soothed and conciliated; the jealousy of party favours no man's views who does not place himself with entire devotion in its phalanx, and the voice of the boldest and most independent patriot is lost and drowned, unless the crowd upon one side or other of the House shout in chorus to it. And if it should be observed by a reasoner, attentive to the circumstances of parties, that the situation and habits of the manager of the Edinburgh Review have removed him from this gradual entan-

gument in the toils of a party, it will only remain to inquire, whether this has been the case with his principal and most powerful assistants; and whether friendship for these persons, and gratitude for the support they have uniformly afforded him, may not be as potent a bribe to a generous mind as the direct and sordid temptation of ambition or self-interest. So, however, it has happened, that the Edinburgh Review has become the distinct and pronounced eulogist and defender of a party in the House of Commons, whose cause they advocate with as much keenness and address as eloquence and talent. We are not entitled to censure them for adopting opinions which may not coincide with our own; but upon some occasions of great and predominating interest, we have longed to have seen them throw off their harness and their trammels, and give, with the independence that always claims hearing, and the native talent and acquired information that uniformly command attention when audience is gained, their unbiassed judgment upon affairs, before the momentous importance of which every thing like the selfish interest of a party ought to become invisible. But of late we have been able to trace no symptom of a "self-denying ordinance," nor do we see any chance of purchasing the countenance or councils of the Edinburgh Review at a cheaper price than a total change in the ministry of the country. This cold and pettifogging *esprit du corps* never disgusted us more than when the Spanish war has been the subject of discussion. We willingly wave descending to particulars; but it is impossible to read these articles without suspecting a lurking desire on the part of the writer to see his original predictions of evil success verified by the event; nor are we much assured of the contrary by the reviewer's late assurances, that he detests Bonaparte almost as much as his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other ministers who have so obstinately withheld from the friends of the journal the seats to which they were so clearly entitled, upon the brocard, *dentur dignioribus*.

With these reflections we dismiss this celebrated journal, regretting that we should have had occasion to mingle so much censure where there is ample room for praise and admiration. The length at which we have treated the nature and conduct of a work which has so strongly influenced the modern taste in criticism, will enable us to dispatch rapidly what we have to offer upon periodical publications of the same nature.

But lo! to fierce encounter in mid air
New wizards rise.-----

The determined party spirit exhibited in the Edinburgh Journal has already excited a formidable antagonist in the Quarterly Review, conducted upon nearly the same plan, and

avowedly supporting opposite opinions in politics. The rapid and extensive circulation of this journal, when opposed to a redoubted opponent already in possession of the field, with no less than ten or twelve thousand subscribers, seems to justify the censure we have ventured to attach to the narrow, partial, and exclusive principles upon which the Edinburgh Review has been conducted. For, although the Quarterly Review has exhibited many articles of great beauty and talent, it will hardly be said that it could, in its very nonage, have made a stand against the Edinburgh work, had the latter added to its extensive reputation for eloquence, acuteness, wit, and talent, the yet higher praise of moderation and impartiality. The opening, however, has been afforded, and the enemy has availed himself of it. The general sense and feeling of a great portion of the country has at once enabled a rival publication, under the numerous disadvantages with which such must always struggle during its infancy, to place itself in opposition to these giants of criticism with a support originally respectable and constantly increasing. As politicians, we see this with pleasure, since, without being sworn to either party, our feelings incline most strongly to the cause espoused by the Quarterly critics, even if we were not seduced by the superior eloquence which, upon party subjects, they have almost uniformly displayed. As moderate men, we rejoice in an opportunity of hearing both sides of a political question ably stated and supported, by persons whose powers and opportunities of information are so far beyond those by whom such points are usually disputed in periodical publications. But as friends to the general cause of literature, we cannot but deprecate the tendency on both sides to involve its interest in the tumultuous and partial discussions to which politics uniformly give occasion. It gives us no pleasure to see either party prepare his white-wash to be used whenever the other shall have applied his blacking-ball. These obvious partialities, by which the author's political creed is made the gage of his literary proficiency, we censure alike in both cases; or, if we impute more blame to the Edinburgh Journal, it is because it led the way to the introduction of so unjust and mischievous a criterion of judgment.

As to other particulars, the plan and conduct of the Quarterly Review has been closely formed upon that of the Edinburgh; so that, in taking a view of the principles of modern periodical criticism, what has been said of the one will be found to apply pretty nearly to the other. They are both conducted by persons of high literary distinction, and superior to all bookselling influence; and the very party-spirit, of which we complain so heavily, is undoubtedly the means in both cases

of procuring voluntary contributions from persons high in situation as in talent, who, in these bustling times, could scarcely have been enlisted out of mere regard to literature. The Quarterly Review has on some occasions appeared to lose sight of politics while treating of abstract points of literature; but on others it has been as violent and acrimonious as the critics of the North. We will leave them, therefore, to arrange their pretensions to public favour, being pretty certain that it will be finally determined by the show of hands in favour of their respective politics.

POETRY.

AN ENIGMA.

If it be true, as some folks say,
 "Honor depends on pedigree;"
 Then stand by—clear the way
 Ye sons of heroes, fam'd of yore;
 And you, the sons of old Glendower,
 And let me have fair play.

And ye, who boast, from ages dark,
 A pedigree from Noah's ark,
 Painted on parchment nice;
 I'm older still, for I was there,
 As first of all I did appear
 With Eve in Paradise.

And I was Adam, Adam I,
 And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
 In spite of wind or weather:
 But mark me—Adam was not I,
 Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
 Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking—
 With all my heart, but were they walking,
 There ends all simile:
 For tho' I've tongue, and often talk,
 And legs too, yet when e'er I walk
 That puts an end to me:—

Not such an end but that I've breath,
 Therefore to such a kind of death
 I make but small objection;
 For soon again I come to view,
 And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true
 I die by Resurrection.

THE TWO VIZIERS:—A TALE.

A Persian king two viziers had,
 And fate unfavouring prov'd;
 The sultan and these viziers both
 The same fair lady lov'd.
 The sultan call'd his palanquin,
 And both his favourites took
 Unto the sage magician, who
 Dwelt near the silver brook.
 "Magician hear thy king's resolves;
 "Thy head shall forfeit be,
 "Unless thou set these viziers both
 "From love's dominion free,—
 "That I unrivall'd may possess
 "The lady I adore,—
 "That outward smile and inward curse,
 I may not witness more."
 The sage magician knew the king
 He strictly must obey;
 The sage magician knew his head
 Must for his failure pay.
 This learn'd enchanter did to voice
 And feature give good heed,
 He knew the master lines that to
 The master passions lead.
 He on the fav'rites fix'd his eye
 With penetrating look;
 He read their passions, tempers, thoughts,
 As in a printed book.
 Then rubb'd his brow and mused o'er
 The king's severe command;—
 He calls—a lovely maid appears,
 None fairer in the land.
 He to the vizier Selim turns;
 "Be this thy fav'rite fair,
 "Nor blush to own how flexible
 "Thy easy passions are.
 "Go nymph, employ thy power to charm,
 "Thou'lt aim a happier dart;"
 He turn'd upon the other then—
 And stabb'd him to the heart.
 "I dar'd not trifle, mighty prince,
 "Thine anger to endure;
 "This vizier lov'd, and all the world
 "Contain'd no other cure." Ω.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Lately published at Andover, Mass. in one large and handsomely printed octavo of about 600 pages, Archbishop Newcome's Greek Harmony of the Gospels, reprinted from the text of Griesbach, with select various readings. The superintendence of this edition appears to have been undertaken as a sort of academic exercise by the Junior Class of the Andover Theological Seminary. The Greek character is remarkably neat and clear, and every care appears to have been taken in the revision of the press; but in other respects the edition has no farther claims to originality than the union of the improved text of Griesbach to Newcome's system of harmonizing. Newcome's excellent notes are added to the volume.

An original work by Dr. J. Morgan, of Richmond, Va. has been announced, under the title of Medical Philosophy, in which an attempt is made to develop the laws of animal life, and intellectual and moral agency, together with the nature and cure of diseases.

Buckminster's Sermons. In our number for September, 1814, we noticed the first edition of this volume. Though its circulation has hitherto been confined chiefly to Massachusetts, yet so favourable has been its reception, that a second edition has been found necessary in less than six months. The editors have added to this edition Mr. Buckminster's elegant oration on the dangers and duties of men of letters, delivered some years ago before the F B K Society, and originally published in the Boston Anthology.

William Sampson, Esq. of New York, has ready for the press and will shortly publish, a report of the Steamboat Cause as lately argued before the Legislature of New Jersey, containing the whole body of testimony relating to the history and invention of Steamboats, many anecdotes of the life of the late Mr. Fulton, together with the arguments of Messrs. Emmett, Aaron Ogden, Hopkinson and Southard, in this case. It will be printed in one vol. 8vo. of about 500 pages.

Horatio G. Spafford, of Albany, has issued proposals for a new monthly publication to be called the American Magazine. It will contain besides the usual miscellany, a department devoted to agriculture and to the mechanic arts, together with an Historical Register accompanied with state papers and other public documents. It is to be printed in monthly numbers of 36 octavo pages each, with occasional Engravings.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

The Burgeois Gallery of Dulwich. This elegant building which has been just completed, is described as presenting the most unique object of any structure in Great Britain. It serves at once as a mausoleum of the late Sir Francis Burgeois, a name well known even on this side of the Atlantic to every lover of the arts, and of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Des Ensans; and as a Picture Gallery of the finest specimens of the various schools of the art.

Sir Francis left by his last will 10,000*l.* sterling, to build and secure to the public the exhibition of this Gallery, which consists of three hundred and seventy one pictures, valued at 50,000*l.* sterling; with a direction that a Mausoleum should be erected for himself, and his two friends, connected with this Gallery.

The Gallery contains specimens of Leonardi Da Vinci, Raphael, Corregio, Del Sarto, Titian, Carlo Dulci, The Carraccis, Guido, Rubens, Rembrandt, Poussin, Wouvermanns, and many others, the greatest names in the art. The Mausoleum is fitted up like a chapel or oratory, and is a master-piece of strong effect. It is lighted from the roof through a lantern of orange coloured glass, which producing the gloom of candle light, creates a solemnity that is highly impressive. The bodies are deposited in Sarcophagi, placed in recesses; that of the founder, behind an elegant altar piece.

Recently published in London, the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, from their commencement in 1665, to the year 1800, abridged, with Notes and Biographical Illustrations, by Drs. Hutton, Shaw and Pearson. In 18 volumes, 4to.

The difficulty of procuring a complete set of the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, which comprise a treasure of facts and discoveries in every branch of demonstrative and experimental knowledge, has for a long time caused a reprint of that valuable work to be eagerly desired. It has been several times projected, but as often abandoned on account of the great expense of the undertaking. At last it was determined to publish an Abridgment of the work, upon a plan which should render it a substitute for the Original, as complete as moderate limits and a reasonable price would allow.

This is a work which we cannot hope to see very soon republished in this country. As there are scarcely any complete copies of the *Philosophical Transactions* to be found here, we recommend this Abridgment as a work proper to be added to our public and College Libraries.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR JUNE, 1815.

CONTENTS.

SELECT REVIEWS.

Russian Voyage round the World,	441
Carlyle's Poems,	483

ORIGINAL.

Biographical Notice of Wertmüller,	490
Review of Jewitt's Adventures,	493
——— Devotional Somnium,	497

SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.

The Raphael of Cats,	510
Advertisements,	512

POETRY.

Lines on Waverley,	513
Extracts from Shee's Commemoration of Reynolds,	514

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Freeman's Poems—View of the N. Y. State Prison—Eddy's Hints on the treatment of the Insane—Warden on Consular Establishments—Books in the Press—North American Review —Plan of the Sortie from Fort Erie— Mitchill on the fishes of New-York— Gen. Jackson's Campaign,	518—522
---	---------

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Bouchette's Map of Lower Canada— Royal Academy, London—Memoir script of Cicero,	522—523
---	---------

OBITUARY.

Mrs. West,	524
Dr. Muhlenberg,	524

Voyage round the World, in the years 1803, 4, 5, and 6, by order of his imperial majesty Alexander the First, on board the ships Nadeshda and Neva, under the command of Captain A. Y. Von Krusenstern. Translated from the original German, by Richard Belgrave Hopper, Esq. 4to. pp. 750.

Voyages and Travels in various parts of the World, during the years 1803, 4, 5, 6, and 7. By G. H. Von Langsdorf, Aulic Counsellor to his majesty the Emperor of Russia, &c. 4to. pp. 370.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

BOTH the works before us are dedicated to the Emperor Alexander, with a laudable brevity, and with less of oriental incense than might have been expected. Krusenstern's volume is the basis of whatever is, or can be, published on the subject of the voyage of which it is the regular narration, with all the useful nautical *minutiæ*, and, perhaps, a number that might have been spared; at least, that will appear superfluous in this country,

VOL. V. *New Series.*

after such a number of published voyages have rendered the ordinary circumstances of the navigation of every sea familiar. But certainly they give an advantageous display of skill, and proof of extreme and unremitting attention, in the seamanship and the scientific duties of the expedition. Langsdorf very properly declines a regular and minute report of progress, and, with little of any thing resembling method, enlarges, in description and observation, on those physical and moral appearances which nature had so kindly reserved, in various parts of her sea and land, for his amusement.

The translator of Krusenstern makes no claims for him on the ground of authorship.

"The motto which Captain K. has prefixed to his book, '*Les Marins écrivent mal, mais avec assez de candeur*,' is certainly exemplified in his own instance. The characteristic features of the work is that of accuracy, rather than elegance of description. An uncouth style, and a cold precision of expression, must ever preclude the author from ranking with some of our circumnavigators, who, in their descriptions and narratives, have displayed a warmth of colouring, a taste and feeling, worthy of the wonderful talents which insured the successful exemption of new and adventurous voyages. The translator felt, however, that any improvement which might bring it nearer to other works of a similar nature, could only be effected by a considerable alteration in the style, and the infusion of some little warmth and sentiment into those descriptive parts which would admit of it without injury to the sense, or a departure from the truth. But such a step would have been to assume a license which he conceived he was by no means warranted to take; and as his aim was to produce a correct, and not an amended, copy, he had no alternative but to follow the original with that precision which he conceives to be absolutely necessary in translating a work of this nature, and on which, indeed, its value so mainly depends."

The captain prefixes an introduction to explain the origin and intention of the undertaking. He takes a brief retrospect of the trade of Russia during the last century, and regrets its having been so much in the management of foreigners, "who, having acquired wealth at the expense of our country, quit the empire in order to expend it in their own." The remedy for this, is to animate the natives to patriotic zeal and enterprise, and he adds, apparently with the most perfect complacency in the excellent constitution of his country, "this energy, this patriotism, they can only be inspired with, in a country which, like Russia, depends on the will of a single person, by its ruler." He relates the rise and progress of the Russian-American Company, formed of merchants trading in the sea between the north-east regions of Asia, and the north-west of America. The factories

established by this company at Ochotsk, on the Aleutic islands, Kodiak, and the western coast of America, were to be supplied from Russia with most of the common necessities of life, including bread, and with the materials and implements for fitting out their miserable vessels; and the conveyance of these across the whole breadth of Asia, by means chiefly of horses, was most enormously expensive, exposed the stores to plunder, and, as to some of them, necessitated their being damaged to fit them for carriage. "The cables were cut into pieces of seven or eight fathoms in length, and spliced together in Ochotsk; and the anchors were, in like manner, carried there in pieces and afterwards joined again." It became evident, therefore, that if the trade in those seas was to be continued with any advantage, ships must be sent thither round Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope.

It was the good fortune of Captain Krusenstern to make the first formal representation on the subject to the Russian government. After having served several years in the English navy, he made a voyage to India and China, expressly with a view to form a judgment whether it would not be practicable for Russia to obtain a beneficial participation of the trade between Europe and those countries. An event that occurred while he was at Canton, gave a different direction to his speculations, and suggested to him—what it is, to be sure, wonderful it could have remained for him to convey as a new idea to the Russian merchants and government—the great advantage of a direct carriage to China, of the furs obtained by the Russian traders in the regions of the north-east sea, instead of their being all carried, in the first instance, to Ochotsk, and thence to the remote frontier town of Kiachta, in order thus, by a land carriage, to reach the Chinese markets, with a loss of two years, and often more. During his voyage back to Europe, he drew up a memoir to be presented to his government, terminating in a proposal that "two ships should be sent from Cronstadt to the Aleutic isles and to America, with every kind of material necessary for the construction and outfit of vessels; and that they should be likewise provided with skilful shipwrights, workmen of all kinds, a teacher of navigation, as well as with charts, books, nautical, and astronomical instruments; in short, that these merchants should be enabled to build good ships in their colonies, the command of which they might entrust to skilful persons." The scheme was introduced to the notice of some of the ministers of the memorable Emperor Paul; but was not destined to produce any effect till it was taken up by those of his successor, when it was speedily resolved upon, and the proposer himself was most properly selected to carry it into execution. The commission, attended by circumstances exceedingly flattering and honourable, took him, it seems, very much by

surprise ; his plans and his domestic interests, to which latter he adverts, in terms of almost poetical sensibility, strongly persuaded him to decline the honour ; and his acceptance of it was decided only by the representation of the minister that the whole design would come to nothing if he should refuse ; implying, of course, that Russia contained no other man qualified for the undertaking.

The narrative of the voyage begins with a very minute account of all the preparatory proceedings, which he was somewhat surprised to find his sanguine and ill-informed employers expected to be despatched in a very short time ; not so sensible, probably, as he was, what difficulty of equipment was implied in the single fact, that the utmost the whole Russian marine could contribute toward the enterprise, was a ship competent to a preliminary expedition in quest of the proper ships for daring into the remote and unknown regions of the ocean. It had been expected to obtain such vessels at Hamburgh ; but the persons sent on this commission were soon convinced there of the necessity of proceeding to London, "the only place," says Captain Krusenstern, "where we may reckon with any degree of certainty upon the purchase of good vessels."

"Even there, the precaution not to make too hasty a bargain occasioned some delay ; and it was not until February, 1803, I was informed that two ships, one of 450 tons, three years old ; the other 370 tons, fifteen months old, had been purchased for 17,000*l.* sterling. In addition to this sum, their repairs had cost 5,000*l.* The first of these two vessels was called the *NADESHDA*, or the *Hope* ; the other, the *NEVA*."

Every thing is particularized concerning the outfit of the ships, and the choice and character of the officers and men. All these matters were very properly left to the captain's unlimited discretion. There seems to have been much eagerness among both common sailors, and men of superior class to participate the novelties of the adventure. There was the utmost difficulty to find room in the vessels for at once the heavy cargo, the number of persons indispensable to the expedition, and the gentlemen supernumeraries who were desirous to accompany it. "There were so many volunteers for the voyage," says Captain K. "that it would have been an easy matter for me to have filled several larger ships with the best sailors of the Russian navy." He adds, "I had been advised to take some foreigners among my crew : but I knew too much of the spirit of Russian sailors, whom I prefer to all others, even to the English, to listen to this proposition. Except M. M. Horner, Tilesius, Langsdorff, and Laband, there

were no foreigners on board either of the ships." Spirited young men of rank were earnest to be admitted, even on the terms of sharing the accommodations of the common sailors. But the most zealous and invincible of the party that boarded the *Nadeshda*, was Dr. Langsdorff. His application for the appointment of naturalist to the expedition, had just been preceded by the selection of Dr. Tilesius. But we are amused and pleased with the pertinacity of his determination that whatever else the ships contained, they absolutely should never venture the dangers of Cape Horn, or attempt the inhospitable ports of Japan, without the talisman of his accomplished person.

By the name Japan, we are reminded that it should have been much earlier mentioned; that with the primary object of the expedition, the Russian government had combined another, an embassy to the august head of that proud, secluded, anti-social nation of pagans in the eastern ocean, for the purpose of trying to negotiate some sort of commercial treaty. An overture of the kind had been made to that great monarch by his illustrious sister Catharine, but received in a manner very little corresponding to either the imperial power, or the amiable and benign qualities of that most gracious princess. The failure was with exemplary candour, attributed, by the court of the present Russian monarch, to a defect of rank in the messenger, and a defect of dignity in the mode of conveyance of the imperial proposals; and it was presumed that a letter written by the hand of the Emperor of all the Russias, and conveyed by "his Excellency the Counsellor of State and Chamberlain Resanoff," could not fail to make a breach through the hostile or ceremonious barrier, on which all preceding attempts had been in vain.

[The narrative of the first part of the voyage has little interest, and communicates no addition to our geographical or scientific information, until the voyagers reach Nukahiva, the Noaheevah of our Captain Porter.]

In a thick fog they were separated from the Neva, and were not rejoined by her till after reaching Nukahiva, one of the north western portions of the islands called Marquesas, but to which portion our voyager, with no good reason, seconds an American captain in giving the denomination of "Washington's Islands." He is quite right, however, in retaining the native names of Nukahiva and several others of this group, instead of the names impudently fixed on them by the vanity of Europeans.

Langsdorff very well describes the sort of passionate fondness with which they all gazed toward the little emerging point of earth to which they were approaching, as the appointed place of their brief sojourn and refreshment. It had a picturesque, but not, for a while, a very attractive aspect. The coast presented a

long front of naked, gloomy rocks, connected with a chain of mountains stretching inland, and rising into bare craggy peaks. A number of beautiful cascades were seen falling into the sea from the height of a thousand feet. They were beginning to be a little disturbed at descrying but very slight signs of the population by which they had expected to be very soon surrounded, when they were surprised by the approach of a white flag, borne at the head of a canoe, by a man, who, like the rest of the islanders, was divested of all clothing but a girdle round the waist. He proved, however, to be an Englishman, of the name of Roberts, who said he had been seven years on the island, and two years previously, in that of Santa Christiana, where he had been put on shore out of an English merchant ship, the crew of which had mutinied against their captain, and could not prevail on him to join them. In Nukahiwa he had lately married, he said, a relation of the king's, from which circumstance he acquired great consideration, and could, therefore, be of service to these new visitors, as he showed certificates from two Americans to prove that he had been to former ones, particularly in the way of procuring them wood and water. The captain gladly accepted the offered assistance of a man so capable of being useful in various ways; among others, in the capacity of interpreter, and imparting the knowledge he must have acquired, concerning the inhabitants.

He lost no time in warning the captain against a mischievous and more than half savage Frenchman, of the name of Cabri, who was also on the island, and who, beside being a mortal enemy to the Englishman, was evidently a depraved wretch; while it appears equally unquestionable that Roberts was a very worthy man. In whatever degree, therefore, the captain's indignant observations on the inveterate, widely-spread, and untameable animosities between the French and English, are generally just, as applied to the latter, there is something rather petulant and unjust in making an equal condemnation of the two men; and implying that it was a mere unreasonable nationality that put such a man as Roberts in hostility to such a man as Cabri, who had repeatedly attempted his rival's life, was the quintessence of spite and treachery, and thought it an excellent amusement to slaughter men by surprise, in order to exchange them with the cannibals for hogs. Roberts appeared not averse to a reconciliation, or rather pacification, had such a thing been possible. He made offers to this effect to Cabri, but he would never agree to it; "and he added with much emphasis, that it was easier to float the rocks, to which he pointed, than to inspire this Frenchman with friendly sentiments." The captain had no doubt of the truth of this, and yet, with the lofty air, too, of a

judicial cosmopolite, he gets off in the following strain of equitable rebuke :

"Here, too, the innate hatred between the French and English appeared. Not content to disturb the peace of the whole civilized world, even the inhabitants of the lately-discovered islands of this ocean, must feel the influence of their odious rivalry, without so much as knowing the origin of it. How unfortunate it is, that at such a distance, upon islands, the inhabitants of which are yet rough in their manners, and whose mode of life is still horribly cruel, where, alone the necessity of self preservation ought to have united two civilized men, though half the globe had been interposed between their native countries; that here, I say, two Europeans should hate, and strive after each other's life!"

The stay of the *Nadeshda* at Nukahiva was about ten days, and that of the *Neva* several days less. The account of it, however, occupies a large space in each of the books; and very considerable activity of observation and inquiry must have been exerted to collect so much information. Nearly all, however, that could be considered as of much value in that information was obtained from the two Europeans; and it is acknowledged by the voyagers, that but for this aid, they should have gone away, as some former visitants have done, with a notion of the character of the people, not merely defective, but nearly the reverse of the true one. They considered these two witnesses, though such bitter enemies to each other, as equally unlikely to have any motive to deceive; and the general truth of their evidence was confirmed by its substantial agreement, while particular care was taken that the testimony of each should be given without his being aware what the other had deposed. For some not very important differences between the representations of Krusenstern and Langsdorff, the latter apologizes, in terms of the utmost respect to the captain, accounting for them from the circumstance that the captain took his information almost exclusively from the Englishman, whereas the doctor drew much of his from the Frenchman, whom he deemed the better authority, notwithstanding that there was confessedly no comparison between the moral qualities of the two men, and that Roberts was a man of more understanding. The preference of Cabri was founded on his having been a much longer time, it is asserted, in the island; his appearing to be much more perfect in the use of the language; (now his only language, he having very nearly forgotten his native tongue,) and especially his having associated much more intimately with the people, adopting, in a great measure, their customs; whereas Roberts seemed to have maintained a great degree of reserve and separation, to which it is partly at-

tributed that he appeared to be regarded with much more respect, and to have much more influence among them.

It is from *data* so extremely imperfect, that it can hardly deserve to be called a calculation, that he gives 18,000 as somewhere about the probable number of people on the island. Their number was, at all events, materially less than it had been some years before, the diminution having been effected by the infallible consequence of deficiency of rain—a famine—which beside its more ordinary and inseparable effects, is the signal for these children of nature to fall upon and eat one another.

The population of the island appears to be divided by those deep valleys, and those steep mountains of bare rocks, by which it is so wildly trenched and dented into a number of independent sections, with each its king or principal chief, and a due proportion of an inferior aristocracy. There is no ascertaining the precise nature and limits of the power of these monarchs and nobles. They have a due share, very likely, of the appropriate ambition and arbitrary temper. But there seems to be at least one good thing about them; they do not cost the people much for the gaudy decorations and equipage of state. Perhaps, however, it is in truth a sign of the deepest barbarism, that these personages can trust for their influence with the people to the mere virtue and efficacy of their birth and personal qualities, without the appendages of an enormous pomp, to be supported by these people as an additional labour and duty to that of providing for themselves. The king of that part of the island nearest to port Anna Maria, in which the Russian ships anchored, and who was the first, we believe, of the natives that came on board, had no mark of distinction from the others, except that of being more completely tattooed; which even our "Hyperboreans," as the doctor in one place denominates them, were far enough advanced in civilization to regard as a very unkingly circumstance. "It seemed very laughable to us," says the Dr., "when we immediately gave permission for his majesty to come on board." It would appear, however, that his majesty had himself a proper sense of the innate dignity of his own person, we may judge from the prolonged, indeed the endless, delight with which he would contemplate it in a mirror.

"I led them into my cabin to make them a present. A portrait in oil of my wife, struck them particularly, and they stood for a long time before it with every symptom of pleasure and surprise, pointing out to each other the curled hair, which they consider as a great beauty. A looking glass was no less an object of their astonishment. It was not improbable that some of them had already seen such a thing, yet they all looked behind the glass to discover the

cause of this wonderful appearance. A large mirror in which they were able to view their whole persons must have been something new to them; and the king was so particularly delighted with it, that, either from vanity or curiosity, upon every visit he immediately went into my cabin to this glass, standing before it for whole hours, to my great annoyance." Krusenstern, p. 117.

The men are generally—indeed, so generally that the voyagers make no scruple of saying "all"—strongly built, tall, and of the finest shape. If we may depend on the united testimony of these, and several other respectable navigators, this island, and the other Marquesas, afford a tribe of human forms, of the male sex, not to be equalled on the whole earth. The philosophers and artists of this expedition were so struck with the almost magnificent perfection of one person, a young man named Mufau, twenty years old, six feet eight inches high, and of prodigious strength, that Dr. Tilesius was induced to make a measurement, with the utmost exactness, of every part; it is given by Langsdorff, in more than twenty distinct particulars, and he adds,

"After our return to Europe, Dr. Tilesius imparted his observations to counsellor Blumenbach, of Gottingen, who has studied so assiduously the natural history of man. The latter compared these proportions with the Apollo of Belvedere, and found that those of that masterpiece of the finest ages of Grecian art, in which is combined every possible integer in the composition of manly beauty, corresponded exactly with our Mufau, an inhabitant of the island of Nukahiwa. We were told that the chief of a neighbouring island, by name Upoa, with equally exact proportions as Mufau, was a head taller; so, at least, both Roberts and Cabri assured us." Langsdorff, p. 109.

The forms of the women appeared much less perfect, especially of that degraded and miserable portion of them who frequented the shore and haunted the ship. A few of those of superior rank and less abandoned habits, who were seen in a more retired state of life, at some distance from the shore, were acknowledged to be as much more graceful and beautiful as they were more modest.

Among the profligate class there were absolute children; one that the captain says could not have been more than eight years old. They were violently mirthful, noisy, and obtrusive, and would swim and sport about the ship for hours, when not allowed to come on deck, though they had to swim as much as five or six miles in merely coming to the ship and returning. They are rendered doubly objects of pity by the fact which these writers confidently assert, that they are authoritatively ordered on the vicious service by their fathers and husbands, who were seen regularly to

take from them, before they could even reach the shore, the trifles they had obtained in the way of reward.

At the same time it is to be noticed that the captain, who maintains more of the tone of a moralist than the doctor, and the grave plainness of whose manner in descriptions and observations relating to this subject, is advantageously contrasted with the other's offensive prurience, is not disposed to attribute any virtue to the sex in general in the island, any more than to the male population, who are universally their oppressive tyrants, as in all the savage portions of the human race.

It appears that there is among them a kind of marriage relation, the contract of which is celebrated with festive and most degrading ceremonies; but the two writers do not quite agree as to the measure of restraint which it purports to impose, or of severity with which a disregard of the obligation is liable to be visited. But, at all events, a complete separation is said to be easily effected: let either party wish for it, and it is done; and if there are any children, (which are never numerous, rarely more than two,) there never can be any difficulty in disposing of them—if there is no other expedient, they may be eaten.

As to government, a matter of such unlimited controversy, ambition, and expense of both treasure and blood, the source of so much good and evil, in the civilized and half civilized parts of the world, our authors say that among these islanders, there is nothing which can strictly be called by that name. It could not be ascertained in what form of a *constitution* the personage whom the two Europeans denominated the king, would have liked to declare and enforce his prerogatives: but it was evident that his actual authority was very trifling, his person being regarded with indifference, and his orders sometimes with contempt. A certain portion of influence which he did nevertheless enjoy, the voyagers attribute not to any *political* principle in the social economy, but simply to his being richer in the possession, probably the hereditary possession, of groves, of cocoa nut trees, and the means of keeping hogs, than any other man of the valley, and therefore able to engage and sustain a greater number of dependants. He did actually feed a considerable band of them, which Roberts himself had been reduced to join the preceding year, by stress of famine.

The only material restraint on the passions of this lawless and savage population is the *Taboo*, or *Tahbu*, a ceremony so conspicuous in all the descriptions of the South Sea islands. We need not explain, that it is a consecrating interdict, by which certain persons, places, and things, may be secured as by a mysterious charm, against being touched or approached by other persons and things. Dr. Langsdorff displays the extent of its operation by

enumerating about twenty distinct modes or subjects of its application. In explanation of the *principle* of this chart, we quote the following passage from Krusenstern, p. 171.

"The only good which they have derived from their religion is the *tahbu*, originating, undoubtedly, in some superstitious notion; for since nobody, not even the king, dares venture to break the slightest *tahbu*, it is a proof that some strange feeling inspires them with a reverence for this word. The priests only can impose a general *tahbu*, but every individual has a right to pronounce one on his general property: this is done by declaring, if his wish be to preserve a breadfruit or cocoa tree, a house or a plantation, from robbery or destruction, that the spirit of his father, or of some king, or indeed of any other person, reposes in this tree or house, which then bears the name of the person, and nobody ventures to attack it. If any one is so irreligious as to break through a *tahbu*, and should be convicted of it, he is called *kikino*; and the *kikinos* are always the first to be devoured by the enemy; at least they believe it to be so, nor is it impossible that the priests should so arrange matters as that this really happens. The persons of the royal family, and of the priests, are *tahbu*, and the Englishman assured me that he was so likewise; and yet he often expressed his fear of being taken in the next war and devoured. In all probability he was at first considered, like every other European, as *etua*,* and only seven years acquaintance with him had worn away the lustre of his divinity."

Beside this greater danger of being devoured, the doctor says the *kikino* is exposed to a more certain punishment by sickness or sudden death, from becoming subject to the influences of an evil spirit, which he is pleased to name *Atuan*. It is stated by what formalities, very costly of course to the poor penitent, the priests, or rather magicians, denominated *Tanas*, will restore a man from the miserable and dangerous condition into which he falls by this crime. The substantial part of their process is a grand eating of hogs at his expense. Should he be too poor to be able to supply them, we think there is very little hope for him from these gentlemen. They have no notion of doing things in the way of absolute charity, and they will hardly be such fools as to let their powerful interposition ever appear a thing to be commanded by a low price.

The taboo is as efficacious in its mischievous, as in any of its more serviceable applications: under some circumstances a man can taboo the breadfruit and cocoa trees of another, and thus deprive him of his property and means of subsistence, and conse-

* The term importing whatever conception they have approaching to the idea of deity.

quently drive him an outcast from the country. It is employed in numerous ways of deprivation and degradation against the women; especially in excluding them from all participation in the superior diet in which the men often indulge themselves, and for a perfectly undisturbed indulgence, in which they very commonly have an additional house, which is tabooed to the females.

The *Tanas*, or sacerdotal conjurors, have a ceremony of burying enchanted bags, (the contents of which are named,) by means of which, the natives most solemnly believe—and the Frenchman, and even Roberts, avowed the same faith—they can inflict mortal disease on any one they deem their enemy: and here again these miscreants have the power of extorting whatever they please, as the price of their interference to avert or remove the supposed malediction, and appease the angry *spirits*, who are the invisible inflictors of the malady.

Some rude elements of religion are evidently involved in these *etua* and spirits. And Roberts described to the captain, as a usual funeral ceremony, a banquet, in which an offering is made, (or rather pretended to be made, for it is secretly devoured by a priest,) “to propitiate the gods, and obtain for the deceased a safe and peaceable passage to the lower regions: twelve months after this feast, a second, equally as extravagant, is given to thank the gods for having permitted the deceased to arrive safe in the other world.” Nevertheless, our authors both acknowledge the extreme defectiveness and confusion of whatever information on these subjects they could obtain from the Europeans, and express an opinion that the notions of the people, if they could be competently reported, would themselves be found vague, and feeble, and futile to the last degree. It would, indeed, be marvellous, if this den of cannibals were the place for either subtle speculations, or sublime aspirings of imagination.

There is often war among the different sections of these islanders, but they seem to have little of the heroic sentiment of that noble game. Notwithstanding the intensity of their rancour, they would greatly prefer eating one another to fighting one another. There is a sort of national “dance feast,” which the captain, in a most superfine strain of politeness, styles the “Olympic games of these savages.” In order to the celebration of this, which custom requires should not be omitted too long, there must be an armistice, which, when demanded by either of the belligerents on the pretence of preparing for the festival, is instantly agreed to by the other. And though any preparations really required or intended would not need to employ more than a few days, they are willing to take advantage of the pretence to prolong the time for many

months, during which time the enemies join in the pretended preparations.

"Six months had elapsed since the last truce was proclaimed, and eight months longer were to pass before the feast began. After the termination of the feast they return home, and the war recommences in all its vigour."

The truce is announced by planting a branch of a cocoa tree on the top of the mountain, on which the war is instantly suspended. But even during this "hallowed and gracious time," should what the captain denominates a "high priest" happen to die, three persons must be taken, by stratagem or open force, from the opposite tribe, to be sacrificed to him. This, of course, will sometimes instantly rekindle the general war between them.

We have already intimated a grand feature in the moral state of these islanders—their cannibalism. There was no possibility of a doubt as to the fact. It formed a capital part of the concurring testimony of the two Europeans, which would have been confirmed had that been at all necessary, by the circumstances of human bones being used as decorations of their household furniture, and skulls being repeatedly offered for sale, marked by a perforation apparently adapted to the purpose of sipping out the blood, which was mentioned by the witnesses as a circumstance of their infernal banquets.

If the people of Nukahiva had been found in the practice of devouring their enemies only, there would have been nothing to excite any unusual sensation in those who have read the more recent accounts, given by former reporters, of the innocence and felicity of the unsophisticated tribes who inhabit the South Sea islands. But their relish for human flesh is subject to no such irrational partiality. By a bold enlargement of taste and liberty in this particular, they are "distinguished," as Krusenstern remarks, "from all other cannibals, and are a singular example among the numerous tribes of savages who inhabit the many islands on the northwest coast of this great ocean." For,

"In times of famine, the men butcher their wives and children, and their aged parents; they bake and stew their flesh, and devour it with the greatest satisfaction. Even the tender looking female, whose eyes beam nothing but beauty, will join, if permitted, in this horrid repast." Krusenstern, p. 181.

Langsdorff, however, says that this luxury is tabooed to women, as too high and enviable an indulgence to comport with their subordinate rank. As corroborative of this statement, of their de-

vouring their relatives and friends, it might be mentioned, that the voyagers saw but very few old people among the natives; and it is as evidence directly to the point, that they notice the fact of an enormous disproportion of numbers between the males and females, with the additional circumstance that there were extremely few children any where to be seen. If it were true, according to the testimony of Cabri, that this surpassing perpetration is confined to seasons of very great scarcity, it is not likely to be, therefore, of rare occurrence, among a people too indolent for agriculture, infinitely too thoughtless and too fond of feasting to lay up stores on a calculation of distant possibilities, and whose whimsical perverseness (unless, indeed, it were a contrivance to create a fair occasion for domestic cannibalism) has tabooed fish just at the season when it would be of the greatest service.

But whether it be true or not, that the common people are obliged to wait till a season of scarcity, or a war, to obtain this greatest luxury known to them on earth, it is asserted by Langsdorff, that the detestable *Tanas*, or priests, put themselves under no such restriction, and the following description exhibits, on a small scale, as pure a piece of infernality, in pretending to be moved to their abominations by superior agents, as any to be found in history.

"The *Tanas* often regale themselves with human flesh merely from the delight they take in it. For this purpose they make a semblance as if they were under the influence of a spirit, and after various grimaces and contortions, appear to fall into a deep sleep. This they take care shall always be done in such places, and on such occasions, as that there may be an abundance of spectators. After sleeping a short time, they awake suddenly, and relate to the people around them what the spirit has dictated to them in their dreams. The demand sometimes happens to be, that a woman or man, a tattooed or an untattooed person, a fat or a lean one, an old man or a youth, out of the next valley, or from the next river, must be seized and brought to them. The people to whom this is related, immediately post themselves in some ambush near a foot path, or a river that abounds with fish; and the consequence is, that the first person that comes that way, bearing any resemblance to the description given as seen in the dream, is taken, and brought to the *Tana's morai*, and eaten in company with his taboo society. It depends, also, frequently upon the *Tana* to determine whether any enemies shall be taken prisoners, and how many." Langsdorff, p. 159.

Having stated the substance of the evidence on the character of these islanders, the captain, whom we cannot help respecting for the strong and honest emphasis with which he utters his opinions as a censor of human depravity, pronounces "that they have

neither social institutions, religion, nor humane feelings in any degree—in a word, that no traces of good qualities are to be found among them; that they undoubtedly belong to the worst of mankind." At the same time, he acknowledges his estimate would have been different had it been formed solely on the ground of what the Russians witnessed during their short intercourse with the people, "in which they always showed (he says) the best possible disposition, and in bartering, an extraordinary degree of honesty; always delivering their cocoa nuts before they received the piece of iron that was to be paid for them. At all times they appeared ready to assist in cutting wood and filling water, and the help they afforded us in this laborious task, was by no means trifling. Theft, the crime so common to all the islanders of this ocean, we very seldom met with among them; they always appeared cheerful and happy, and the greatest good humour was depicted in their countenances. In a word, during the ten days that we spent with them, we were not once obliged to fire a loaded musket at them." But the two Europeans were so decided in the concurring declarations, as to leave it impossible to doubt that the "fear of punishment alone, and the hopes of reward, deterred them from giving a loose to their savage passions." And the captain confirms this by two remarkable facts:

"Some years ago an American merchant ship put into port Anna Maria; and the captain, who was a Quaker, suffered his people to go on shore unarmed; but the natives no sooner perceived their defenceless condition, than they assembled in order to attack and drag them into the mountains. Roberts succeeded, with the greatest difficulty, and with the assistance of the king, to whom he represented the treachery of their conduct, and the consequences it would infallibly bring on the whole island, in rescuing them out of the hands of these cannibals. Nor did we ourselves want a proof of their being denied every feeling of justice and goodness; for although, during our stay, no one had ever shown them the least ill will, but, on the contrary, every possible kindness, in order to inspire them with benevolence, if not with gratitude, our conduct seemed to have quite a different effect upon them. A report had spread that one of our ships had struck, occasioned by our being obliged, while in the act of sailing out, to bring up close to the shore. In less than two hours, a number of the islanders had assembled on the beach close to the ship, all armed with clubs, axes, and spears. What, then, could be their intention, but to plunder and murder us? The Frenchman, too, who came on board at that moment, acquainted us with the hostile intentions of the inhabitants, and of the whole valley's being in an uproar." P. 181.

Their appearing all armed, at such a moment, seems to put their intentions quite out of question; though Laeagdorff, in men-

tioning the circumstance, is less positive in putting on it this interpretation.

It seems not easy to reconcile this promptitude to attack and devour European visitants with the captain's account of their superstitious estimate of these strangers.

"They consider all Europeans as *Etua*; for as their ideas do not extend beyond their own horizon, they are firmly convinced that their ships come from the clouds; and they imagine that thunder is occasioned by the cannonading of vessels floating in the atmosphere, on which account they entertain a great dread of artillery. The king's brother happened to be on board when a cannon was fired; he immediately cast himself on the deck, clung round the Englishman Roberts, who stood near him: the greatest dread was painted on his countenance; and he repeated several times with a feeble voice, *Matte, Matte*," (i. e. extinguish it.)

The information thus obtained concerning the moral condition of physically the finest tribe of savages in the world, would explode the last relic, if indeed any such thing were existing, of the vain dream of Rousseau, and the philosophers of his school, about the happy innocence of the state of nature.

Roberts was solicited to accompany the expedition, but was withheld by his attachment to his wife and child. It does not appear what determined him, no less than two years afterwards, to quit the island with his wife for Otaheite, in an English ship, and subsequently to make some voyages, at the conclusion of which we find him in Bengal, in 1810. Cabri was taken away by Kresenstern, unintentionally on the captain's part, whether intentionally on his own part, seems uncertain. He came on board as to take leave, and ask for some additional presents, and remained, notwithstanding the warning that the ship might probably put out to sea in a few hours, in blowing weather. The captain says he kept out of sight till that took place, with the decided intention, he has no doubt, of being carried away. When the ship was leaving the bay, however, he begged to be set on shore in a boat, or even to be supplied with a plank to help him through a very rough sea. All were, however, too anxiously busy about the ship in its dangerous situation, to pay any attention to him, and he was thus taken off. At all events, he soon lost all uneasiness about the circumstance, though he had a wife and children on the island, and became extremely useful as a sailor. "For the rest," says Langsdorff, "he was but a *mauvais-sujet*." The last we hear of him, is his being appointed "teacher of swimming to the corps of marine cadets at Cronstadt," where, "though he has almost forgotten the language of Nukahiwa, he made an incredibly rapid progress

in the recovery of his native tongue, and by degrees became reconciled to European customs, he still thinks with delight of the men whom he formerly killed and exchanged for swine, or perhaps ate."

The island furnished a plentiful supply of wood and water, but only a very moderate quantity of cocoa nuts, or bread fruit, and nothing worth mentioning in the form of animal food. The hogs on the island were not abundant, and they were so much valued by the epicurism of the aristocratic class of native eaters, that they were sold with very great reluctance. At another point of the island, where the ships slightly touched in passing, the great chief of the valley brought one for barter, and disposed of it, but then reclaimed it, and was backward and forward on the bargain, with a great number of alterations, and a most ludicrous distress. From the impossibility of obtaining any tolerable supplies, the captain advises navigators not to shape their course with any sort of regard to this island.

But the case was practically no better at Owhyhee, a great part of which the adventurers coasted at the distance of some miles, with the expectation of attracting to them, without the delay of going into any port, a number of canoes with provisions. But they were utterly disappointed, very few traders coming near them, and such as did think it worth while, bringing extremely little animal provision, for which, too, they demanded an exorbitant price, and would accept nothing but cloth, an article the Russians had never thought of putting among their stores for the South Sea market. In their persons these islanders (many of them affected with disease) appeared as much inferior to those they had so lately visited, as they were evidently superior in intelligence.

The few natives of Owhyhee that came off to the ship, were scarcely at all *tattooed*, whereas the men of Nukahiwa appeared ambitious to have their whole bodies figured and checkered with this fantastic and barbarous decoration; though only the better sort could afford the expense of thus taking in all the waste places on the surface of their persons. The extremely slight and transient view which the Captain had of these Sandwich islanders was sufficient to show him, that their acknowledged and wonderful progress in arts, and what may be called luxury, had not rid them of their vices; and he pronounces a bitter, though perhaps unintentional satire, on a people of still higher pretensions, when he mentions that some of those who came to the ship with the most corrupt purposes and impudent manners, addressed the strangers in *English*. He adds that these visitants lost their labour. No re-

laxation, it seems, was just here to be permitted, of that moral police which had been for a little while suspended at Nukahiva.

There was no opportunity of learning any thing about the state of the island, or the progress of the celebrated Tamahama. But a year and a half afterwards, when Dr. Langsdorff spent some months on the north-west coast of America, various particulars of information reached him, on the authority of which he states that the able and enterprising despot has accomplished the design which Turnbull, a few years since reported him to be so resolutely intent upon, and so near completing; that of reducing all the Sandwich Islands under his sole authority. So that the fate of that very interesting chieftain whom Turnbull saw, amidst his zealous and affectionately devoted adherents, preparing, with the most melancholy omens, for the last desperate struggle, has, long since, been decided.

Every thing the doctor heard, excited his astonishment at the unexampled progress made by these, so recently perfect savages, in knowledge, arts, and national importance. It is under the tuition, as he rightly observes, of the English and Anglo-Americans that this prodigious change has taken place. The monarch has long had several of these foreigners about him; we may as well say at once, in his *court*, and high in employment and confidence. But after the amplest credit is given both to this foreign influence, and to the natural effect of the agency, any where, of so vigorous and ascendant a spirit as that of Tamahama, it will still remain to be acknowledged that there must be in the very nature of the people, an intellectual capability, in plain words, a measure of mind hardly to be matched in any other savage race in the world. The most wonderful circumstance, perhaps, of the whole, is, what the doctor positively asserts for a fact, that "most of the inhabitants of the island of any rank or distinction can now speak English." Where else have we met with any thing comparable to this? Where shall we meet with any thing like it in even those foreign regions which are subjected to our authority, and where a large number of our people are constantly resident; from the New-Hollanders up to the comparatively cultivated Hindoos.

Tamahama has actually commenced a commercial intercourse with the Russian establishments on the north-west coast of America, to supply those dreary abodes with provisions in exchange for furs, which he intends to send, on speculation, in his own ships, to Canton. His subjects make most excellent sailors; and the Doctor conversed with several that were serving in that capacity, in ships from Boston, at ten or twelve piastres per month.

The extreme disappointment of our navigators at obtaining none of the supplies so confidently expected from this island, did

not prevent their admiring its appearance, at once cultivated and picturesque. Both writers adopt the strongest of superlative terms in describing the grand view of Mowina Roa, the height of which was found, by the accurate Dr. Horner, to be about 14,650 English feet, that is, nearly 2,300 feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe. At this sublime elevation it forms an almost perfect level, of the breadth of 13,000 feet, and therefore is unquestionably, as Krusenstern says, "in its form the most extraordinary mountain in the world." It was at this time (early in June) perfectly free from snow, which Captain Cook, if we recollect right, thought it could never be. "In no other place," says Dr. L. "can any one ascend to so great a height with so little difficulty;" and he is quite envious of the luxury which he wishes some zealous naturalist may be induced to enjoy in spending a year on this and the other parts of the island. There can be no doubt that some such person may be found before many more years shall have passed.

As the *Neva* had nothing to do with the embassy to Japan, or the previous visit to Kamtschatka, but was bound directly to the settlements on the north-west coast of America, she here separated from the *Nadeshda*, to go a little while into port; and probably Captain Lisiansky's Journal may furnish some particulars of information respecting the state of the island. The ships were separate more than eighteen months, not meeting again till December, 1805, at Macao, after all that could be regarded as particularly adventurous in the course of either of them was completed.

Nothing very remarkable happened to the people of the *Nadeshda*, during the run through a great deal of fog and rough weather to the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Awatscha bay, in Kamtschatka, where they arrived in thirty-five days from Owhyhee, and five months and a half from Brazil, with only one invalid, who in a week became perfectly well; a proof of the most judicious regimen, as they had experienced a nearly total want of fresh provisions during the whole period.

It was with no small difficulty that the case could be much amended at St. Peter and St. Paul; where, though through no want of hospitality in the poor inhabitants, the adventurers fared rather meagerly, till the presence of the governor of this great peninsula put its whole capabilities of supply in requisition. He came from his usual and central place of residence, Niachney Kamtschatsk, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. He was urgently entreated by the Captain to come, and to bring with him sixty soldiers. It is intimated that there was a particular and very pressing reason for each part of the request; but both writers are perfectly and provokingly silent as to its nature. The

reader will observe, but he will not be the wiser for observing, that several persons of some rank and consequence in the expedition, here detached themselves from it; the assigned cause being that they were "tired of a sea-faring life, and chose rather to return by land than be any longer the sport of the waves."

After a detention of about seven weeks at St. Peter and St. Paul, during which, through the active and generous exertions of the governor of Kamtschatka, the country had been traversed for hundreds of miles to obtain a good stock of provisions for the crew, this important ship bore away, toward their ultimate destination, the embassy that were now swelling with the proud ambition and expectation of soon lifting their eyes up to the very face of that "most dread Sovereign," of whose own most favoured and exalted nobles it is, as they were afterwards informed, the highest privilege and presumption to look as high as his feet, and whose very name is too sacred and awful to be pronounced or to be known in his dominions till long after his death. They were going under a commission from the Monarch of a considerable portion of Europe and all northern Asia, to offer tokens of fraternity to a Potentate who had never yet condescended to permit the approaches of any shape of mortal majesty. And perhaps they expected to shine resplendent in history as the persons who had performed an achievement as magnificent as that of cutting through the isthmus of Darien or of Suez.

It might have seemed as if all the invisible powers of malice and envy had conspired to intercept their course to glory; for the rude persecution of the elements, which attended them almost throughout the whole passage, raged out, as soon as they had caught sight of the inviolable shore, into a most dreadful storm and typhon, in which they had good reason to apprehend the speedy extinction of all their pride; a peril which nothing less than a strong and well-appointed ship could possibly have survived. Argo went victoriously through, not without considerable injury; and brought the heroes to Nangasaki, the only point of the whole empire where it is permitted to any foreigner to offer humble evidence of the existence of any other empire.

It is rather an ungracious thing to be stopped in the full career of this Russio-Japanese epic, by any thing so flat and insignificant as geographical notices. But it should be mentioned that our Argonauts held their course from Kamtschatka, at a good distance eastward of the Kurile Islands and the Japanese empire, till, by running at last a number of degrees almost directly west, they came, about the end of September, 1804, in sight of the southern extremity of that empire—with what sentiments of mingled awe and elation the Captain is too discreet to say. It was the island

of Kiusiu that they were approaching, in about the 32d degree of north latitude and the 227th of west longitude ; and in following its very irregular coast, to pass round its southern part to Nangasaki, they exercised the greatest possible vigilance of observation on the forms and relative positions of all the headlands, inlets, rocks, or islands, near or remote, within the compass of their horizon. And as the result, no one will be surprised at finding that none of our maps or charts have given any thing approaching to an accurate delineation of these coasts and islands. Captain Krusenstern's will, henceforward, justly claims to be the sole authority ; and we think it a really serious complaint against the publisher of the very handsome book in English, that the chart, reduced from Krusenstern's, though engraved with considerable care, is on so small a scale as to be of little use for the *minutiae* of this and several other parts of the hydography so accurately determined by the Russian observers. It serves very well to give a general idea of the course of the investigating portion of the voyage.

In this happy region they were destined to stay nearly six months, which was not longer than they had always reckoned upon ; because they had also reckoned upon being almost overwhelmed by a crowd of wonders and novelties, the very tithe of which would richly lade many more quartos than have yet been launched in consequence of the expedition. They had dreamed, no doubt, of surveying the central stripe of the empire, from Nangasaki to Jeddo, the capital, with the accuracy required for a book of roads ;—of doing something upon the topography of the great towns on the way ;—of gazing on the outside of the grand temples, and perhaps into the interior gloom, where no St. Alexander Nevsky can be descried glimmering on the wall ;—of contemplating the magnificence, the immensity, and the royal edifices, of a metropolis where the Baron Thunberg, from some unaccountable whim for depreciating, by comparison, the works of Nebuchadnezzar, has raised a palace big enough for the largest county town ;—of going deep into scientific disquisition with the said Thunberg's college of astronomers ;—of glancing over crowding myriads of physiognomies, animated by that fire of LIBERTY which the same Thunberg pronounces to be the life and soul of the Japanese ;—and lastly—but we have already alluded to his Mysterious and Nameless Majesty.

In relating the manner in which their anticipations were realized, the Captain has been quite explicit, but more brief than the Doctor. He speaks with the indignation of a man of spirit who has been compelled to see, without remedy, the honour, or the pride, of his nation compromised and insulted. The Doctor, not being

a Russian, is less sore on the subject ; and seems very well disposed for a gleeful participation of his reader's feeling of the ludicrous exhibited in the long farce which he is reciting.

The very first contact with this sacred empire gave plain indications of its policy and manners, and of the terms on which alone it would suffer itself, for a limited time, to be spoken to and looked at—if indeed our adventurers and ambassadors could fairly be said to have obtained any such privilege. They were met by a great quantity of boats, and with much ceremony, on approaching the harbour ; in an outer and insecure part of which it was imperatively signified to them where, to a nicety, they should let go their anchor ; nor was it without long negotiation and delay that they were permitted to advance to a better station. Some *Banjos*, or *Opperbanjos*, as the Dutch interpreters called them, that is, *Great Men*, came on board with *suite*, smoking apparatus, &c. making a great many inquiries, pertinent and impertinent ; and after an hour or two so employed, asking leave for several Dutchmen of some official rank in the trading concern with Japan, to come on board. These officers had been waiting all this while in a boat along-side ; and it seemed as if they were expressly introduced to show the Russians by what humiliating ceremonies any foreigner must acknowledge the undeserved favour of being permitted to breathe the air of Japan. Some of them, or all of them, were required, even in the cabin of the ship, where the *Messrs. Opperbanjos*, showed not the slightest consciousness of not being on their own ground, to crook their bodies down to the form of a right angle, with the arms hanging down, and to fix and keep themselves in that shape and position till duly apprized that they might now stand upright ; a permission they had to wait for a number of minutes, the *Great Men* the while not condescending to give the smallest sign of notice. One of the attendants gave a very slight, unpursued hint of expecting some similar change of form in the Captain, whose quick and peremptory look of *not understanding*, precluded any repetitions of it.

The manner of communication between the Dutch interpreters,* and the *Great Men*, if it was lost upon the Russians as admonition, was worth the half play price as amusement.

“ When the interpreters, who were all kneeling in the cabin, began a conversation with one of the *Great Men*, they were obliged to throw themselves on their hands as well as their knees, and remain with the head bent down till the conversation was concluded ; they then drew in their breath with a kind of hissing noise. The *Great Man* spoke

* The Dutch interpreters are, by birth, Japanese, and are paid by the government for learning the Dutch language : they are in number between sixty and seventy, and the Dutch factory cannot transact any business without their intervention.

so extremely low that it appeared to us impossible he should be heard or understood; it was such a gentle lisp that it scarcely made any impression upon our organs of hearing. The usual answer of the interpreters consisted only in *ay, ay*, which signified yes, or, I understand." Langsdorff, P. 227.

One of the first compliments paid to the Russian Monarch, was the enforcement of what was alleged to be a standing law of the state, requiring the surrender, without reserve, of all the powder, cannon, and small arms, on board the ship, to be retained entirely in possession of the Japanese till the moment of its departure. Indeed, all other arms were included in the demand; but the ambassador successfully represented the absolute necessity, as a point of honour, that the officers should retain their swords; and after several days of very hard and grave negotiation, in which the strongest remonstrances, and sundry expedients of commutation, were offered by the Japanese, he obtained the most reluctant concession that seven soldiers, for the purpose of a little show of state, should retain their muskets and bayonets. It was represented, in language of the greatest solemnity and importance, what a prodigious innovation this would be on the ancient and venerable customs and ordinances of the empire, which did not allow "even the first princes of the land to appear any where with exposed fire-arms; they must always be shut up in a case." As to every thing else, the surrender was complete, and the custody was so rigid, that 'it was not till after four months' constant entreaties and representations that the fowling pieces of the officers were returned to them in order to be cleaned, though many of them were entirely destroyed by the time they were restored."

When, upon the ambassador's having obtained permission to land, he insisted on being attended by the whole of this formidable battalion, so dangerous to the throne, constitution, independence, liberties, &c. &c. of the realm. A demand so totally unprecedented and astonishing, put all the *Great Men* to a nonplus; it caused a month's delay and negotiation; the case was too important for the governor of Nangasaki to decide upon; and the Captain thinks it probable that a courier was sent for instructions on this point to Jeddo, the capital of the temporal sovereignty, or to Miaco, the residence of the Dairi, or ecclesiastical sovereign. The point was at last conceded to the ambassador.

From the first day to the last of the ship's remaining at anchor at Nangasaki, a great number of guard boats were stationed round it in close order, through which no Japanese boat, excepting those that brought the *Banjos* and interpreters on official visits, ever attempted to pass, though great multitudes of parties of curiosity and

pleasure were sometimes rowing about on the outside. The Russians were not permitted to take any such pleasure. The element they had been beating through, in whatever manner or direction they pleased, so many thousand leagues, became too sacred for the slightest liberties within a little dent of the shore of Japan.

Provisions were brought off to the ship with tolerable regularity, with one interval, however, so considerable as to excite the ambassador to inquiry and complaint. The answer, not very flattering had it even been true, but which they afterwards found to have been false, was that a visit of a great prince to the town had engrossed their attention and their supplies. Falsehoods, the Russians had occasion to find, were dealt out to them without scruple, in whatever form and proportions they were wanted for the purpose of soothing their impatience, or of misleading or stopping their inquiries.

However insulting the whole system of their treatment was, great care was on the whole taken to avoid giving them cause of complaint on the direct personal score of manners and language. A great deal of formal politeness was practised ; there were plenty of professions of anxiety to do honour to the embassy, and to the great emperor that had sent it ; there were polite messages from the governor to inquire after the ambassador's health, and to express concern for the injury it was understood to have sustained ; the unpleasant discussions were conducted, on the part of the *Banjos*, in as measured and civil a diction as that in use among the European *corps diplomatique*, and with as many hypocritical professions and vain promises. Even the most vexatious restrictions would be explained into compliments : thus the repeated remonstrances of the Russians on the long delay of the permission to take the ship for safety and repairs into an inner position in the harbour, where there happened to be two Dutch vessels, were answered, in one instance, by pretence which was probably intended to cajole, though it was much too gross and absurd to do so, namely, " that a ship of war, having so great a man as an ambassador on board, could not lie in the same road with merchant ships, such as were those of the Dutch ; but so soon as the latter should sail, it was intended that the Russians should occupy their places."

The short interview with the captains of the Dutch vessels had excited an earnest wish in the Russians to prolong an acquaintance which promised to afford them much information, but they were never suffered to meet those officers again. And when the Russians hailed them in passing out of the harbour, the Dutchmen did not dare make any other return than a significant dumb motion of the speaking trumpet. The majesty of Russia has done most

wisely to seek marks of homage in more humble or more equitable empires than Japan; for how little of this sort of contribution could *there* be levied, is very honestly told in many parts of this narrative, beside the following account of the ceremony, and the flattering precautions attending the departure of the Dutch ships.

"An interpreter informed us on the part of the governor, that as the two Dutch ships would proceed next morning to Papenberg, we should not, upon any account, send a boat on board of them; at the same time he warned us not to return the Dutch salute, which was in honour of the imperial flag, not as a compliment to us. This was the more absurd as the governor had before ordered all our powder to be taken from us; and we had not an ounce on board. Besides, it would have been utterly impossible for us to have returned the salute even if we had had the vanity to assume it to ourselves; for it consisted of at least 400 shots, and lasted, with short intervals, during six hours." *Krusenstern, P. 269.*

Among the things first demanded, and as conditions of being admitted into the inner harbour, were a sight and exposition of the Emperor of Russia's letter to our imperial brother of Japan, written in the Russian, Japanese, and Mandschurian languages. The copy, intended for the governor of Nangasaki, was produced, and examined by some of the Banjos, who said they could not understand a word of the Japanese, partly because, as it is not very consistently added, "the language was only that in vulgar use," and partly because "the hand-writing was very bad." It is acknowledged that the letter had been translated by a Japanese of low condition and no accomplishments. It cost no little time and pains to get the import of this letter conveyed full and safe into the understanding of the governor, and through him to the head of the empire, to which they had reason to believe that information was constantly transmitted of every thing done, said, and written, down to the minutest trifles. The difficulty in the case of this letter, must have arisen from its bad manufacture, for the Banjos were extremely attentive and inquisitive, and the interpreters are described as generally distinguished by a remarkable quickness of apprehension.

All this while not a Russian hoof had impressed its mark on the Japanese soil or sand. Naval and military officers, privy counsellors, philosophers, were rigidly imprisoned within the weather-beaten timber of the *Nadeshda*, with the tantalizing aspect of the living green earth almost close to their faces. They fretted, petitioned, remonstrated, and even said they were ready to take themselves off to their own good old element if their presence was so little acceptable; while each Monseigneur *Opperbanjos* in suc-

cession, (for the caution of the governor took care to change the agents for his negotiation with them,) maintained the most diplomatic coolness and complaisance, explaining and regretting each cause of delay, suggesting reasons for the exercise of patience, expecting the speedy arrival of instructions from the master of every thing animate and inanimate in the empire, adverting to its inviolable laws, and gravely representing the utter impropriety of adopting any proceeding toward *so great a man* as the Russian ambassador, without the fullest instructions and the most formal arrangements. Orders had been sent, it was declared, to all the princes in that part of the empire to give the utmost publicity and *eclat* to his arrival, and to come themselves to be present at his reception in Nangasaki. Each proposition or complaint, little or great, instead of being disposed of at the time, was to be formally conveyed to the governor, with an assurance that an answer should be brought after a proper interval; and however provoking this might be to impatient Europeans, they were convinced that, for the most part, the *Great Men* through whom they negotiated, could not do otherwise than they did, having to receive orders on every subject from the governor; while, on the principal points, he also was probably constrained to wait, at the peril of his life, for orders from Jeddo. Indeed, this worthy and happy people have attained a state of subordination almost miraculous. Every mortal man in the empire, but the one or two that can have no superiors, is looking up for the rule of right to where nature has, all the world over, placed the wisdom and virtue—to the betters in rank and condition; while nature has not probably, in any other part of that world, taught mankind so complete a deference to this economy, as that evinced in so little a piece of propriety as the following.

“The ambassador took occasion to produce a little pocket globe, by Adams, of London, which occasioned uncommon pleasure among our visitors. That the earth was round they knew very well; but to see it represented in this manner was wholly new to them. The Banjos was short sighted, and used very bad spectacles: an excellent English pair were offered him; but he declined accepting them, since he must first, he said, ask permission of the governor; without that, no one could accept even the most trifling present. In the mean time he begged the ambassador to lay the spectacles by, till the governor’s pleasure upon the subject could be ascertained.” Langsdorff, P. 238.

Six weeks of diplomatic and ceremonial quarantine would not probably have sufficed, without the additional circumstance of the “pretended illness of the ambassador,” to obtain the conces-

sion of the privilege to walk in a little spot on shore, of the following dimensions and advantages.

"This place was close to the shore, in a confined bay, and was shut in on the land side with a high wall of bamboos; and although its whole length did not exceed a hundred paces, and its width at the most was forty, there were two watch-houses erected in its immediate vicinity. One single tree, but not a blade of grass, adorned this promenade, which was entirely upon a rocky ground. This place of course could not answer its intended purpose, nor was it used as such; but it was of great advantage for our astronomical observations, which the Japanese did not in any way attempt to disturb. As soon as any boat put off from the ship, for Kibatsch, for so this promenade was called, a fleet of ten or fifteen vessels immediately put themselves in motion, surrounding the boat on all sides, and in this same manner it was conducted back again." *Krasenstern, P. 255.*

In due time the presents, intended as a tempting sample of the fine things his Majesty of Japan might expect as the reward of his solicited condescension, were landed and conveyed into the government Magazine. While we copy the inventory, we may well doubt whether his Majesty of Russia was not a considerable gainer by having them at last returned on his hands, instead of the implored object of a treaty of amity and commerce with Japan.

"The principal of these presents were a very curious clock, in the form of an elephant, in the oriental taste, ornamented with precious stones, and a great deal of costly workmanship: two very large looking-glasses, each plate being fifteen feet long, and six broad, with a number of smaller glasses; a very expensive and nicely selected black fox skin cloak, and an ermine cloak: vases of fossil ivory, made at Archangel: beautiful muskets, pistols, and sabres: a number of articles in steel, manufactured at Tula; superb glass lustres and vases; table services of fine glass and porcelain; tapestries, and other carpetings; the portrait of the Russian Emperor, by Madame Le Brun: marble vases, damasks, velvets, and other silk goods of different kinds; fine furs, printed cottons, and cloths: gold and silver watches, a complete electrical machine; (the object which, more than any other, attracted the attention, and excited the astonishment, of the Japanese: very rarely did a Banjos, or any other *Great Man*, come to visit us, without desiring to feel the effect of the electricity, or to see some experiments;) a very fine microscope: galvanic plates, with many other objects, valued upon the whole at about three hundred thousand roubles." *Langsdorff, P. 235.*

The Captain was curious to know how these articles were likely to reach their destination.

" I inquired of one of the interpreters in what manner it was proposed to convey this large mirror to Jeddo, who told me that it would be carried there ; upon which I replied, that this did not appear practicable, as the distance was so great, and every mirror would require at least sixty men to relieve one another every half mile. His answer was, that nothing was impossible to the emperor of Japan ; and as a proof of his assertion, he related to me, that, about two years before, the Emperor of China had presented the Emperor of Japan with a live elephant which had been carried from Nangasaki to Jeddo. The following example, which I learnt upon another occasion from one of the interpreters, and which he did not mention to me in proof of the power of his sovereign, but merely as a fact which had recently occurred, will sufficiently demonstrate with what punctuality the Emperor's orders are executed, without any consideration of apparently the most insuperable obstacles. A Chinese junk was driven on shore in a gale of wind, upon the east coast of Japan, in the bay of Owary, on which occasion she lost her masts and rudder. As, according to an ancient regulation, every foreign ship which may touch upon the coast of Japan, either accidentally, or from being driven upon it in a gale, must immediately be brought to Nangasaki, this ship also, though in a very bad condition, was ordered to be carried round. In Japan, such a thing cannot be effected except by means of towing boats, and several hundreds of these were immediately sent to tow the ship from the bay of Owary to that of Osacca : a voyage during which it was not unlikely that on the first high wind, which are very frequent upon this coast, both ship and boats would go to the bottom. From the bay of Osacca the navigation was indeed not so dangerous, as the passage was not in the open sea, but between the islands of Nippon, and Sikokf, and Kiusiu. This towing voyage, which lasted fourteen months, must have been very expensive, one hundred boats, and, consequently, six hundred men, being kept in continual employment. The natural, as well as least expensive method, would have been to have broken up the ship, or to have burnt and paid for her, sending the cargo to the Chinese at Nangasaki ; but this was contrary to the laws of the land." Krusenstern, P. 274.

About the same time that the presents were taken on shore, there was conceded the mighty favour of a house for the residence of the personage who had so long escorted them. He was conveyed to it in great state and pomp.

" So far, (says Captain K.) the ceremony attending his entrance was worthy the representative of a powerful monarch ; but he had no sooner landed, and entered his dwelling, than the doors were locked on both sides, and the keys sent, at sun-set, to the governor."

He says, "the seven towers of Constantinople are hardly so well guarded as our Megasaki," as the ambassador's residence was called.

"The house was situated on a neck of land, so near the sea, that on the south and east side, the water at high tide came close under the windows. When I say windows, indeed, I make use of an improper expression; for this word can scarcely apply to a square space about a foot wide, provided with a double lattice work, and which therefore admitted but very little light into the room. A high bamboo fence surrounded the whole building, not only toward the land, but even on the sea-face in spite of the waves, the protection of which the Japanese did not seem to consider as sufficient. Beside these, there were two rows of bamboo canes carried from the door down to the sea, as far as the tide ebbed, in order that when the boats came from the ship they might only land between these canes, a precaution which scarcely would answer any one purpose. A large gate, with double locks, formed the entrance from the water side. An officer, whose station was near the ship, had the keys of the outer locks, and another, who lived in Megasaki, those of the inside; and when any boat went on shore it was necessary that the keeper of the outward keys should accompany it to open his side, after which the inside was unlocked; and, in like manner, when any one on shore was desirous of going to the ship, the porter of Megasaki opened the inside, when the vessel, on board of which was the keeper of the outer keys, had to repair to the house to perform the same duty. Beside this precaution, the gates were never left open upwards of five minutes; and though they sometimes knew that the persons would return immediately, the porter would rather take the trouble of locking and unlocking the gates again than leave them open during this length of time."—"They counted always the number of persons who came on shore, and the boat was never allowed to return without a similar number; and if any officer of the ship wished to pass the night in Megasaki, one of the persons residing on shore was obliged to go back in his stead; and, in like manner, when any officer belonging to the ambassador's suite was desirous of sleeping on board, some sailor had to fill his place on shore: for the appointed number of persons residing there was neither to be increased nor diminished, nor was any attention paid to their quality in this respect, but only to their numbers." Krusenstern, P. 258.

There were various other precautions, which it would fill too much room to transcribe or enumerate. Beside the confined place before given them for walking, they obtained, for the purpose of repairing their boats, a little wretched shred of ground, or mud, where they could not work at high water, but when their importance was again complimented by the precaution of a bamboo fence which concealed from them every thing but the sky,

and which was constantly, while the carpenters were at work, guarded by two boats. We are not told, by either of the writers, whether any strong temptation was felt to try what would be the consequence of cutting these bamboos half way down. But probably not; for the party were disciplined and inured to their humiliation by so exquisitely judicious and systematic a process, that their spirits, excepting perhaps the Captain's, appear to have succumbed in a sort of hopeless, unresisting quietude. They lived on, one dull week after another, in their bamboo cage, as if kept for the purpose of being stared at by the populace. "On the other side of our new walk," says Dr. Langsdorff, "we often saw people who came to look at us through the trellis, in the same manner that in Europe we look at wild beasts carried about for a show. Men, women, and children, of all ranks and ages, were gazing on every side. Among others were a number of mendicant monks: they, as well as the physicians, had their heads entirely shaved." Now and then, indeed, a complaint or expostulation was ventured upon; and the interpreters and Banjos were never a moment at a loss for explanations and apologies. In two or three instances some of the interpreters would practise a sort of mockery of sympathy, and affect to be of their opinion, that the Japanese system of precautions and formalities was very absurd and pitiful. One of them carried the joke so far as to say, "It is laughable that Japan, this little country, this little island, makes so much ceremony, and contrives so many difficulties; that in all her manners, even in her ways of thinking, she is little; while Russia, which is a very extensive country, is, in all her ways and manners, in all her thoughts and actions, great and noble." But the most roguish banter of all was when one of them took upon him to make to our heroes and illuminees a moral and philosophical homily, which our sly Doctor introduces in such a way as if he would cozen us into a notion that it was as gravely conceived as it was, doubtless, pronounced.

"The interpreter sent to us on this day spoke more freely than any who had come before; he considered all the strict regulations of the Japanese government as extremely ridiculous, lamented that he was himself a Japanese, and wished very much to travel and see foreign countries. He regretted the short-sightedness of his countrymen, imputed it to the education of the emperor and the great magistrates, and said that the subjects must be blind when the rulers had no clear ideas, and were not in a condition to acquire any. Men, he said, are not born merely to eat and drink, but also to instruct and enlighten themselves. His philosophical dissertation was interspersed with several Japanese proverbs; as, for example, '*The age of man is a hundred years, but his fame is eternal.*'—'*The life of man is*

short, his name is without end. He lamented the many disagreeable circumstances to which the ambassador had been subjected, and, endeavouring to console him, likened a man of understanding to water, saying, '*A reasonable man must know how to accommodate himself to all situations and circumstances, like water which takes the form and figure of every vessel into which it is poured.*'" Langsdorff, P. 266.

A frivolous and vexatious negotiation continued to be carried on, with occasional peevishness and grumbling on the part of the Russians, and with all possible ceremony, formality, importance, and delay, on that of the Japanese. The constant pretence for this delay was the necessity of instructions from the court at Jeddo—with the addition, in one instance, of the pretence that even that exalted authority had not felt itself competent to decide on so momentous an occasion, without sending to Miaco, a distance of hundreds of miles, to consult the Dairi, or ecclesiastical sovereign. On every point of consequence, and on more points of no consequence at all, couriers were to be sent, as the patient suitors for Japanese favour were told, to Jeddo, and then, month after month would be contrived to be passed off in the pretended expectation of their return. And indeed the Russians were sufficiently convinced that the *Great Men*, governors, and princes, with whom they were in communication, had but very little discretionary power, and really might at their imminent peril have conceded; for instance, the superficial of a dozen yards square of the sacred beach of Japan to the temporary occupation of this obsequious handful of Europeans without ammunition: or at their peril have decided and acted in still more trifling matters, without sending so many hundreds of miles to obtain a few sentences pronounced or written by more majestic bipeds. This, to be sure, at the best, was bad enough for petitioning and impounded men, themselves too some of the *Banjos* of the most prodigious monarchy on earth: but the peculiar vexation was, that they had reason to believe that couriers did come from the remote seat of power, time after time, and of course with such communications as it might have much imported them to know, while they were still kept waiting in uncertainty, and to be amused indefinitely with pretences and lies.

It is probable enough that the government never had the smallest indecision on the subject, nor even the magistrates at Nangasaki any uncertainty of anticipation as to the fate of the embassy, though they pretended to flatter it with some presumptions of success, so much the more probable, that they were pleased to say, as the ultimatum from Jeddo was so long delayed. If the fate of this too ambitious overture was thus at no moment really doubtful, there seems no other explanation of the policy of the mode of inflicting it, than to suppose that the Japanese government intend-

ed at once to avoid the appearance of a rude, hasty affront to a great power whose territories approached so near their own, by this semblance of a protracted and solemn deliberation ; and to inspire, though under a most perfect avoidance of all hostility, an utter hopelessness and disgust at the idea of any further attempts, by wearing out the patience, and mortifying the pride, of their unwelcome visitants. At any rate, there must have been a deeper cause for this intolerable protraction than either dilatoriness, or a mere ceremonial, affected stateliness ; as the government was at the sole charge of the provision and accommodation of the party, who were not permitted to purchase (for it was declared to be against the laws) the most trifling article, or to pay for any service whatsoever ; while, nevertheless, they were amply supplied with whatsoever was wanted for themselves and for repairing the ship.

After they had endured several months of their imprisonment, they began to receive hints that convinced them it was a delusive astrology that had told it as a part of their fortunes, that they were to see the metropolitan and Imperial splendours of this great monarchy. They were soon plainly informed, that a very *Great Man* of the Court was on his way to save them "the toil of this long journey," and bearing the Emperor's commission plenipotentiary for whatever was to be discussed and arranged between the two powers. And as it was presumed that the deputed wisdom of two such empires and monarchs, when brought into conjunction, could not fail to settle the business in a very short time, (like Sir William Temple and John de Witt, if the Dutch had never told them of these eminent diplomatists, and their rapid negotiation,) it was high time to fit the Nadeshda for taking the freedom of the seas. The intimation conveyed animated pleasure to men who regarded her with more than a sailor's affection, as the vehicle that was now soon to bear them away from this hated shore. All the necessary materials were promptly furnished by the Japanese, and the crew applied themselves to the business with all possible alacrity and despatch.

But to return to the superlative man, the potent satrap, the *elite* of the high mightinesses of the most august of courts, the personage who was born, though the Russians were not, to the felicity of looking at the feet of the Emperor. It was announced, at length, that this favourite of all the stars was arrived at Nagasaki, and the important interview was approaching. But the Russians, under the abandonment of every star, and the depression produced by their long imprisonment and series of humiliations, happened to find themselves in possession of just so much remaining spirit, as to render it a matter of considerable difficulty and negotiation to adjust the ceremonial of relative dignity under

which the two imperial representatives should meet; high demands being of course made on the part of that power which was determined for ever to act on the maxim that all other powers were unworthy to aspire to its friendship. The interview was to take place at the mansion of the governor, which gentlemen the Russians had never yet been privileged to see. The arrangements were made, and the procession to the government house in Nangasaki was conducted with no small pomp, in which, however, the characteristic affectation of concealment and precaution was shown in a very remarkable manner; for the whole front of every street through which they passed was veiled from their sight.

"The houses, as well by the water-side as all round the place, with the fortresses and guard-houses, were covered with hangings, on which were the imperial arms and those of Fisi; so that we could see nothing of the houses or the people, nor could they see any thing of us: here and there only we saw a head, urged on by irresistible curiosity, peeping from behind the hangings. We were, however, in the main, unseen by the inhabitants, while our own eyes were equally restrained from making our observations on them or their town."—"If in some of the cross streets, the hangings did not cover the houses entirely, their place was supplied by straw mats or trellis-work. The reason of this, the interpreters told us, was, that the common people might be kept off, since they were not worthy to see *as Great a Man* as the ambassador face to face." Langsdorff, P. 304.

There were three of these processions to the place of audience, all within a few days. In the first, the ambassador was carried in a sort of large sedan, called a *Norimon*, while his attendants walked; but he demanded the same conveyance for his officers on the latter two days, on account of rain and the state of the road, and with much opposition and reluctance it was allowed.

We cannot fairly afford room for any part of Doctor L.'s very curious description of these three interviews of the great men of different regions of the globe, met to confer on the grand subject of the intercourse of empires. The first was an audience of ceremony, the second, of business, the third, of taking leave. The Captain despatches the whole affair in a very few sentences, written in a temper partaking of indignation and shame. The Doctor has exhibited, considerably at large, the etiquette, the incommodious postures, the rather impertinent and ungracious interrogatory of the very *Great Man* to the chamberlain Von Resanoff, the important *business* of the second interview, consisting precisely in the delivery of a paper from the former to the latter of these plenipotentiaries, and then the affecting adieux of men who were to see one another no more!

On returning from the second audience, which was as brief as if ceremony had been no part of the court traffick of Japan, and in which the most noble the beholder of the Emperor's feet, does not appear to have wasted any words in the explanation of the purport of the definite document which he delivered, the ambassador had to put his fate-bearing paper in the hands of the interpreters, and was, perhaps, by the tendency of all that had preceded, competently prepared and fortified against any sudden emotions of amazement and grief on finding the burden of it to be, a peremptory injunction that no Russian should ever again show himself in Japan. But he might, even after all he had experienced, be allowed to feel some little surprise that a grave and final award of state, should so presume on his simplicity as to regale him with the following piece of rhetorical banter, affecting to rest the propriety of the refusal of any further communication with Russia, on the comparative feebleness of Japan.

"Friendship is like a chain, which, when destined to some particular end, must consist of a determined number of links. If one member, however, be particularly strong, and the others disproportionably weak, the latter must of necessity, by use, be soon broken. The chain of friendship can never, therefore, be otherwise than disadvantageous to the weak members included in it."

The inviolability of the Japanese laws, interdicting all intercourse with foreigners, except a limited trading privilege granted to the Dutch and Chinese, is solemnly insisted on; the perfect sufficiency of the productions of the country to supply all its own wants, is pretended to be put on the ground of the smallness of those wants; and the poverty of the country is affected to be pleaded as one reason for declining to accept any of the Emperor of Russia's valuable presents.

"If they were accepted, the Emperor of Japan must, according to the customs of the country, which are considered as laws, send an ambassador with presents of equal value to the Emperor of Russia. But as there is a strict prohibition against either the inhabitants or the ships quitting the country, and Japan is beside so poor, that it is impossible to return presents to any thing like an equivalent, it is wholly out of the Emperor's power to receive either the ambassador or the presents."

It is hardly worth while to notice here the absurdity of stating what are the custom and the law in a certain case, in the very same sentence in which it is declared that the law never permits that case to exist. But perhaps this custom and law of equivalents may refer only to the interchange of presents among the peo-

ple within the realm. Be, however, the law whatever it might, it was announced to the ambassador, that the Russians should receive as a perfect gratuity every thing they wanted or would ask for in the way of provisions, so long as they remained in port, two months' stores for the ship when they departed, every article necessary for previously refitting the ship : and a present beside of 2,000 sacks of salt of 30lb. each, 100 sacks of rice of 150lb. each, with two thousand bundles of the finest Japanese raw silk ; the former two for the crew, the latter for the officers.

The ambassador protested that, like their Emperor, he must refuse these presents. He was told that the inevitable consequence of his persisting to do so, must be another courier to Jeddo, since the Emperor had given the orders. This decided the matter instantaneously, two months of additional delay being what he as little wished as they did.

The gratuitous supplies, from first to last, and all other services received from the Japanese, were perfectly clear of all fees and *douceurs*. It was not till after repeated and earnest representations, and even entreaties, that the ambassador obtained permission to make some small presents to a few of the interpreters, to whose services he had been so long indebted. "The desire to part," says the Captain, "was equally strong in all of us ;" the sailors gladly worked sixteen hours a day to get the ship ready for sea ; the cannon, and all the other articles belonging to it, were brought safe on board with all diligence ; a hundred boats, linked in five lines, towed the ship from its station, the governor sent some final tokens of his considerate attention to their accommodation ; and "all the interpreters," says the Captain, "except the honest Saka-Saburo, and two others, who had not forgotten that we were no Dutchmen, wished us a happy voyage to Batavia !" so little interest regarding the character and fortunes of the Russians had been created in their minds by so many months of intercourse.

There is, probably, as much truth as resentment in the opinion with which the Captain consoles himself and his countrymen for this memorable failure—that "the Russian trade will not suffer much in consequence of it." In so long a period of almost total preclusion of intercourse with the rest of the world, the sensible wants of the people will have strictly conformed themselves, through inveterate habit, to the measure of their internal resources. Nor can this necessitated and habitual conformity be deemed very oppressively severe in a country with such considerable advantages of climates, (the empire including a great diversity of them,) together with a moderate, though stationary, proficiency in the agricultural and mechanic arts. Such a state of things cannot

so painfully repress the essential cravings of nature, cannot inflict such a sense of hardship and destitution, as to force nature, by its vital necessities, to rebel against the established system, and demand the admission of foreign supplies. And then add to this, the perfect and astonishing reduction of the entire political, moral, and physical economy of the people to the most absolute clock-work, through the superstitious veneration for the ancient laws and usages—a superstition which the government has an evident and perpetual interest in maintaining undiminished: When all these circumstances are considered, and when there is also taken into the account that supercilious pride which, in Japan, even still more uniformly than in China, regards every thing foreign as inferior, we do not see how the commercial speculatist, even had he that freedom of access to the country which he most certainly never will have till some strange revolution have taken place in the policy of its government, could do that which is the first thing for him to do, create a new and eager *want* in the people. So much for what the country would take from foreigners; and then, as to what it might furnish to them in exchange, it is perfectly obvious that such a half-civilized nation could bring nothing of value or consequence, unless the country had, in its natural produce, some grand staple, in the same manner as China furnishes an unlimited quantity of tea, South America hides, the West Indies sugar, and Spain *did* supply wool. But we know of no one capital species of natural produce which Japan could offer in any peculiar and preëminent degree of excellence or plenty. All the nations, therefore, great and small, who have been beaten off in their earnest attempts on this inaccessible dominion, may take consolation for their not being permitted to carry on a little paltry traffick, to the annual amount, perhaps, of the business of one moderate English shop, at the expense of all the base humiliations by which the Dutch have so long retained the worthless privilege—such humiliations as having their Captains, and even barons, obliged to put themselves severally in the form of a fourfooted stool, whenever they approach any petty magistrate called a Banjos, as the director and secretary of the Dutch factory, with a Baron Pabst, and two cultivated and intelligent captains of vessels, were all unceremoniously ordered to do in the cabin of the Russian ship, and continued to do for several minutes, till it was carelessly signified to them by an interpreter, that they might stand up. At the breaking up of the conference, the stubbornness of the Dutch person and character was to have the benefit of another cringe.

“ Before their departure the Dutchmen were required to pay the compliment to the *Great Men*. Baron Pabst, who before did not

seem to think this attitude of submission altogether consistent with the Dutch character, wanted to have stolen unseen out of the cabin, and escaped the compliment; but the vigilant interpreters called after him: "Sir! mynheer Pabst! you cannot go till you have made the *Great Men* a compliment." He was, therefore, obliged to return and submit to the humiliating custom." Langsdorff, p. 232.

Both the writers are so sensible how little information they have had the means of giving with respect to the people of Japan, that they apologize for occupying so much space in their books with the few particulars which, however, it cost them such a weary length of time to collect. Their accounts can go but little way toward correcting, or confirming, or enlarging, the questionable information furnished by former reporters; which we the more regret, as we could have so fully relied on the honesty of these latest observers.

At the same time, the Japanese are, perhaps of the whole world, that one nation of which the quality of the whole may most competently be known and fairly judged from the inspection of a small sample. What our voyagers have described, will furnish any man instantly with a long negative catalogue of Japanese accomplishments, virtues, privileges, and felicities. Conspicuously at the head of all these negations will stand *Liberty*—liberty, which that blinking Baron Thunberg pronounces to be the very life of this people! Some of the readers of these descriptions will perhaps say, that in default of liberty, they have something better—the most consummately mechanical good order. We hear of no brawls, no roaring gangs of tipplers, no disrespect to superiors, no rude driving, and scampering, and racket, of ill-taught, wild young fellows. Prodigious crowds of people were seen often enough; but there was no tumult, riot, or mischief; no obstreperousness, indecent manners, or abusive language. On the ground where the largest multitude had appeared, there would soon not be a mortal to be seen, if so were signified the will of the governor, or, perhaps, of an *Opperbanjos*. There were, besides, no beggars and no pilferers. We need not say there were no bullies or braves. We seem even warranted to say there were no mere loungers, no idle persons of any sort. Personal cleanliness was universally prevalent, and extended to putting off of shoes on entering a room with clean mats on the floor. It could not be mentioned as exactly an exception to this general recommendation, that the married women are all distinguished by the disgusting circumstance of having their front teeth blackened. Our gay doctor was, however, very angry at this ill-judged decoration.

The prisoners could obtain no glimpse of the domestic economy, nor permission to visit a neighbouring temple. And, probably,

the diversified inquiries they would naturally be inclined to make, were either prevented by the formality and official business of their interviews with the interpreters; or, if made, were frustrated by evasion, reserve, or that falsehood which even the officers of state in Japan (so unlike all other countries) seem to regard as a perfectly fair resource in every emergency. They had occasion to perceive that the interference of authority, was exercised to prevent or stop the unofficial communication which they were, in one or two instances, attempting, and beginning to hold, with some individual that appeared to them more intelligent than the general-ity of the natives.

Mention is made of several festivals occurring during the stay of the Russians, but of which they were, of course, allowed no participation or inspection. One of them was that of the new year. Our authors do not say whether they heard of the ceremony described by Thunberg and others as practised by the Japanese at that season, to testify their abhorrence of the Christian religion, and to create the same hatred of it in the minds of their children. The thirtieth of January is their newyear's day. On the second of February, "the last of the festival days, a little box was brought, full of roasted pease, to the ambassador's house, which were strewed about every corner of it, to drive away," says the doctor, with great inattention to precision of language, "the devil and all evil spirits."

"On the 31st of March, or the 1st of April, a feast was celebrated in Nangasaki, called Mussume Matzury, the chief character of which is, that parents, on this occasion, present their children with dolls. Unimportant as the object of this holiday appeared, it must, nevertheless, be of great consequence in Japan, two days being devoted to these childish entertainments; and we were requested not to suffer the carpenters, employed upon the boats on shore, to work during its celebration." Krusenstern, p. 284.

Before taking leave of this strange people, into whose company we and our readers are little likely to be soon again introduced, we should notice just one illustrative instance of such a refinement of subordination, and so unqualified an operation of what was denominated law, as no other country could parallel.

"On the 16th, *early in the morning*, we were informed that one of the Japanese, whom we had brought with us, had attempted to destroy himself. With this view he had thrust a razor through his mouth into his throat, but was seen in time by the bystanders for them to prevent his completely executing his purpose. A quantity of blood streamed from the mouth of the wounded man; but the Japanese

civil officer on duty would by no means consent that I should examine the wound, or give him any medical assistance. The event was announced by the guard, and a Banjos, with a physician, was sent for, *who did not arrive till the afternoon*; they then entered into a very minute investigation of the affair, and took down a *procès-verbal* of it, which was carefully sealed up. The wound did not appear dangerous." Langsdorff, p. 287.

Our adventurers exultingly set all sail, and drove out of the harbour in a style that confounded the cautious, sober, timid boat mariners of Nangasaki. The destined course was through the sea between Japan and Corea, a course which every imaginable argument had been employed by the Japanese ministers to deter the captain from adopting. His plan was to examine, on his way to Kamtschatka, a number of imperfectly explored coasts and straits in the seas of Japan and Sachalin, in which La Perouse had left a good deal to be done. We have staid so long in that country of *Great Men*, that we cannot regularly attend him through his various traverses of dangerous seas, and examinations of dreary coasts. It is, however, this part alone of the voyage that will be regarded as of importance to geography. When we say this part alone, we must not be understood to imply that it was an inconsiderable portion of naval adventure. On the contrary, it amounted to several thousands of miles, and occupied a long space of time. In this navigation, the captain displayed, in a very high degree, the qualities of an able, enterprising, and indefatigable navigator. The foggy, chill, and turbulent climate, conjoined with the strikingly inhospitable character of the greatest part of the land he coasted, and the numerous dangers incident to a navigation so constantly in the neighbourhood of rugged coasts and islands, all imperfectly known, and some totally unexplored, gave occasion to both the commander and his crew to evince that no duty was too hard for their skill and resolution.

Having made a conditional promise to the Japanese statesmen not to go spying out their territory all along the western coast of Nippon, or Japan, he did not approach the land till he deemed it necessary to do so in search of the straits of Sangar, between the northern end of that great island, and the southern part of Jesso. He accurately examined and laid down, perhaps, about a hundred miles of the coast south of this strait; and then, instead of passing through it, proceeded along the whole western coast of Jesso, to the straits of La Perouse. The landscape, through almost the whole length, was a chain of snowy mountains, one of which emitted flames and smoke.

The few inhabitants of the northern part of Jesso, are called Aïnos, and are judged to be the remains of a nation that once pos-

sessed the whole of it, and some other islands, but that has gradually retired and diminished before the encroaching power of the Japanese, who have now extended their sovereignty to its northern extremity. The captain was so enchanted with the modesty, benevolence, and generosity of these poor people, that he has no hesitation in pronouncing them the "best of all the people he has hitherto been acquainted with." And certainly the facts he mentions will bear him out in a very strong eulogium.

Having examined the great bay of Aniwa, which hollows out the southern end of the peninsula of Sachalin, he examined (and is the first that has done so) the eastern coast of that most dreary peninsula, with meritorious resolution and accuracy, up to Patience Bay, whence he was compelled to steer, across the chain of the Kurile Islands, where he encountered considerable danger, to his old port of St. Peter and St. Paul, where he cast anchor at the beginning of June, 1805, forty-eight days after leaving Nangasaki. Here Dr. Langsdorff left him, in order to accompany the chamberlain Von Resanoff, at his particular invitation, on an expedition to the Russian settlements on the northwest coast of America. While the captain staid here about a month to refit and victual the ship, he was assailed by mingled pain and indignation at witnessing specimens, and hearing accounts, of the excessive and shocking wretchedness, both by sea and land, of the Russian adventurers employed by the Russo-American Company in the fur trade.

On the first of July, the *Nadeshda* again put to sea, destined to resume that point on the coast of Sachalin at which the former examination had been suspended. From that point, in latitude $49^{\circ} 19'$, the examination was prosecuted to Cape Elizabeth, the northernmost point, in latitude $54^{\circ} 24'$. Not a single human habitation had been seen throughout the length of this immense tract, the whole eastern coast of Sachalin, till very near the arrival at its northernmost promontory, when a beautiful valley presented the striking novelty of two huts. On the northern coast the voyagers saw one or two Tartar villages, and had an amusing adventure with the ill-conditioned inhabitants, the perfect reverse is character to the Aïnos who inhabit the southern extremity of this peninsula. It is a very interesting part of the captain's narrative which comes next, and describes a series of attempts, after having passed by a westerly course round the northern promontories, to make his way southward, along the western coast, in order to decide the question whether Sachalin is an island, or is connected with Tartary. A great change in the colour of the water, and a powerful current which encountered the ship from the southwest, indicated their approach to the mouth of the river Amour. In a resolute contest with this current, the ship was carried, though by

an indirect course, to a position within a few miles of a western projection of the coast of Sachalin, which was situated directly opposite to an eastern projection of a point of the coast of Tartary. Between these two points is a channel of five miles across. Though this was not deemed to be precisely the mouth of the river, it was unquestionable, that what might be perhaps more correctly so called, must be at a very short distance behind. And the prodigious magnitude of this river was evinced, in the most direct manner, by the fact, that this whole rapid current of five miles wide had not the slightest mixture of sea water. This stream, therefore was purely and exclusively the Amour. One of the lieutenants, in a boat, rowed, with great labour, some miles further against the current, till the depth decreased to three fathoms and a half.

The captain states the reasoning which he entered on his journal at this time, respecting the question whether Sachalin be an island or a peninsula. These arguments alone would be quite conclusive of its being the latter. On his arrival in China, he was gratified to find demonstration added by the account of the voyage of captain Broughton, who prosecuted from the southward the examination of the gulf of Tartary, till stopped by an uninterrupted shore of sand hills, in which Sachalin and Tartary became united. The Russian navigator is, nevertheless, of opinion, that there may formerly have been a channel, and that the junction may have been formed by the accumulation of sand brought down by the Amour.

He had now an excellent opportunity, and a very earnest desire, to explore the northeast coast of Tartary, but was withheld by the very strong representations he had received before leaving Kamtschatka on the impolicy of a proceeding which would be extremely likely to excite the hostile suspicions of the Chinese government. Obligated, therefore, to return toward the east, he resolved to examine the western coast of Kamtschatka, from the fifty-fourth or fifty-fifth degree of latitude to the southern extremity. But the direction of the winds rendered this project impracticable, and he was reduced at last to return to St. Peter and St. Paul, where he arrived after an absence of eight weeks. "During this time," says he, "seldom a day passed in which we had not been wet through, either by the rain or mist; and yet in all the voyage we had not a single invalid, notwithstanding our total want of fresh provisions, and that our antiscorbutic remedies were entirely exhausted."

His several visits to Kamtschatka furnished him with the materials for that rather ample account of the actual state of this peninsula, which forms an interesting part of the book. He is

quite sanguine enough, we should think, as to its capabilities; but describes its present state as most wretched in all respects. He honestly attributes a great part of its misery to the bad policy of the Russian government. Perhaps, when the delirium of recent triumphs is fairly past, some attention will be paid to representations which serve to show the amazing difference, in point of condition, that may subsist between the head and the feet, if we may so express it, of a gigantic body politic.

The *Nadeshda* had one clear run from St. Peter and St. Paul to Macao, where she was rejoined by the *Neva*, laden with a rich cargo of furs for the Chinese market. Here there awaited him a little entertainment by way of sequel and finish to the woful farce played for his amusement at Nagasaki. *Opperbajos* were also forthcoming in China, to wonder what business the Russians could have in the seas and the ports of their sacred empire; and the court of Peking, infinitely more unreasonable than that of Jeddo, instead of expediting the departure of the unwelcome visitants, followed up a number of vexatious proceedings, by which the commercial business of the Russians had been much obstructed and retarded, by measures and orders for their absolute and indefinite detention; and the captain acknowledges, in the strongest terms of respect and gratitude, that it was owing to the very prompt and zealous interposition of the English that he got out into his old freedom of the seas, just in time to escape the execution of the most peremptory mandate for making his ship a Chinese fixture. He doubtless felt, though he has kept the thought in silence, some indignant pleasure in the idea, that the time may probably not be very remote, when the growing power of the Russian empire will be able to repay the complaisance of these two arrogant and imbecile monarchies, by giving them the law. The captain has gone at large into the internal state and policy of China, and has furnished some interesting facts and observations illustrative of the disordered and precarious state of the government. On the 9th of February, 1806, the *Nadeshda* and *Neva* sailed from Whampoa, and arrived at Cronstadt on the 19th of August, after an absence of three years and twelve days. The *Nadeshda* did not lose, during this circumnavigation, a single man of her crew, excepting the cook, whose health was bad at the time of leaving Russia. She lost not one yard or mast, and only two cables and one kedge anchor. All observations would be quite superfluous on these signal proofs of the ability and attention with which this enterprise was conducted.

Poems, suggested chiefly by scenes in Asia Minor, Syria and Greece, with Prefaces extracted from the Author's Journal. Embellished with two views of the Scamander, and the Aqueduct over the Simois. By the late J. D. Carlyle, B. D. F. S. E. 4to. pp. 150.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

WE are sorry to have so long delayed noticing this posthumous work of the late amiable Carlyle, professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. We are informed in a neat and modest Preface that it is edited by his sister; and that in his travels to the East "he laid the foundation of that disease which, on his return, terminated in his death," in 1801. The following extract is an account of his poems and travels, which will inform the reader what he may expect in the work before us.

"When the Earl of ELGIN was sent ambassador to the Porte in 1799, it was thought desirable that his lordship should be accompanied by some person of eminent learning, who might improve the facilities then offered by the friendly disposition of that court, of ascertaining what treasures of literature were to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople.

"For this service Mr. CARLYLE was particularly well qualified; and the unsolicited selection of him on the occasion was in the highest degree honourable to his talents and character. His researches were not confined to Constantinople; he visited also Asia-Minor, and the islands and shores of the Archipelago; and the scenes, which there engaged his attention, suggested the subjects of the principal Poems contained in this volume." Pref. ii. iii.

It is introduced by a respectable list of subscribers, and consists of the following subjects: 1. Descriptive Poems, among which is one written, "On the banks of the Bosphorus;" another, "On viewing Athens from the Pnyx, by the light of a waning moon;" and another, whose title is also romantic and prepossessing, "On being disappointed in a prospect of Parnassus, from the heights between Eleusis and Megrara." 2. Translations from the Arabic. 3. Original Poems.

The poems are illustrated from selections from the author's common place-book, of which the following is a specimen; and as it was written, of course, while the glow of fancy was at its height, and the costume of Asia before his eyes, we shall see how he heightens or improves the picture when he models it into verse. The latter would doubtless have this advantage: he would write

his poetry when he retired to his caravansera, or perhaps in the tranquillity of his study in Great Britain.

On viewing the Vale and City of Nicæa, at sunrise.

"Just as the sun appeared, we emerged from the dell, in which we had been travelling; when as sweet a scene opened upon us as can be conceived.—*In front* was the lake of Nicæa, bending through its green valley.—Immediately between us and the lake rose up a woody hill, which, by intercepting the centre of the prospect, seemed to divide the expanse of water before us into two separate reaches.—Along the opposite side of the lake ran a range of dark mountains, scarce yet, except on their most prominent parts, illuminated by the sun;—the snowy summits of Olympus, empurpled by the reflection of the morning clouds, terminated the view.—*To the left*, the minarets of Nicæa were seen peeping out of the water at the extremity of the lake.—*To the right*, the lake stretched itself till it was lost among the windings of the mountains.

"It is impossible to form an idea of a more complete scene of desolation than Nicæa now exhibits;—streets without a passenger, houses without an inhabitant, and ruins of every age, fill the precincts of this once celebrated city. The deserted mosque, whose minaret we ascended in order to obtain a general notion of the plan of the place, bore evident marks of having been erected from the remains of a christian church, and many of these remains, upon a closer inspection, showed clearly that they had formerly belonged to a pagan temple:—our Mohammedan mosque was falling to decay, and like its predecessors in splendour, must soon become a heap of rubbish—what a *generation* of ruins was here!

"The walls of the city are still pretty entire—they embrace a circuit of nearly three miles; but the spot enclosed by them is mostly taken up with gardens and mulberry grounds;—there are not more than four hundred houses standing within the whole circumference, and out of these only one hundred and fifty are tenanted.

"The Greeks possess but one place of worship in the city—the cathedral—and this is without a roof. The Archbishop resides at an adjoining village. Such is the state of the cathedral of Nicæa—so often thronged with princes and prelates—so often echoing with controversy and contention;—it is now reduced to a mossy, untrod pavement, surrounded by four bare walls!" *Journal of a route through Asia-Minor, Feb. 1800.*

"NICÆA hail! renown'd for fierce debate,
For synods bustling o'er yon silent spot,
For zealous ardour—for polemic hate—
For truth preserv'd, and charity forgot.—

"Those scenes are fled—those domes are swept away—
Succeeding domes now totter to their fall,

And mouldering mosques on moulder'd fanes decay
While desolation bends to grasp them all—

“ Those scenes are fled—yet, solitary dale,
The genuine charms of nature still remain—
The rising mountain—the retiring vale—
The lake's broad bosom, and the shelter'd plain.

“ Delightful visions! raptur'd let me gaze
And catch each charm that dawns upon the sight,
As, gushing from yon fount, the orient rays
Roll off the floating glooms diffus'd by night—

“ Towering Olympus first receives the beams—
His snow now crimson'd with the crimson glare,
Now swept by floods of fire, more bright he gleams,
Shoots from the sea of shade, and swims in air—

“ The sun bursts forth—th' expanding plains grow green—
Each jutting eminence, in radiance drest,
Rushes to day, while the deep glens between
Still viewless sleep beneath their cloudy vest—

“ Now the full beams their broadest blaze unfold;
No hovering mists the vale's gay tints destroy,
The lake's blue surface kindles into gold,
And nature wakes to light, and life, and joy.” P. 13—18.

The following Stanzas, from a “view of Athens, by the light of a waning moon,” are natural and pathetic. They are introduced by a recollection of the names that made Attica great and illustrious. Every one, however, would have made similar reflections in the same situation—would have recollected the happiness of his youth—and the joyous society who shared it with him: although it is not the talent of all who feel to describe their feelings with so much truth and tenderness. There is such an amiable strain of solemnity and resignation in the succeeding verses, one of which was awfully prophetic, that we shall transcribe them all without fear of censure.

“ Ye glorious names—long honour'd—long caress'd—
Ye seats oft thought on, that at length appear—
With what sensations do ye heave my breast—
What kindling fervours wake, unfelt but here?

“ Whence is it that those names, these seats should yield
A thrilling throb no other scenes e'er gave?
Britain can boast full many a sweeter field,
Sages as wise, and combatants as brave.

" Some fond remembrance—some connected thought
 Hovers around each antiquated stone—
 Each scene retraced with conscious pleasures fraught,
 And Athens' youth recall'd recalls my own.

" While history tells the deeds that grac'd yon vale,
 The spot where oft I've mark'd them memory shows—
 The rising picture hides the fleeting tale—
 Ilyssus vanishes and Granta flows.

" Again I see life's renovated spring
 With every opening hour and every smile,
 Unnipt by care—unbrush'd by sorrow's wing,
 That welcom'd pleasure when they welcom'd toil.

" Again I see that gay, that busy band,
 With whom I wander'd by the willowy stream,
 Where nature's truths or history's page we scann'd,
 And deem'd we reason'd on the various theme.

" Where are they now ? some struggling in the waves
 Of care or trouble, anguish, want or fear—
 Some sunk in death, and mould'ring in their graves
 Like the once busy throngs that bustled here.

" Dim waning planet ! that behind yon hill
 Hast'nest to lose in shades thy glimmering light,
 A few short days thy changing orb shall fill
 Again to sparkle in the locks of night ;

" And thou, fall'n city, where barbarians tread,
 Whose sculptur'd arches form the foxes' den,
 In circling time perhaps *may* (may'st) lift thy head
 The queen of arts and elegance again.

" But oh ! lov'd youths, departed from the day,
 What time, what change shall dissipate your gloom ?
 Nor change, nor time, till time has roll'd away,
 Recalls to light the tenants of the tomb :

" Ye're set in death—and soon this fragile frame,
 That weeps your transit, shall your path pursue—
 Each toil forego—renounce each favourite aim—
 Glide from the fading world, and sink with you.

Father of Spirits ! ere that awful hour,
 While life yet lingers let it feel thy ray,
 Teach it some beams of scatter'd good to pour—
 Some useful light, as it flits on, display !

CARLYLE'S POEMS.

"I ask no following radiance to appear
To mark its track, for praise or fame to see,
But oh, may *Hope* its last faint glimmerings cheer,
And *Faith* waft on the spark unquench'd to Thee!"

P. 58—61.

It is difficult to read the Professor's description of *Ida*, and of the source of the *Scamander*, without feeling as much envy as pleasure. Yet it would be unpardonable to omit the following account of a mountain consecrated so long ago by visitors from *Olympus*.

"That we now trod the summit of *Ida*, cannot, I think, admit of one doubt;—the snowy head of *Khasdag* is the grand feature that bounds the prospect throughout the whole of this part of *Asia-Minor*.—It is from hence that, I believe, all the great rivers take their origin, whether they flow into the *Hellespont*, the *Adramyttium gulf*, or the *Ægean sea*.

"It is the only spot in the neighbourhood that a poet could ever think of fixing upon, for the seats of the immortals. And whether *Homer* is perfectly accurate in many other circumstances of his divine poem, or not, we had an opportunity (by the intervention of a friendly blast, which swept away the surrounding mist, and left the atmosphere in a clearer state than even if the sun had shined the whole day) of testifying that most of those he attributes to *Ida*, are perfectly appropriate.—Its top is ever covered with snow, except for a month or two at the end of autumn;—its sides are clothed with forests which, we were assured, afford a constant shelter for various wild beasts;—the tracks of wolves, and wild boars, we were ourselves shown by our guide, in the snow;—its valleys stream with rivulets, which water under different designations, almost all the plains of the north-east of *Asia-Minor*.—The prospect exhibited from its top is at least as comprehensive as the one mentioned by the poet;—it embraces *Mysia*—the *Propontis*—the *Hellespont*—nearly the whole of the *Ægean*, and a number of the islands with which that sea is studded;—it extends to *Lydia*, *Bythia*, and *Macedonia*;—and is only bounded by the *Olympic range*—the *Thracian mountains*—*Athos*, and the *Euxine*.
34—36. *Journal of a Route through the Troad, March—1801*.

From the specimens we have already given of the poetry contained in this elegant volume, the reader will be able to judge how far Mr. C. duly estimated his talents. In a poem, chiefly addressed to his Muse, he observes,

"She did not breathe a strain of fire
To roll in flames along;
To kindle the ecstatic lyre,
And wrap each thought in song;

"She deign'd a mild but constant beam,
That every gloom beguiles,
That sheds on life a cheering gleam,
And gilds each hour with smiles."

'This is really the most desirable qualification. Let those who envy that transcendant genius which has been graciously denied them, consider whether they would envy the victims of melancholy and the slaves of licentiousness. Many, however, will wish they possessed the Professor's abilities, or his mode of employing them, that they might join him in singing,

"Ne'er, ne'er since youth's unconscious spring
First drank the vivid ray,
Ne'er have I chid time's lagging wing,
Or known the listless day."

Such have been the employments of an Arabic Professor, travelling, with a public embassy, among the shores and islands of the Archipelago, and visiting the sacred and classic regions of Asia-Minor. Hence it appears, that he had no ostentatious views of settling literary controversy, and elucidating the records of antiquity. He brings home no scrolls or inscriptions to puzzle Europe; no uncouth, mutilated block, which he calls a god or goddess, and no broken marble to impose on his credulous countrymen as the work of Phidias or Praxiteles. He travels with piety, classical taste, and playful imagination in company; and he returns admiring the wonders of nature and the dispensations of Providence, with increased attachment to his native land, *where he dies*; and where his piety, as well as learning, will not suffer him to be forgotten.

The translations from the Arabic, we presume are, like all the translations from oriental poetry that have come under our observation, very much indebted to the translator for embellishment. As we have not seen the works from which these versions are made, we cannot decide on their accuracy, but, such as they are, we present two short specimens to our readers.

THE MIRACLES OF BEAUTY.

From Montanebbi.

"Through midnight glooms my Leila stray'd,
Her ebon locks around her play'd—
So dark they wav'd—so black they curl'd,
Another night o'erspread the world—

"The moon arose—and Leila's face
 Resplendent shone with every grace—
 It gleam'd so fair—it beam'd so bright,
 Another moon illum'd the night." P. 97.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

(*In the tale of Zoheir and Amketloom.*)

"When death had snatched my friend away
 I would not breathe a last adieu;
 Some dream I hop'd might still display
 The dear departed to my view—

"Vain were my hopes, and vain my sighs;
 How could I dream without repose?
 And how could slumber seal my eyes,
 When tears forbad their lids to close?" P. 109.

The professor employed some of his cheerful moments in a lighter style of composition. The *Salted Cherry* is intended as a satire on the Rights of Women, &c. &c.; and relates the story of Bertha, who was persuaded by King Oberon, of fairy notoriety, that Greek and Mathematics were as unsuitable to the female character as salt to the flavour of a cherry. To an argument which they appear to have thought very convincing, we shall not venture to make any objections.

Another elfin knight, Sir Hobbernob, with the same generous intention, corrects three Cantabs, Hopus, Tropus, and Mopus, a *petit maitre* lawyer, a sporting parson, and a boxing physician, by conducting them one dark night to Fairy hall, where his chambermaids groom their horses, his grooms cook their supper, and his cooks, holding bloody knives, conduct them to bed, where they are terrified with the groans of expiring pigs. This diverting tale is ingeniously contrived, and neatly told.—The other original compositions, among which are a hymn for public worship, and a paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, are, like the poems we have quoted, less remarkable for genius, than for elegance and feeling.

There are several passages in the work which the author would doubtless have altered, had his valuable life been protracted; but it is scarcely necessary for us to say, that this publication will furnish a leisure hour with a very pleasing and innocent employment.

ORIGINAL.

WERTMULLER.

THE paintings of the late Mr. Wertmuller had considerable effect in this country, in turning the public attention toward the productions of the fine arts, and thus contributing to form, or rather to evolve that taste which has since been constantly becoming more and more general.

ADOLPH ULRIC WERTMULLER was, by birth, a Swede, the son of a respectable apothecary of the city of Stockholm. Having acquired the rudiments of the art of painting at home, he removed to Paris for the purpose of further improvement, where he studied and pursued his profession for several years. He appears to have acquired considerable reputation on the continent of Europe. He was elected a member of the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting, at Paris, and at Stockholm; and, in addition to these unsubstantial honours, he received a more solid reward in such a share of public patronage as enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. This he had placed in the French funds, and in the hands of a Paris banker, but in that general convulsion of all financial and commercial concerns which took place in the early part of the revolution, he lost the greater part of his fortune. He then determined to escape from the storm which threatened such general destruction, and try his fortunes in another hemisphere. In May, 1794, he landed at Philadelphia. In this country, his paintings were admired, he received many attentions, and president Washington sat to him; but the arts were then strangers among us, and we were not yet rich enough for patronage. He remained here until the autumn of 1796, when he re-embarked for Europe, and returned to Stockholm, where he resided for several years. Misfortune still pursued him; he lost a large sum by the failure of a great house in Stockholm, and in disgust he again returned to America, and arrived at Philadelphia,

in 1800. Here he exhibited his large and beautiful picture of Danae, from which he derived a handsome income. About a year after his arrival, he married a lady of Swedish descent, who brought him a considerable property. After a few years' residence in the city of Philadelphia, he purchased a farm at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware, and removed thither, where he lived in ease and comfort, until his death, in 1812.

Not long after his death, most of his pictures were sold at auction in Philadelphia. A small copy of his Danae, by his own hand, was sold for \$500; and some time after the original picture was sold in New-York, for \$1500. These are prices which, considering our mediocrity of wealth and patronage, are honourable tributes to the merit of the artist.

On Wertmuller's character as a painter I am not qualified to pronounce a decided and critical opinion: but, in my unlearned judgment, he is not to be ranked in either of the two great classes of artists of first rate genius; neither among those who transfer, from the mind to the canvass, the grand or the graceful forms of general nature and ideal beauty, nor yet among those acute and original observers who seize upon the truth and specific character of individual and every-day reality. In a secondary class I should think that he would rank very high; his genius, if it may be called so, was the genius of mechanical excellence. He had studied his art with great assiduity and ardour; he copied with accuracy the models before him, and imitated with success the masters on whom he had formed his taste. He was not trained, however, in the best school; for the old French Academy, in which he was formed, great as were its merits in some respects, was yet, in the main, a school of affectation, of trick, and flutter, and gaudy ornament. The modern French school of painting is, on another extreme, yet quite as distant from truth and nature. Most of the works of its pupils are marked by a curious combination of the old theatrical taste of the nation, with a pedantic affectation of antique simplicity, and a certain smooth hardness, which have probably been derived from too exclusive a study of ancient statuary—from employing it, not as the guide and corrective of taste, but as a substitute for nature. Even in their engravings, the figures are

not flesh and blood, nor drapery, but absolute and rigid bronze and marble.

In the old French academy, Wertmuller's taste, manner, and system of colouring, were, of course, all formed to what has been happily termed, the ornamental style of painting. His portraits and other heads have a pleasing general effect upon the eye, but I do not think that he particularly excelled in this branch of his art. His Washington, which has been much praised, and frequently copied, especially on the continent of Europe, has a forced and foreign air, into which the painter seems to have fallen, by losing sight of the noble presence before him, in an attempt after ideal dignity.

His Danae is his greatest and most splendid production. It is indeed his great work; and, for that very reason it is, on every account, to be regretted, that both in the subject and the style of execution it offends alike against pure taste and the morality of the art.

As in literature, so, also, in the other productions of cultivated genius, the connection between a corrupted moral taste, and an unchaste false style, is so strong, that, did not frequent experience teach otherwise, one would think it impossible that an artist who feels the dignity, and aspires to the perfection of the noble art which he loves, could ever stoop to the pollution of that art, and the debasement of his own powers.

"Without carrying our art out of its natural and true character," says Reynolds—a writer whom I delight to honour; for, in my mind, his acute and profound views of the principles of the imitative arts, his large and clear conceptions, and, above all, his habitual elevation of sentiment, and his moral purity and truth, place him in a rank of literary excellence, even superior to that which he has so deservedly attained as an artist.—"Without carrying our art out of its natural and true character, the more we purify it from every thing that is gross in sense, in that proportion we advance its use and dignity; and in proportion as we lower it to mere sensuality, we pervert its nature, and degrade it from the rank of a liberal art; and this is what every artist ought well to remember: Let him remember also, that he deserves just so much encouragement in the state as he makes himself, as a member of it, virtuously useful, and contributes in his sphere, to the general purpose

and perfection of society." These are sentiments worthy of that philosophical artist who so justly, and wisely, and eloquently, taught that the great object of all the pleasures of cultivated taste, is to disentangle the mind from appetite, and to teach it to look for its pleasures in intellectual gratification, till, at length, that freedom from the thralldom of sense which began in taste "may, as it is exalted and refined, conclude in virtue."

REVIEWS.

A Narrative of the adventures and sufferings of John R. Jewitt, during a captivity of nearly three years among the savages of Nootka Sound, with an account of the manners, modes of living, and religious opinions of the natives. Middletown, Connecticut, 1815. 12mo. pp. 200.

THE ship *Boston*, of Boston, Massachusetts, was surprised by the savages, on the coast of Nootka Sound, in March, 1803, when the captain and all his crew were massacred, except Jewitt, the armourer, and another, who luckily escaped the slaughter, and was afterwards preserved by the address of his companion. Jewitt's own life was saved by the Nootka king, who wished to keep him in his service to repair his muskets, and make daggers and other iron and steel weapons for himself and his tribe. Soon after this massacre, the ship took fire, and was totally destroyed. All hopes of present escape being now cut off, Jewitt endeavoured to reconcile himself to his fate, and to make his condition as comfortable as possible. He applied himself to learning the language, in which he soon became a proficient; and, by prudent, compliant, and cheerful deportment, joined to his skill in the manufacture of daggers and *Cheetoolth*, or war clubs, he speedily made himself a great favourite of the king, Maquina, and his people. He was at last considered by them as an adopted citizen, and one of high rank, too; for an embassy was sent to another tribe to procure him a wife; and he had the honour of marrying a young A-i-tiz-zart princess. But in spite of this royal alliance, and all his influence and ho-

nours at court, he never could subdue his disgust to the superstition, the filth, and grossness of savage manners, any more than he could reconcile his taste to their luxurious repasts of blubber and putrid fish ; and he sighed in secret to return to a christian land and civilized society. After making several ineffectual attempts to communicate intelligence of his situation to some European or American vessel, he at last succeeded, and by the aid of some address, effected his escape in July, 1806, when he was taken on board a brig from Boston.

The immediate occasion of the massacre on board the ship *Boston* was a wanton insult offered, by the captain, to Maquina, the Nootka king ; but it was in fact the bloody revenge of a long series of injuries which this tribe had experienced from their civilized visiters. An English or American captain had robbed Maquina's house by force, in his absence ; a Spaniard had wantonly killed four of his chiefs ; and, finally, a captain Hanna had resented a petty theft of one of the natives, who stole a chisel from his carpenter, by firing upon their canoes, and killing twenty of them.

It is by bloody atrocities such as these, and by the propagation of vice and disease, that civilized man has hitherto delighted to display his superiority over the savage. Shall we then wonder that the christian name has become a reproach and an abomination among the heathen—that the missionary labours in vain, as long as christian faith is thus contradicted by christian practice ?

“ Oh what are these ?
 Death's ministers—not men, who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply,
 Ten thousand fold, the sin of him who slew
 His brother ; for of whom such massacre
 Make they, but of their brethren, men of men ? ”

The Nootkians are not a very interesting people ; they occupy about a middle rank in the scale of intelligence among the savages of the eastern world ; they are decidedly inferior in ability and quickness of conception to the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, and as much superior to the miserable natives of New-Holland ; while they seem to be more gross and filthy in their manners,

but less licentious in morals, than most of the islanders of the South Seas, and the other savages of that part of the globe. They are described such as they are: the voyager neither attempts, like Bougainville, and the early visitors of Otaheite, to adorn his savages with the elegance and taste of Arcadian simplicity; nor does he dwell with complacent vanity on his own exploits, like Valiant among the Hottentots—a second Gulliver in Lilliput.

As Jewitt understood their language, and was finally admitted into the nation, his account of the religious opinions, manners, customs, and government of the Nootka people is, on the whole, and satisfactory. These are subjects upon which the traveler who is ignorant of the language of the people is liable to the grossest mistakes. We see this every day in the ludicrous blunders which French and other foreigners make, with respect to the customs and manners of the natives; and how much more strongly do all these errors operate where there is no sort of communication, in which, in fact, to guide conjecture. We do not wish to give a disproportionate importance to this unassuming little volume, and shall therefore abstain from extract or analysis. It is proper, however, to state, that there is scarce any relation of savage manners which can lay higher claim to authenticity, than this simple narration. The facts are undoubted, and the book was prepared for the press by a literary gentleman of Connecticut, who has scrupulously abstained from all digression or embellishment of style, and restricted himself to a plain relation of the story in simple and correct language.

The form and size of the volume afford pretty strong proof that arts of literary manufacture are yet in their infancy among us. If by any chance these materials had fallen into the hands of one of the regularly-bred literary artisans of London, the lean narrative would have been larded and stuffed out with sonnets, sentiments, and philosophy, with digressions and disquisitions political, commercial, and economical, until at length, "Jewitt's Voyages and Travels" were fit to be ushered to the world in full pomp of quarto typography. The very mention of the name of *Kinneclimmets*, the *Climmerhabee* of his Nootkian majesty, an officer who discharges the double duties of poet laureat and court wit, and whose sole

business is to amuse the King and his subjects with monkey tricks and buffoonery, would have naturally led to an examination of the relative merits of the English comic writers of the present age, and a discussion of the peculiar excellences of Dibdin, Cherry, Reynolds, Morton, and George Colman the Younger. A still more favourable opportunity for digressing would be found in Mr. Jewitt's account of the Nootkian orators, of whom he observes, "that in speaking they appear to be in the most violent rage, acting like so many maniacs, foaming at the mouth, and spitting most furiously ; but this, says he, is rather a fashion with them, than a demonstration of malignity, as, in their public speeches, they always use the same violence, and he is esteemed the greatest orator who bawls the loudest, stamps, tosses himself about, foams, and spits the most." This would of course have led to a disquisition on the present state of parliamentary and political eloquence in Great Britain and the United States.

It would have been well if this were all ; for, as our worthy armourer relates with grave simplicity, that Yealthlower, the king's eldest brother (a royal duke we presume) came to him, for the purpose of getting his teeth filed sharp, in order to bite off his wife's nose, your thorough book maker could never have lost so glorious an opportunity to dilate this little matrimonial squabble, into a "Genuine Book" of the Nootkian court, for the improvement of the morals and taste of the British and American public, and the edification of those who are desirous of prying into the present state of royal and noble morals, in every quarter of the globe.

Our Connecticut *Redacteur* has done much better ; by scrupulously adhering to the simple truth, he has made a book which, while it may communicate a good deal of entertainment and information to all classes of readers, is peculiarly fitted for the perusal of the young ; it forms, in fact, a very appropriate companion to Robinson Crusoe. It is, to be sure, not so entertaining : that was an advantage not to be obtained without bold deviation from real facts ; but it is written in the same unaffected, perspicuous, and pleasing style, and though the writer never indulges in reflections or general remarks, a serious air of piety and morality reigns through the whole.

Devotional Somnium, or a collection of prayers and exhortations, uttered by Miss Rachel Baker, during her abstracted and unconscious state, to which pious and unprecedented exercises, is prefixed an Account of her Life, &c. &c. By several Medical gentlemen. 12mo. pp. 288. New-York, Van Winkle & Wiley.

THE mysterious and unaccountable phenomena of dreaming, together with the kindred illusions of delirium and insanity, have long been the torment of honest metaphysical inquirers after subtle and recondite truth; while those sceptical philosophers, who have no other object than to puzzle and perplex, have found in them an inexhaustible stock of arguments "of exceeding good command," (as Corporal Bardolph phrases it,) and of admirable use to argue young metaphysicians out of all faith in their own senses.

The last and greatest puzzle of this kind, with which we are acquainted, was invented—or, if not invented, at least revived with great effect, by the Edinburgh Reviewers.* Dreaming and delirium, say they, appear to afford a sort of *experimentum crucis*, to demonstrate that a real external existence is not necessary to produce sensation and perception in the human mind. Is it, then, utterly absurd and ridiculous to maintain, that all the objects of our thoughts may be "such stuff as dreams are made of?" or that the uniformity of nature gives us reason to presume that the perceptions of maniacs and of rational men are manufactured like their organs out of the same materials?

We believe that the immaterial philosophy is rather of too fine a texture to have become very popular among a people so immersed in matter and money making as we are; but if, perchance, these ingenious arguments have staggered any of our countrymen in their faith of the actual existence of a material external world, we would briefly suggest to them, that these considerations, in fact, prove nothing more than the bare possibility of our being in

* Edinburgh Review of Stewart's Life of Reid, Vol. 3.

an habitual state of delusion, constantly mistaking mere impressions on the senses, or the phantoms of thought and imagination, for real and present existence—and of such a *possibility*, no man who believes in the omnipotence of his creator, could well have doubted. But, as to any farther consequence, it does not seem very sound logic to argue, from this assumed uniformity of nature, that, what takes place in a certain state of the mind and body, must, or even probably may, take place, in another state, which the consent of all mankind agrees in considering as altogether different. It is attempting to prove from a solitary and temporary delusion, in which no other individual participates, and which the subject himself soon perceives to have been a delusion, that those universal and constant perceptions, in which all men concur through their whole lives, are also delusions. This is substituting the exception in place of the general rule. It would be as wise to infer from the errors and imperfections of memory, that we have no power of treasuring up, or recalling the past; or, from the mistakes produced by optical deceptions, that no reliance is to be placed upon our acquired power of judging, by the eye, of magnitude and distance.

Thus much for the general argument: but if any individual is in doubt, about his own particular case, and wishes to satisfy himself whether he is awake or not, and whether he has not been dreaming all his life, we fear reason will not help him out of his difficulty. He must call in his own consciousness to his aid, and settle the matter for himself; like honest master Launce, in a similar perplexity about his own identity, after a little puzzling, he will come right at last: "I am the dog—No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog—No, the dog is me, and I am myself."

But, alas! ill fares the man who wanders from the regions of common sense into metaphysic land; difficulties, doubts, and objections rise, upon every side, as fast and as numerous as the dragons, hydras, gorgons, and walls of fire, which used to start up to impede the heroes of romance, in their adventures on enchanted ground, until, at length, the hapless inquirer surrenders himself, without a struggle, to the tyrant sway of the *Lord of Doubting Castle*. Scarcely have we groped our way through the mists of speculative scepticism, when we are encountered by a volume

of sturdy facts, supporting a system of medical metaphysics, which again send us back to doubt and uncertainty. The doubt is now, not as to the truth of our own perceptions, or the reality of an external world, but whether those who live, and move around us—the politicians, the divines, the men of business, the wits, the belles, who rule, and instruct, and animate the world, are awake or asleep. And this is a pretty serious practical difficulty : shall we punish the criminal for a crime which, perhaps, he committed in an unconscious state ? how unjust ! Can we enforce the contract entered into by a merchant who was doing business in his sleep ? Can we censure the beauty for rejecting the suitor upon whom she had smiled, when in a state of Somnium.

We have before noticed the case of Miss Rachel Baker. This young woman is an uneducated, but pious and virtuous, member of the Baptist church. Every evening, upon her retiring to rest, she is seized by a slight spasmodic agitation, which soon goes off, and she begins to pray and preach in a distinct and audible tone, which she continues for about an hour. Her sermons are strictly conformable to the general faith of the reformed communions ; she cites scripture readily, and appositely, and her style and matter are about as good as the ordinary run of pulpit discourses. She pours forth her elocution in a fluent and rapid stream ; but when called by her name stops, listens to any question, and replies, always turning the subject to some religious use. The circumstances of the case are described in an introductory paper, by Dr. Mitchill, with all the perspicuity and circumstantiality for which that learned gentleman is so remarkable.*

The young lady soon attracted public attention, and for three years she continued every night to astonish and edify numerous assemblages of hearers by her nocturnal discourses. During the whole of this time, there was no attempt to build any peculiar system of religious faith upon the credit of this prodigy, nor was it turned to any purpose of private emolument.

Indeed, such was the impression which Rachel produced upon many of her most sober and discreet auditors, that had she thought fit to lay claim to divine inspiration, and to assume the

* For a more minute account of the particular circumstances of this case, we refer the reader to an abridgment of Dr. M.'s paper in our January number, P. 84.

character of a prophetess, she might have speedily rivalled the fame of a Jemima Wilkinson, or the English Joanna Southcott; and as that last-named fanatic, or impostor, chose to levy her contributions on her followers in the form of receiving presents of nursery furniture, baby clothes, and gold caudle cups and spoons, for her miraculous infant,* Miss Baker might have enriched herself by the equally appropriate requisitions of silver bedsteads and point-lace pillow cases. But she scrupulously abstained from every thing of this sort; and so far from exulting while awake, in the reputation which she had acquired by her sleeping performances, she humbly looked upon them as trials and chastisement.

At length she fell into the hands of the physicians. Medical men, with all the pretended scepticism upon which they pride themselves, have always had a strong desire to connect their art, by some means or other, with the mysteries of the invisible world. The great father of medicine, the divine Hippocrates, set the example of prescribing for the cure of dreams. "If you dream," saith the sage, "that you see the stars grow pale, as soon as you awake, you must run round and round; if it is the moon that loses its brightness in your dream, you must run straight forward; and if the sun, then you should run backward and forward."

Divers, also, of the physicians of the thirteenth, and fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, in imitation of their master, tried the power of their art in the cure of dreams. According to Burton, Aetius, recommended a sup of vinegar, before going to bed, of which prescription Donatus and Mercurialis highly approved. But then, again, such is the sad uncertainty of all human wisdom, both Hercules

* In a late number of the *Panorama*, a very respectable British Literary Journal, we find the following account of the tribute levied by Joanna Southcott on English credulity.

"A superb manger fitted up as a child's crib, made of the most costly materials, with draperies, &c cost 300*l*. Many dozens of damask and disper napkins, curiously wrought, designed for solemn occasions; a costly mobair mantle: a purple robe divers rich frocks, bibs, caps, &c. A magnificent gold caudle cup, gold pap boat and spoons, with a complete set of matchless china, &c. Several thousand rusks, pound and plumb cakes; many dozens of rich wines; a child's coral with gold bells. Fourteen diamond, and other, rings, with curious devices. Beside all this, a large sum of money was subscribed to build a palace for the expected infant."

de Saxonia, and *Ælianus Montaltus*, are altogether against it. To make amends, however, *Mercatus* doth in some cases allow it; *Rhasis* seems to deliberate of it; and though *Simeon* commendeth it, he yet makes some question concerning it. *Piso*, moreover, commends frications; and *Andrew Borde*, a good draught of strong drink, before one goes to bed. I say, quoth old *Burton*, a nutmeg and ale, or a good draught of muscadine, with a toast and nutmeg. In this most palatable and pleasant prescription, the English *Democritus*, is supported by the recent authority of our *Dr. Rush*, who, in cases where this disease of dreaming is thought to arise from diminution of customary stimuli, advises supper, a draught of porter, and a glass of wine.

On the contrary, *Galen*, the other light of the healing art, had a much better opinion of dreams; far from considering them as diseases to be removed, he looked upon them rather as a school of medicine. Instead of calling in his brethren of the faculty to a consultation, he consulted his pillow. He taught that fire and smoke in a dream were symbolical of bile; water of phlegm, and so forth; and he relates that he cured himself of a complaint in the side, by bleeding himself in the middle finger, in obedience to a prescription to that effect which he received in a dream. The wise *Marcus Aurelius* was of the same opinion as to the medical virtue of dreams: "I thank the gods," saith the philosopher, "for having communicated to me, in my dreams, divers remedies for my complaints, and particularly for my giddiness and spitting of blood."

Homer, too, though he did not consider the matter medically, had a great respect for dreams.—

Καὶ γὰρ τὸ ὄνειρόν ἐστι Διὸς εἶναι.

For dreams descend from Jove.

St. Jerome, also, gave great credit to the admonition and instruction conveyed in dreams, and he relates that he was completely cured of writing in *Cicero's* style, by a severe flogging which he received in his sleep from an angel, by way of punishment for this offence; which, sayeth an arch commentator, was a marvellous piece of injustice in the angel. The physicians of New-

York, however, preferred the opinion of Hippocrates to that of Galen and the philosophical emperor, even when backed by the authority of the Greek poet and a Latin father, and accordingly set themselves to work to cure Miss Baker of the malady of good preaching. "The gentlemen," says Dr. Mitchill, "found a new case to engage their consideration. Their patient complained of no disorder whatever; she had no bodily infirmity, and was entirely unconscious of any mental indisposition. The persons around her said she prayed aloud after she went to bed, and gave excellent advice to all who heard her; they affirmed this was done as punctually in the solitude of a country dwelling as in the centre of a populous city. The general opinion was, that the discourses were correct and instructive in their principle and tendency, persuasive and overpowering in their manner, and that few of the waking brethren could so deeply interest an audience." "What could be done under such circumstances? It was rather odd to prescribe regimen, and austerities, to a patient who knew of no disease, and even if there had been a disease, the difficulty would scarcely have been diminished; for the infirmity was not only innocent to the patient, but eminently instructive to all who witnessed its effects." After much consideration of the case, and having found that all the more gentle stimuli which had been applied, to rouse her from her unconscious and hortatory state, were without effect, the faculty finally sent her to Cayuga, where she had formerly resided, without prescribing any course of medicine, diet, or mode of life, in which she might seek a cure for her disease. It was left to be worn away by time, or it might be suffered to continue without much inconvenience.

Professor Mitchill, however, investigated her case in a more enlightened and philosophic manner. He first set himself to collect all the similar and analogous cases, and by the aid of his extensive correspondence, and deep research, he gathered together an immense mass of well-authenticated facts, a part of which are laid before the public in the volume which now lies before us. Among these are two cases of sleeping preachers parallel to this, the one a Pennsylvania Quaker, the other an English lad of the established church; then there is an account of a lady who sings in her sleep—of another who walked several miles in the same

condition to see a whale—one of a priest, very devout and exemplary when awake, who used to rob, and commit sacrilege, and many other abominations, in his unconscious state; together with stories of visions and hallucinations, and mysterious speculations, enough to make one's hair stand on end, and the reason reel and grow giddy with horrible amazement.

Having got together these materials, the Professor's next business was to arrange them in classes, and then, according to the philosophical fashion of the times, to erect a scientific system, and form a *somnial* nomenclature. He divides the states of animal existence into three, *wakefulness*, *sleep*, and *vision*, or *dream*, to which last he gives the classical name of *somnium*. The forms of *somnium*, says he, are either symptomatic or idiopathic; of the former there are fifteen, of the latter eight, classes. We shall not detain our readers with the enumeration of the first class, further than to observe that prophecies, visions, trances, and second sight, are all arranged under this head. In the second class we find *Somnium* from abstraction; *Somnium* with talking; *Somnium* with walking; *Somnium* with inventions in science, poetry, and music; *Somnium cum musica*, with singing; and, lastly, *Somnium cum religione*, with prayers and preaching; to which we may add, on the authority of another case in the same collection, *Somnium* with eating and drinking, and *Somnium cum computatione*, with arithmetic and mathematics. So that, for aught that appears, the whole business of human life could be carried on as well or better if one half of the human race were constantly dreaming. Copious as is Dr. Mitchell's collection of *somnial* exploits, still he might have greatly enlarged it; even the small compass of our own reading could supply him with some additions. He might, for instance, under the head of *somnium cum inventione*, have related the case of the metaphysician and mathematician Condillac, who, when he was preparing the course of study which he drew up for the prince of Parma, often broke off in the middle of a problem or a disquisition, to go to bed; when he awoke he generally found that he had completed his task in his sleep.* The Della Cruscan Mrs. Robinson, assures us, on

* This fact, or something like it, is seriously related by Cabanis, in his "Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme," a work in which much profound science is dished up, à la Française, in a very pleasant manner.

the honour of a poetess, that one of her finest poems, "the Maniac," was actually composed and dictated to her daughter, while all her faculties were locked up in sleep. Then, too, there is the case of Voltaire, who has preserved four lines which he made in a dream. He had been supping with a friend who made delightful little extemporary verses, and sung them with great gayety. Voltaire went to bed full of pleasing recollections of the social qualities of his agreeable companion, and as soon as he fell asleep composed a quatrain in his praise. The lines are not so good as some in Mahomet or Zaire, but they are about as well as nine tenths of the waking productions of our living poets :

Mon cher Touron, que tu m'enchantes
Par la douceur de tes accens !
Que tes vers sont doux et coulans !
Tu les fais comme tu les chantes.

Another instance of poetical somnium may be found in King's works, who says that he once waked himself by repeating aloud these lines, which he had composed in a morning nap :

Nature a thousand ways complains,
A thousand ways expresses pains ;
But for her mirth she hath but three,
And very small ones, ha, ha, he.*

We marvel too at the omission of the well-authenticated story of the *Devil's Sonata*, a celebrated musical composition, which owes its origin to a dream. A great Italian musician dreamt that he had a trial of skill in his art with the devil, who, after the musician had exhausted all his skill, took the violin and played him a piece of most overpowering excellence and admirable execution. The fiddler waked, and in vain endeavoured to recall to his memory those notes which still tingled in his ear ; from his imperfect recollections, however, mixed with his more feeble waking conceptions, he composed the piece of music which has since borne the name of the *Devil's Sonata*. We are informed, too, by a medical friend, that Van Swieten records another curious case ; an instance of what may be appropriately termed *Somnium curæ Rixæ*, a scolding somnium ; for the comfort of matrimonial life,

* King's Poems. We quote from memory, perhaps not with perfect accuracy.

we hope that similar instances will never be sufficiently numerous to form a class. It is the case of a scolding lady, who, not satisfied with the daily exercise of her powers, used to spend the whole of the night, while asleep, in reprimanding her husband, chiding her children, and scolding her servants. There is also the case of John Oporinus, a printer, who fell asleep while correcting a Greek proof, yet went on till he finished the sheet; of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection. Strange as all this may appear, the reader may rely upon it, that these, as well as the cases cited by Dr. Mitchell, are related by respectable authors, and on good authority; and though it is possible that any particular one of them may be a falsehood or an imposture, there are still left enough to excite the curiosity and employ the speculation of the medical and the metaphysical philosopher.

O, the wise ancients! justly did they paint Morpheus in a piebald harlequin dress of black and white, since these are the pranks which he plays upon mortals.

In fact, the ancients thought and wrote much more about dreams and visions than has ever been done since; they treated them fabulously, allegorically, and philosophically, in every shape, from the lofty speculations of the Platonists to the frigid allegories of the later mythologists.

We have not, at present, leisure to unfold these lofty and mystical doctrines to our readers, nor, indeed, are they intelligible, save to those who have penetrated into the very shrine, and most secret retreat of philosophy; *Φωταὶα συστοία*, they can be understood only by the initiated, who have, by long meditation, attained—

“To lay their hands on that golden key
That opens unto Wisdom.”

We shall briefly, however, observe, that Plato, Aristotle, Xenophor, Jamblicus, and Plotinus, all agree, that in sleep it is the animal only which rests, whilst the guiding mind is free to wander where it lists. It then sometimes enters, say they, into that intellectual sphere, whence it came, the centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere; and which, according to the doctrine of the thrice great Hermes Trismegistus, is Deity;

thence the soul returneth to its residence, freed from the grossness which it had contracted in the body, and bringing fresh knowledge direct from the source of all intellect. The persons thus highly gifted were called vaticinators, or seers. In sleep their virtuous minds, being unruffled by the harassing cares of mortality, lay like a calm and waveless lake, wherein the bright and pure rays of the heavens are reflected. But, because of the imperfection of our coporeal senses, and the frailty of our nature, instruction is seldom given to others with the same clearness with which it was received, and for this reason certain wise men devoted themselves to study and expound these Somniatory Vaticinations. These skilful, rational, sage, and learned persons were called by the Greeks, Oneirocritics or Oneiropolists. Amphiaraus taught, that all who desired to be endowed with the gift of somniatory exercitations, had only to fast for seventy-two hours, and to abstain as long from wine, and they would then be undoubtedly endowed with the power of vaticination. For the soul, being purified from material grossness, is then fitted to hold mysterious colloquy with superior and celestial intelligences.

En animam et mentem, cum qua Dii nocte loquuntur.

Lo! the pure soul with which the gods delight
To hold high converse in the noon of night.

Pliny speaks of sundry charms to produce the same effect: such as sleeping with a shoulder of a crocodile under your pillow, or, where that cannot be had, substituting a chameleon, or the gold coloured stone, found in Ethiopia, called Cornu Ammonis, which hath a prophetic virtue. All these, as well as the modern practices of laying a piece of wedding cake, or sprigs of myrtle, under the pillow, or that of eating an eggshell full of salt, and other like customs still retained by the profane vulgar, have certain mystical significations, which we cannot now stop to explain.

After this little digression, (which we confess is nothing at all to the purpose, and was only intended to impress our readers with a due respect for our profound learning, a trick we learnt from our Edinburgh and Quarterly brethren,) we shall proceed to pronounce our opinion upon this curious subject.

In sober seriousness, then, we consider Dr. Mitchill as being richly entitled to the thanks of the philosophical and medical world for his curious collection of facts relating to this interesting subject, and the arrangement of them under distinct classes. Several of them are now, for the first time, communicated to the public; nor have any number of these cases ever before been brought together into one view. They are, in fact, so numerous and well authenticated, that though there may be ground, as there always is in every uncommon occurrence, for doubting of the truth or fairness of any particular instance, he must be a hardy sceptic indeed, who can deny the general fact of this extraordinary state of the intellectual and corporeal powers.

We are inclined to doubt of the strict correctness of Dr. Mitchill's division of the states of animal existence, into Wakefulness, Sleep, and Vision; for except, perhaps, in some cases of lethargy and disease, there is strong reason to believe that sleep is never free from dreams. It is probable that they generally "come like shadows—so depart," flitting lightly and rapidly through the mind, and leaving no trace on the memory, until recollection is accidentally awakened by some circumstance which recalls to the mind the chain of ideas which had passed through it in sleep. This opinion derives some plausibility, at least, from the consideration that of our waking thoughts, scarcely one in a thousand keeps a hold on our memory—the utmost stretch of recollection may labour in vain to recall the half of those ideas which have glided through our minds during the last day or hour; and yet here we are aided in our remembrance, by many external associations of time and place. All this, however, is to be considered more as matter of conjectural, though very probable, opinion, than as an ascertained law of our nature.

The whole body of fact and speculation contained in this volume goes, we think, to the confirmation of that theory of the state of the mind during sleep, which has been so ably maintained by Dugald Stewart; that in consequence of some physical alteration of the system, (perhaps immediately caused, as Dr. Priestley has suggested, by the compression of the brain,) the will loses its influence over our intellectual and physical powers; whilst the habitual trains of thoughts go on with their accustomed rapidi-

ty, according to the same general laws of association which influence the mind when awake : and external perception being for the most part shut out, we are completely in the power of that train of association which takes possession of the mind, and of those few bodily sensations to which we remain sensible. Somnambulism, sleep talking, &c. are evidently states of imperfect sleep, where the mind retains its power over some faculties, whilst others are altogether freed from its influence ; and the sleep talker and walker use those faculties precisely in the mode which, arguing solely from this hypothesis, we should, *a priori*, expect them to do. Thus we find the sleeping preachers engrossed with those religious ideas which occupied their waking minds ; the mathematician employed in his problem, and the dream of the poet filled with new combinations of those commonplace poetical sentiments, images, and phrases, with which his memory is stored, and which are so strongly associated together by the natural connection of rhyme and versification, and the habitual practice of composition. The only anomalous case, which we know, is that of Cyrillo Padavano, an austere, mortified, and devout Carthusian, who had gained great reputation for his piety while awake, but in his nightly rambles, after scandalizing his brethren, by loose and profane talking, he went on from one roguery to another, until he ended in open robbery and sacrilege. In the first place, we suspect this story owes a little of its colouring to the fascinating and lively pencil of Dr. Goldsmith, who relates it ; but if it is true, then we take Father Cyrillo to have been an arrant scoundrel in his heart. The fear of punishment, a natural hypocrisy, or monastic ambition, might restrain the open exercise of his passions ; but he still brooded over them, and cherished his evil propensities in that luxury of fancy, which Johnson has so admirably termed "the invisible riot of the mind, the secret prodigality of being, secure from detection and fearless of reproach." When the control of the will was suspended, and he was left to the unrestrained exhibition of his true character, he appeared as he was, and thus destroyed in his sleep all the reputation for piety and holiness which he had earned by his waking hypocrisy.

This volume, among its other multifarious contents, contains an original letter from Dr. Priestley to Dr. Mitchill, on the subject of

dreams. That very ingenious and active-minded philosopher was, as is well known, a disciple of Hartley, and he accordingly maintains that many of the phenomena of dreaming, delirium, and intoxication, may be explained by supposing that in the brain there are different regions ; in some of which ideas may be repositied out of the reach of ordinary excitement, but where they may be revived by particular circumstances ; and that the region of those ideas, which occur in sleep, are deeply seated in the very interior of the brain.

If, in speculating on the case of these sleeping theologians, our readers can derive any assistance from imagining that the doctrine of election is nothing more than a particular atom of the brain, or that the idea of repentance is similar to that tremulous motion which may be seen in a custard, or jelly, we envy them their superior sagacity. For our own parts we confess, with great humility, that the doctrine of the materialists, instead of bringing intellectual operations down to the level of our understanding, only serves to envelop them in tenfold obscurity.

We hold it to be far more philosophical to rest contented with those ultimate facts, which nature has submitted to our observation, and which guide us to the means of mental and moral improvement, than to endeavour to eke out our scanty knowledge with gratuitous and perplexing hypotheses.

But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked, and of her roving is no end ;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learns,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

THE RAPHAEL OF CATS.

[Translated from a French Journal.]

GOTTFRIED MIND, a painter, deservedly celebrated for his extraordinary success in the delineation of bears and cats, died lately at Bern, in Switzerland. He was a pupil of Freudenberger, and his extraordinary talents in the representation of various species of animals, but especially those above mentioned, in paintings in water colours, are attested not only by numerous productions of his pencil in the port-folios of various amateurs at Bern, Zurich, and Basle, but also by the high encomiums passed upon his performances by artists of the highest eminence. Madame Lebrun, of Paris, the first female painter living, never failed, in her journeys through Switzerland, to purchase several of Mind's performances, declaring that they were real master pieces of their kind, and would be acknowledged as such in the French metropolis. It was she who first gave to our artist the appellation of *Le Raphael des Chats*—(the Raphael of Cats)—which he has ever since retained, and by which strangers inquired for him at Berne. Mind was worthy of this name, not only on account of the correctness of his drawings of those animals, and the true, though dignified delineation of their forms, but also on account of the life and spirit which he transfused into them in his pictures. The particular and individual physiognomy which distinguishes each of his cats; the half-fawning, half tiger-like look which is common to them all; the graceful movements of his kittens, three or four of which are sometimes represented sporting about the mother; the silky hair, which looks as though you could blow it up—in a word, whatever is characteristic of the animal we find in his works with such truth and complete illusion, that the spectator would scarcely be surprised if the eyes of his figures began to roll, if the paws were raised for a spring, and the well-known cry were to issue from the paper. The affection of Mind for the feline race might be termed fraternal. When he was at work a favourite puss generally sat by his side, and a kind of conversation was kept up between them, partly in words and partly by gestures. He was often seen employed at his table with an old cat on his lap, and two or three kittens upon both shoulders, or in the hollow formed at the back of his neck by the inclination of his head, while the whole family purred forth their delight at having

found such comfortable quarters, in sounds resembling those of a spinning wheel. Thus encumbered, he would sit for hours together at his work, and abstain from every motion that could in the least incommode his beloved favourites. In 1809, the general massacre of cats at Bern rendered their friend almost inconsolable. Eight hundred of those animals were slaughtered in the space of twenty-four hours, because one had gone mad and bitten others. Mind had indeed carefully concealed and preserved his darling Minette, but the melancholy sight which every moment met his view of dead or living cats carried by men, maids, or boys, to the skinner, wounded him to the heart. In winter evenings, Mind used to amuse himself with carving bears, cats, and other animals, in miniature, out of wild chesnut-tree, with such accuracy and skill that they had a rapid sale, and were bought up by many as ornaments for their chimney pieces. Mind passed many of his happiest hours at the Bears' Den, in Bern, where, from remote antiquity, two live bears have been continually kept. Between him and these animals, a peculiar sympathy seemed to subsist. No sooner did Friedli, by which name he was best known at Bern, make his appearance, than the bears hastened to him with a friendly grunt, and saluted him with a bow, upon which they were invariably rewarded with a piece of bread or an apple from the pocket of their benefactor and friend.—Next to cats and bears, Mind received the greatest delight from looking over works of art, in which animals were introduced. Among these, however, the lions of Rubens, some pieces of Rembrandt and Potter, and Riedinger's stags, were the only copies that he allowed to be excellent. With the other animals by Riedinger he found fault almost without exception, as incorrect. The bears, by the same artist, he characterized as absolute monsters: neither did he entertain a more favourable opinion of the celebrated cats of Cornel, Vischer, and Hollar. On hunting and historical compositions, he often pronounced most severe opinions, without the least regard to the celebrity of the master; on other matters, notwithstanding his secluded life, he displayed profound penetration and correct judgment.—The following parody of the verses of Catullus, on Lesbia's sparrow, has been proposed as an appropriate inscription for this artist:

Lugete o feles, ursique lugete!
Mortuus est vobis amicus

which might be thus rendered:—

Ye weeping cats, your sorrows mew;
Your griefs ye soften'd Bruins bellow;
Mourn him whom Death has snatch from you,
Forsooth ye'll never find his fellow!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Auctioneers, in particular, have long been celebrated for their *hyperbolical talents* ; but all their former doings are outdone by the following advertisement which appeared in the *Times* of Nov. 22 :—" To be sold by Daniel Smith, at his Great Room, Alderman's Walk, a compact family residence ; the premises are situated at Bishopgate, a favourite spot, about three miles from Windsor, and stand upon a commanding eminence, verging into the Park, with which they communicate by a private gate. *The scenery from the back ground bursts like enchantment upon the view, and the eye is instantly caught with rapture by a bold, romantic glade, opening amidst the most picturesque retirement upon an expanse of vale beneath, abounding in all the variegated beauties of the forest, and crowned with the distant but magnificent grandeur of Windsor Castle !!!*—The estate to be viewed, &c."—Bravo, Mr. Daniel Smith!—Worthy pupil of Mr. *Puff*, that renowned professor of the art, and practitioner of panegyric :—*Puff*. " The auctioneers, Sir, the auctioneers have lately got some credit for their language, but 'twas *I*, Sir, first enriched their style—'twas *I* first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other like bidders in their own auction rooms ! From *ME* they learned to enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor ; by *ME*, too, their inventive faculties were called forth—Yes, Sir, by *ME* they were instructed to clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil !—or, on emergencies, to raise upstart oaks where there had never been an acorn ; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour ; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the fens of Lincolnshire."

POETRY.

LINES

Written on a blank leaf at the end of the Novel of Waverley.

[I am afraid that Waverley has not been as popular in this country as it deserves to be. Scott's prose style, to be sure, is none of the best, and the first part of his novel is a little heavy, for he certainly does not feel himself at home in England; but the instant he touches Scottish ground his strength revives. Nothing can be more exquisite than his Scottish characters, whether grave or comic: his delineation, both of general nature and of the habits and characters of those times, is at once spirited and accurate, and though the tale depends more upon characters than incident, the interest was so strong that, in spite of whiggish prejudice, my whole heart was with the prince, and, for the time, I was an arrant Jacobite.]

CLOSED is the book—the tale is o'er—
Its scene from Fancy's eyes are faded;
The gallant chieftain is no more,
The mists of death his brows have shaded.

Too soon, brave chief! thy course was run,
Too soon thy bright career was clouded;
Thy glory's hardly risen sun,
Untimely sunk—in darkness shrouded.

Ah! where are now the matchless pair,
Who through old Scotland's valley roved?
Where rests the high-born, noble fair,
Who Wogan's memory so much loved?

The lily, and the mountain oak,
United, braved the warring wind;
The tree has felt the spoiler's stroke,
The blighted flow'r is left behind.

And cold are now those Highland breasts,
Which beat with Valour's fervid glow;
Low in the tomb each warrior rests,
Unconscious of his chieftain's wo.

Deserted is that ancient hall,
Where once the bard's sweet numbers rose;
Where grace and beauty led the ball
The spider's filmy brood repose.

The owl usurps Mac-Ivor's chair,
 The bat there spreads his ebon wings;
 And screaming to the dusky air,
 Hoarsely the sable raven sings.

That magic harp is silent laid,
 Which once could charm the listening throng;
 No more the echoing hill and glade
 Repeat the notes of Flora's song:—

All, all are faded from the mind,
 Like lightning in a summer sky;
 And few the traces left behind,
 Past days of greatness to descry.

'Then, oh! how soothing *here* to trace,
 Though faintly, that unclouded day;
 To search the annals of a race
 Oblivion's stream hath swept away.

And *thou*, whose pages have essay'd,
 To save what yet is spared by time—
 Receive the thanks of many a maid,
 And many a youth of Scotia's clime.

The young with rapture long shall read
 Of warlike times—too great to last;
 The old, while yet their bosoms bleed,
 May almost dream they are not past!

COMMEMORATION OF REYNOLDS.

MR. SHEE, well known to the literary world as an artist and a poet of great merit, has lately published a small poem under this title, dedicated as a tribute of applause to the genius of the great father of the English school of painting. He thus describes the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the *Tragic Muse*:—

“ In awful pomp—impassioned—yet serene,
 Sublime in sorrow sits the Tragic Queen;
 A solemn air—a self-sustained repose,
 The Muse in meditative sadness shows;

The tinge of grief her touching aspect wears;
 In mournful meaning fixed, her eye appears,
 And seems a window, whence the soul of wo
 Looks forth upon the suffering world below.
 On either side—dread guardians of her state!
 Terrific stand her ministers of fate;
 At her command prepared to shake the soul,
 To point the dagger, or present the bowl,
 A glow divine—an awe-inspiring gloom,
 That gods themselves in thunders might assume,
 In shadowy grandeur shrouds each fearful form,
 While distant lightnings gild th' encircling storm."

The following lines are on the portrait of Goldsmith:—

" Who that has read—and who but reads the page?
 Where Wakefield's Vicar wins both youth and age;
 Where touched from life with simplest grace and ease,
 The Primrose family—for ever please!
 Who that has traced the *Traveller*, and pursued
 The map of man, through various realms reviewed?
 But hails the minstrel of thy mournful tale,
 ' Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the vale.'
 Here by his side who gave him first a name—
 While living—friendship, and when buried—fame;
 With Johnson, Burney, and Baretti placed,
 Behold the bard of nature, truth, and taste."

The reflections which follow the review of those portraits of eminent men, are particularly well expressed:—

" Blest be the skill which thus enshrines the great!
 And rescues virtue from oblivion's fate!
 Which seems to fix the falling stars of mind,
 And still preserve their lustre to mankind!
 Immortal art! whose touch embalms the brave!
 Discomfits death, and triumphs o'er the grave:
 In thee our heroes live—our beauties bloom,
 Defy decay, and breathe beyond the tomb:
 Mirror divine, which gives the soul to view!
 Reflects the image and retains it too!
 Recals to friendship's eye the fading face,
 Revives each look and rivals every grace.
 In thee the banished lover finds relief,
 His bliss in absence, and his balm in grief.
 Affection, grateful owns thy sacred power,
 The father feels thee—in affliction's hour;

When catching life e'er some lov'd cherub flies
 To take its angel station in the skies,
 The portrait soothes the loss it can't repair,
 And sheds a comfort—even on despair."

The following lines on the art of painting are happy :—

" Immortal art ! nor sense of taste has he,
 Nor glow of soul, who finds no charm in thee ;
 His heart is shut to nature—coarse and cold,
 A clumsy cast of her half-finished mould :
 For such in vain the beams of beauty rise,
 Adorn the earth, and glitter in the skies ;
 In vain her charms the enchantress Fancy sings,
 To deck the rough reality of things ;
 To lure from low delights of sense, and raise
 The ambrosial relish of immortal praise."

The personification of Taste guiding Reynolds, is well conceived :—

" Hail, Beauty, hail ! ethereal beam that plays
 On human hearts, and kindles Passion's blaze !
 His fires to thee immortal genius owes,
 Of thee enamoured still his bosom glows ;
 Blessed in thy smile he burns with double flame,
 And tastes his heaven on earth—in love and fame ;
 The only joys a care-worn world can give,
 Which makes it bliss—to feel, and life—to live.
 Sun of his world ! as to the orb of day,
 The flower reverting, drinks its vital ray,
 To thee the painter turns his eye—his heart,
 His lamp of life !—his light and heat of art !
 Thy visions beaming o'er his fate, diffuse
 The glow of Taste—the lustre of the Muse ;
 They cheer his arduous progress, and repair
 The wrongs of fortune, in the course of care.

" Warm at her shrine, when Reynolds early paid
 His ardent vows, and first invoc'd her aid ;
 The Goddess soon her favourite's claim allowed,
 And drew her votary from the vulgar crowd ;
 Led him to fields which no rude step defiles ;
 On Nature's lap, where infant Beauty smiles ;
 To secret bowers where oft reclined of yore,
 For Zenxis sake, fair Helen's form she wore ;
 Where, full revealed, in all her heaven of charms,
 She blessed Apelles—in Campaspes' arms.

Where Titian too, more recent, went to rove
 'Midst Loves and Graces—favourite of the grove ;
 Her image traced, through every form and hue,
 With rapture wrought, and rivalled as he drew.

“ Here Reynolds oft with Taste delighted strayed,
 And caught some nymph divine in every shade.
 To meet his eye, where'er the master moved,
 The bowers grew brighter, and the paths improved ;
 In glowing groups the Graces sought to shine,
 And asked for life—in his immortal line.”

The description of Cardinal Beaufort's picture, on his death bed,
 is worthy of the noble subject :—

“ But what sad victim here, of crimes untold,
 Arrests the sight—that shudders to behold ?
 With conscience more contending than with death,
 Ambitious Beaufort yields his parting breath.
 A ghastly grin denotes—in direful fray,
 He meets the King of Terrors with dismay ;
 He writhes, he raves, convulsed with pain and fear,
 And all he dreads hereafter—suffers here.
 For not the body's agony alone,
 We trace in each distorted feature thrown ;
 The busy fiend, the power of guilt declares,
 'Tis the soul's anguish—and the wretch despairs.
 Beside the bed of death, with uprais'd hand,
 We see his pious pitying sovereign stand.
 In vain to touch the sinner's heart he tries,
 Or wake his hope of mercy in the skies ;
 Remorse anticipates the wrath divine,
 In horror plunged,—*he dies and makes no sign.*”

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The veteran bard, Philip Freneau, has lately published by the hands of David Longworth, of New-York, two small 18mo. volumes of poems, on a variety of subjects. This author acquired a good deal of celebrity during our revolutionary war by his numerous pieces of satire, both humorous and severe, in which many of the vain exploits of the enemy were represented in a ludicrous light, and the characters of several individuals in this country who adhered to the British cause, held up to ridicule or reproach. A considerable part of the present collection relates to the events and transactions of the late war, and scarcely a memorable incident, either on land or water, has escaped the glance of his ever vigilant and indefatigable muse. Many of his effusions on these subjects are spirited and facetious, and well calculated to please the popular taste. He depicts land battles and naval fights with much animation and gay colouring; and being himself a son of old Neptune, he is never at a loss for appropriate circumstance and expressive diction, when the scene lies at sea.

Readers of a very refined taste will not, probably, relish the general style of Mr. Freneau's composition, for it is marked with a certain rusticity of expression and phraseology, that can only be palliated by the wit and humour of which it may be the vehicle, or the influence it may exercise in kindling patriotic and heroic feelings in the bosom of the peasant or common soldier. Mr. Freneau has considerable merit in this way; and as he makes no high pretensions to classic grace or elevation, he should not be judged by the severe rules of criticism, and condemned because he is not often splendid in diction, and mellifluous in cadence.

His martial and political ballads are by no means contemptible; they are free from bombast and affectation, and often have an arch simplicity in their manner, that renders them very poignant and striking. If the ballads and songs of Dibdin have cheered the spirits and incited the valour of the British tars, the strains of Freneau, in like manner, are calculated to impart patriotic impulses to the hearts of his countrymen, and their effect in this way should be taken as the test of their merit, without entering into a very nice examination of the rhyme or the reason.

For our own part, we have no inclination to dwell on his defects; we had much rather

With full applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss the veteran poet from the stage;
Crown his last exit with distinguished praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with the bays.

B.

A View of the New-York State Prison, has just been published at New-York, in an 8vo pamphlet of 90 pages. We regard the peni-

tertiary establishments of the United States as among the most useful and noble experiments, or rather improvements, of this age. That at New-York is one of the most important we have, and the account here given of it forms a valuable statistical document. We could not but observe the number of convicts discharged from this prison by pardon. This is certainly a defective part of the system. Mercy should not be excluded, but punishment, however lenient, ought, in all ordinary cases, to be certain. The pamphlet is adorned with a neatly engraved view of the prison; we perceive that one of Moreland's hogs is feeding quietly under the prison wall; as it is to be presumed he was borrowed for the occasion, according to the custom of the art, this is, at worst, nothing more than a breach of trust in the artist, and no felony.

A small pamphlet has recently been printed for the use of the governors of the New-York Hospital, intitled *Hints for introducing an improved mode of treating the Insane*, by Thomas Eddy. It contains many sensible and useful remarks on the moral management of the insane, and insists strongly on the superior efficacy of mild and gentle treatment. The substance of this tract is drawn from Tuke's *Account of the Retreat*, an admirable lunatic asylum near York, in England, under the superintendence of the society of Friends; into which neither chains nor corporeal punishments are ever admitted—in which every appearance is avoided which can suggest painful ideas to the patient, and where the whole system of control is founded on the principle, "that whatever tends to promote the happiness of the patient increases his desire and power of self-restraint." With the exception of this establishment, we believe there is no English hospital for the insane, public or private, to be compared, in this respect, with the asylums attached to the hospitals of Philadelphia and New-York. At least, if we can trust to the report of the committee who examined the London hospitals and private mad-houses during the last year, those institutions are essentially bad, in their whole system; a system of terror, torture, chains, and close, gloomy confinement.

Mr. Eddy concludes by suggesting a plan of connecting with the present asylum in the city of New-York a rural retreat, provided with walks, gardens, and other conveniences, for rural labour and amusement.

There is one improvement adopted in the York retreat, and mentioned in Tuke's account of it, which Mr. Eddy might have noticed; trifling as it may appear, we have no doubt of its effect being very considerable. We mean the substituting painted iron window sashes, of proper dimensions, for the grated windows, and thus removing, as much as possible, the idea of restraint and confinement.

David B. Warden, our consul at Paris, has published a work, *On the Origin, Nature, Progress, and Influence of Consular establishments*, in one vol. 8vo. pp. 331. Until the very recent work of M.

Borel, which was not published till Mr. Warden's work was nearly completed, this subject, copious and important as it is, had never engaged the attention of the literati or the diplomatists of Europe. Mr. Warden was led to undertake the present work by finding, when engaged in the investigation of some points of consular practice, that there was not, in any of the great public libraries of Paris, a single memoir written professedly upon this subject.

The subject could not have fallen into better hands. Mr. Warden unites the habits of a man of business, and the knowledge acquired by the routine of business, to the research of the scholar, and he writes with neatness and method. He begins by an exposition of the numerous commercial advantages of consular establishments, from whence he passes to the investigation of the actual and possible political and economical advantages to be derived from them; he next draws a picture of the duties of a faithful and intelligent consul, and maintains that he ought never to engage in active commerce. He then traces, with much learning and research, the origin and history of the commercial consulate, and of officers for the regulation of internal trade, and the municipal administration of districts. The nature and extent of the consular jurisdiction are then elaborately discussed in a separate chapter; after which the author examines, under separate heads, the several consular systems of America, France, England, Holland, Russia, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria. He concludes by giving a short account of the lives and writings of the most distinguished consuls of different nations; among those of France are many names distinguished for science and literature; among the English consuls are numbered Beawes, author of *Lex Mercatoria*; Campbell, the author of the *Political survey of Great Britain*; Dr. Shaw, Bruce and Drummond, the travellers, and Recault the historian. Barlow is the only American in the list—the name of Eaton might have been added. In short, Mr. Warden has neglected nothing which can add to the dignity or usefulness of his office. Winiford has been called by a brother publicist, *accerrimus vindex legationum*, the champion of ambassadors; Mr. Warden is entitled to almost as high a rank as the champion of consuls. According to his view of their rights, duties, and importance, the picture which Cicero drew of the qualifications required in the first magistrate of ancient Rome is scarcely too highly coloured for the more humble modern consul, the guardian of those commercial interests which the Aristocrats of Rome consigned to the patronage of the tutelary deity of thieves.

"Animo, consulem esse oportet, consilio, fide, gravitate, vigilantia, cura, maximeque id quod vis nominis præscribit reipublicæ consulendo."

I. Riley has in the press, *The New-York Justice of the Peace, being a digest of the duties and powers of a justice of the Peace, comprising also the principal parts of the criminal law of the state.* By a gentleman of the bar, in one volume, 8vo.

I. Riley has also in press, 3d vol. *Taunton's Reports*, 3d vol. *Munford's Virginia Reports*, and *Bonnycastle's Arithmetic*, adapted to the United States.

Charles Le Brun, Esq. has issued proposals for publishing, *The Liberty of the Seas*, from the French, in one vol. 8vo. of 400 pages.

Proposals have been issued in Charlestown, Mass. for a new and neat edition of *Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament*.

A new literary journal has been commenced at Boston, called *The North American Review*.

M. Carey, Philadelphia, has published *Shepherd's Paris* in 1802 and 1814, a review of which may be found in our January number. The volume is full of good sense and observation.

During the last summer we announced to our readers, that Dr. Mitchill was employed in examining the natural history of the fishes of the coast, rivers, and lakes of the State of New-York. Since that period this learned, zealous, and indefatigable inquirer, has pursued the study of Ichthyology with great perseverance and success, and has examined, described, delineated, and classed, many species altogether unknown to the European naturalist. He has lately laid this curious body of information before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, and it will soon be presented to the world, in the first volume of their transactions. This elaborate paper is now in the press; it fills about 100 quarto pages, and will be accompanied by a number of quarto plates of many fishes of our waters, which have never been before described; all of them accurately, and some of them elegantly, drawn by Drs. Mott, Fenderwick, and Akerly, and engraved by Anderson, an artist who has already distinguished himself by his taste and skill in natural history. Beside making this important addition to the stores of natural knowledge contained in our own language, Dr. Mitchill has made arrangements for communicating information on the Ichthyology and the fisheries of the United States, to the naturalists and politicians of the continent of Europe. M. Noel De La Moriniere, a distinguished naturalist of Paris, has been for some years employed, under the patronage of the French government, in preparing a magnificent publication, on the natural, economical, and commercial history of useful fish, to be comprised in six vols 4to. with splendid engravings. Having finished the European part of his work, he addressed a letter to the Baron L'Escallier, consul at New-York, a man of science, and a member of the National Institute, requesting information on the fisheries and fish of the United States. In consequence of this request, Dr. Mitchill has transmitted to M. Moriniere a great mass of important information on this subject.

Proposals have been issued for publishing an *Historical Memoir of the campaign of 1814 and 1815, in Louisiana*, from the time of Gen. Jackson's arrival in New-Orleans, until the official publication of Peace, illustrated with plans of the movements and positions of the two armies, taken from actual survey, and a general map, showing the approach of the British fleet, the place of landing, and other topographical designs, with a portrait of Gen. Jackson. By Major A. Lacarriere Latour, principal engineer in the late 7th Military District. The work will be comprised in one 8vo. volume with three plans and maps, at five dollars.

There has lately been published in New-York *A plan of the Scut from Fort Erie*. It is executed in a very humble style, and its only merit lies in its correctness and authenticity. In that respect it is valuable as a military and historical document. It is intended as the first of a series of cheap plans of the actions of the late war, and will shortly be followed by the actions at Plattsburg, Williamsburg, and New Orleans.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Joseph Bouchette, Esq. Surveyor-General of Lower Canada, has prepared, and will soon publish, *A Topographical Map of the settled and most interesting parts of the province of Lower Canada*, on a scale hitherto unparalleled, being $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to an inch, consisting of two parts, so adapted as to admit of being united, and forming together an entire length of eleven feet by four and a half; on which will be shown all the divisions of the districts, counties, seignories, and townships; all the prominent features of the country; the settlements, roads, rivers, streams, churches, mills, bridges, and ferries, with the sites of the villages and towns in a manner probably unequalled for local precision.

It comprehends complete delineations of all the townships of Lower Canada, with their subdivisions as at present granted, distinguishing the reservations made for the crown and the ungranted parts, and all the new settlements; the whole taken from the official field plans and returns of surveys of the property formerly belonging to the Jesuits, but now reverted to the crown; the lands annexed to the king's forges of St. Maurice and those of Batiscan; and Craig's Road, the intended line of communication from Quebec to the United States.

This Map includes great part of the States of New-York, Vermont, New-Hampshire, and the province of Maine, showing their relative connexion with Canada; the towns of Vergennes, Burlington, and Plattsburg, and the village of St. Albans, with the roads therefrom, toward the British boundaries, are particularly laid down.

Great pains have been taken to show the positions of the rocks, shoals, and soundings, in the River St. Lawrence; the situation of

the lighthouse on Green Island, the buoys at the traverse opposite to St. Roch, and the telegraph stations, with views of the principal headlands, with their bearings and distances.

Plans of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, with their different divisions into fiefs and domains, will be inserted.

A topographical Description, forming a royal 8vo. volume, will accompany the work, which will comprise accounts of the different townships, and when they were erected; the terms of leases, historical notices of all the French original grants, and other observations and remarks, embellished with views and plans; among which will be found those of the principal battles fought during the present contest.

The author also intends giving, as a supplement to the topographical map, an explanatory geographical map of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, from the latest surveys, and adjusted by the most approved and recent astronomical observations. Also a plan of the communication between the river du Loup, on the St. Lawrence, and Halifax, with a table of distances from Quebec to that place; a plan of the district of Gaspé; and one of the Grand, or Ottawa River.

Royal Academy London.—On the 16th December, being the 46th anniversary of the Royal Academy, the annual private distribution of prizes to the students took place in the council room.

Mr. West, the venerable and amiable president, who had for some time been prevented from attending his duties in the academy, by the serious indisposition of Mrs. West, was denied the gratification of delivering the medals by her dissolution. The chair was taken by Mr. Fuseli, who began his address to the students by lamenting that the assembly was that evening deprived of Mr. West's company, and the students of the honour of receiving their medals from his hands. He then presented the medals in the following order, viz.

Life Class.—To Mr. Hayter, the silver medal.

Antique Class.—To Mr. Leslie, of Philadelphia, the silver medal.

Architectural Class.—To Mr. Goldicutt, the silver medal.

Modelling.—To Mr. Wyatt, the silver medal.

The distribution was attended by a numerous assemblage of academicians, associates, and students.

Mr. Angelo Majo has discovered in the Ambrosian library a very ancient *Codex rescriptus*, with the *Carmen paschale* of Sedulius, containing some hitherto unknown portions of Cicero's orations *pro Tullio*, *Scauro*, and *Flacco*, and notes to that *pro Scauro*. Of the first oration, of which we had hitherto but a few fragments, we now possess part of the exordium, with the division, and two parts of the oration itself. Of the second, of which but a few lines and words were known, we have now part of the exordium, and of the narration. In the third a chasm is filled up. The characters appear to be of the first or second century.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Died, in London, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin West, esq. the truly eminent and venerable president of the Royal Academy. This lady, born at Philadelphia, on the 1st November, 1741, was the youngest daughter of the Shewell family, of great respectability in that city. Her friendship with the family of Mr. West commenced prior to his going to Rome to study historical painting, in 1760. On quitting the classic region of the arts, he fixed his residence in London in August 1763, and soon after his father accompanied Miss Shewell to England, to be united to this his youngest son. They were accordingly married on the 2d of September, 1764, and during a union of above half a century, she has enjoyed the satisfaction of sharing that eminence which the partner of her life has acquired by the successful exertion of talents which proclaim him the first of living painters, and which, contrary to the ordinary course of nature, display, with increasing years, augmented vigour and more resplendent brilliancy. Mrs. West was a woman of refined understanding, correct in her moral duties, warm in her attachments to her family and friends, as she was to virtue and impressed with a deep sense of religion, as founded on the pure basis of Christian benevolence. She was charitable to all, but virtue and talents in distress had a prior claim upon her bounty. She had a quick sensibility to homage paid to genius duly appreciated, but detested flattery; though she was not blind to her own endowments, yet, when they were mentioned in her presence, she would turn from the speaker in modest distress. When she indulged her poetic fancy in delineating living characters, it was to cherish virtue, or gently admonish, but never to wound the feelings of a friend for the sake of displaying her wit. Such were some of the amiable qualities which won the love of all to whom she was known. The malady which had for several years deprived her of the society of her acquaintance, and which brought on a slow decline, she bore with dignified fortitude and calm resignation, in the bosom of her family, till her decease, on the 6th of December, in the 74th year of her age, and after a union of 53 years and three months.

At Lancaster, (Penn.) in the 62d year of his age, the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, D. D. President of the Lutheran church in the state of Pennsylvania, and long known as the first scientific and practical botanist in this country.

A slight sketch of his last and great botanical work, may be found in the *Analectic Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 83.

University of the State of New-York, 28th May, 1815.

At a meeting of the class attending Professor Mitchill's lectures on Natural History, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Resolved that this meeting feels with deep sensibility the loss of Henry Muhlenberg, D. D. &c. the chief of the botanists of the United States, especially at a time when he was preparing a new edition of his catalogue of the plants of North America, and that they deem it proper to make a public expression of the high respect they bear to his memory. Therefore,

Resolved, that the above resolution be communicated for publication in the *Analectic Magazine*.

John R. B. Murray, Secretary.

Edward Post, Chairman.

